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Volume 199, Number 25

DEC. 18 1926

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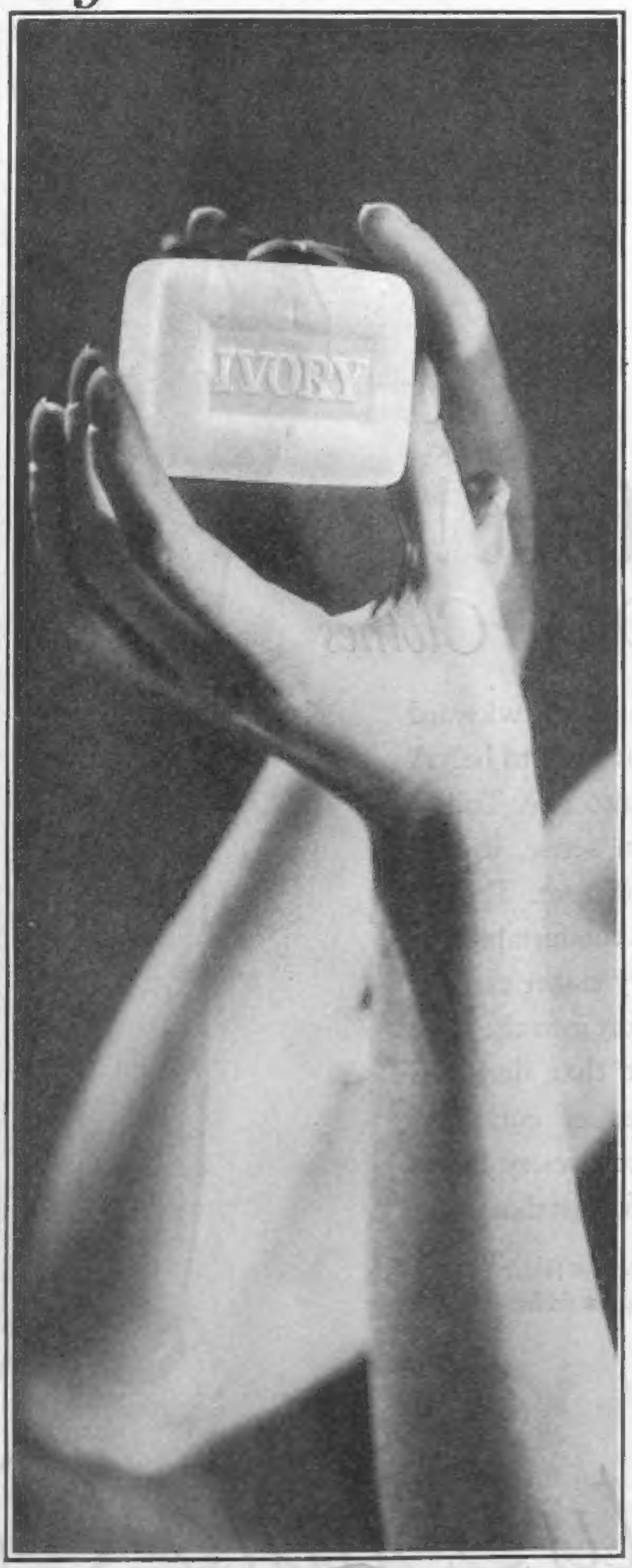

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Published Weekly

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Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 16, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 199 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., DECEMBER 18, 1926 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 25

Cycles Versus Common Sense

By ELBERT H. GARY

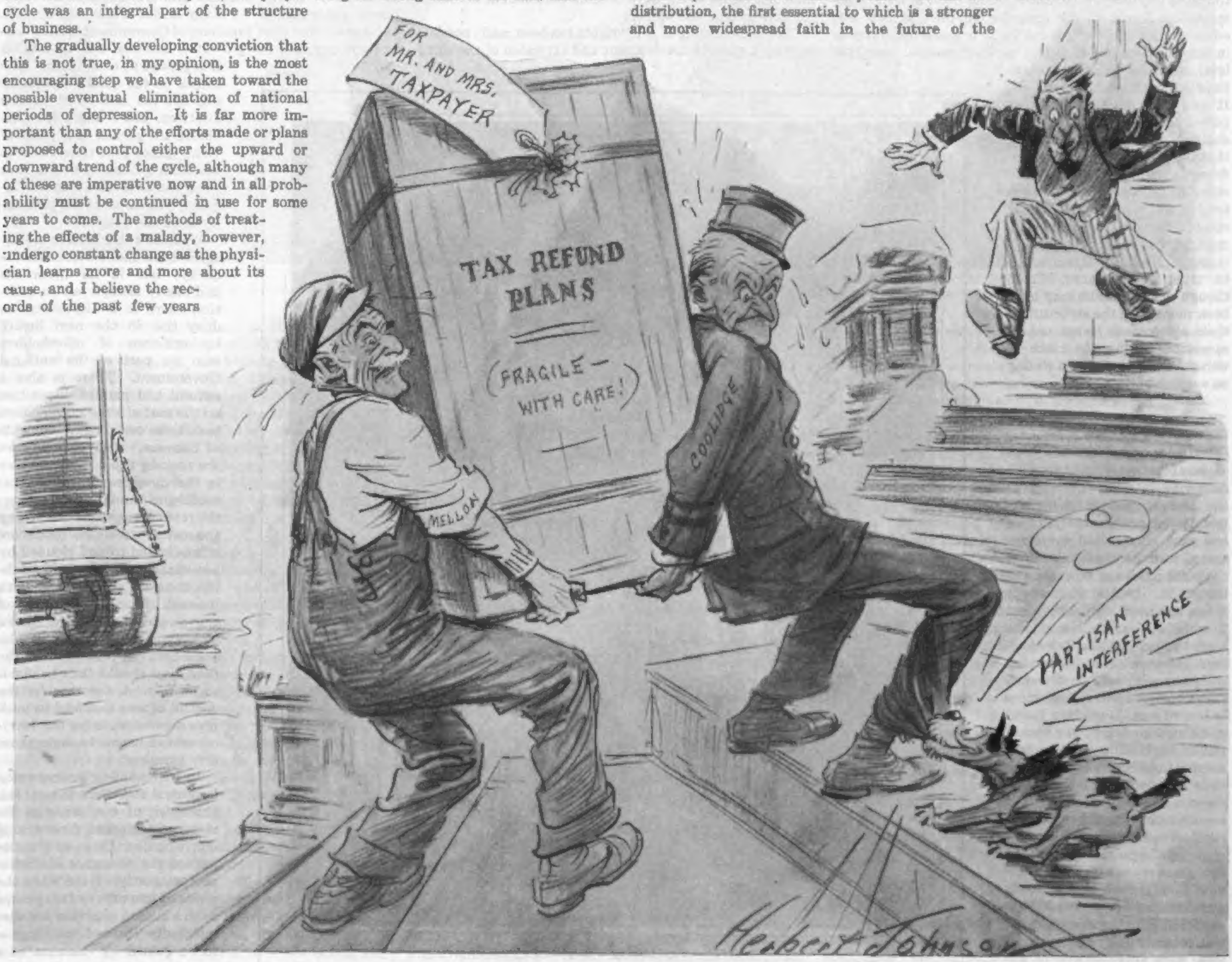
Chairman United States Steel Corporation

An Interview With William A. McGarry

NOT very many years ago most men believed the fluctuations of business were as much beyond their control as the snows of winter and the rains of spring. A merchant or manufacturer might profit by anticipating a period of growth, and avoid or minimize losses by preparing for the falling off, but the phenomenon known as the cycle was accepted as an unalterable law of economics. When a particularly enterprising company succeeded in maintaining or increasing its volume of business during a depression, it was said by some that this was accomplished at the expense of competitors, and by others, that it was merely the exception which proved the rule. Even when these instances were multiplied, our people clung for a long time to the idea that the cycle was an integral part of the structure of business.

The gradually developing conviction that this is not true, in my opinion, is the most encouraging step we have taken toward the possible eventual elimination of national periods of depression. It is far more important than any of the efforts made or plans proposed to control either the upward or downward trend of the cycle, although many of these are imperative now and in all probability must be continued in use for some years to come. The methods of treating the effects of a malady, however, undergo constant change as the physician learns more and more about its cause, and I believe the records of the past few years will show that a similar process is well under way in business as a consequence of the admission that cycles are not necessary.

Lack of confidence is now recognized as the basis of the business cycle, just as it furnished the foundation for nearly every other commercial evil we have ever known. Looking backward over the years, we can see that the cure for practices, beliefs and superstitions tending to limit the expansion of business has always been found—sometimes where it was least expected—in a development of mutual trust. Again and again we have seen that efforts to control symptoms and effects have only resulted in perpetuating them. The idea of limiting production to avoid depressions is a case in point. It has been discarded in favor of increased distribution, the first essential to which is a stronger and more widespread faith in the future of the



ANXIOUS MOMENTS

country. As this develops, the need for limiting production disappears, and so it has always been.

History, therefore, may be repeating itself although we challenge the idea that depressions are a necessary evil. It is well to be on the safe side and to do all that we can to be prepared for fluctuations in demand, in either direction. But after these precautions have been taken we are under the responsibility, as citizens, of seeking the underlying causes for business disruptions. And if we study the history of business I think we shall find the principles have always been the same. Suspicion has bred uncertainty, whereas confidence has led to stability. The only real difference today is in the constantly enlarging scale of our operations. We must apply to all business the standards of fair dealing, leading to faith in one another, now accepted as fundamental in transactions between individual buyers and sellers.

The one-price system is an example of what I have in mind. It is now taken for granted, but members of the older generations may recall the struggle that accompanied its introduction, little more than half a century ago. Up to that time business had been conducted frankly under the doctrine of *caveat emptor*. For thousands of years, with relatively minor exceptions, haggling over price had been regarded as the essence of salesmanship. The seller asked more than he ever expected to get and the buyer offered less than he was really willing to pay. The one-price system proposed that sales should be made on the basis of mutual confidence. Many merchants whose personal integrity was beyond question regarded this as chimerical. But gradually it was demonstrated that since the majority of human beings are honest, it is the natural inclination of the majority to believe in others until dishonesty is proved.

The growth of confidence between buyer and seller has been going on apace ever since, and business today could not be conducted without it. Instead of permitting prices to rise to any heights the traffic would bear, as some commentators feared at the time the one-price system was advocated, it has turned out to be a powerful influence in the stabilization of prices at their natural economic level, and the social consequences have become almost incalculable. It was uniformity of price that paved the way for national industries. Therefore it was logical that the principle of mutual confidence should be extended into other fields, and it was this extension which made possible the combinations of large interests marking the early years of this century. Big business men began to trust one another. Even though their joint aim may have been monopoly, the structure of their agreements rested on cooperation, taking the place of unregulated competition resting on suspicion.

The Confidant of Business

THIS development of large combinations caused as much misgiving in many quarters as the abandonment of haggling, twenty-five years earlier, but no one now denies that it represented a distinct advance from the point of view of business and the public. Its chief weakness, it is now apparent, lay in the extent to which at first it attempted to limit the principle of fair dealing. Men who had operated their own relatively small industries as private enterprises, more or less to suit themselves, found it difficult to accept the idea of public regulation. They had learned to discard secrecy among their associates, and the movement toward its elimination among competitors was making rapid progress, but the thought of giving the public access to the books was repugnant. We know now that though this attitude was defended on principle, as a supposedly inalienable right, the real reason for it was that these men were apprehensive of unjustified public interference. In other words, they lacked confidence in the people. It is worthy of note that the majority of them had no idea of cheating. We heard more of the few exceptional cases in which men sought to take unfair advantage of the new opportunity, but for every business pirate there were a hundred builders.

We are still hearing echoes of the bitterness occasioned by the dispute over this matter of publicity, long after it was adopted by the great majority of progressive business men. Publicity in matters of policy, capital, earnings, expenses and other matters, once closely guarded from the public, goes far beyond the requirements of the law today. As recently as 1911, when I expressed the opinion, on the witness stand in Washington during the Government's attack on the United States Steel Corporation, that any business big enough to be of public harm through misuse of its power should be subject to the proper control and regulation of the public administration, many of my associates—competent, honest and fair-minded men—disagreed with me. But today we find this attitude completely reversed. Instead of giving out facts about our industries under compulsion, as a sop to the public, many of our large corporations recognize publicity as a legitimate and vital means of retaining the confidence of the public.

Any business man who wants to keep the facts of his business to himself still has the right to do so. He may protect that right by the simple expedient of keeping his business so small that whatever he may do will be of no public consequence. In that position, if he attempts to push prices too far up or wages too far down, he finds himself without customers or workers. This price for his secrecy is obviously more than the right it maintains is worth. Subconsciously, perhaps, in many instances, this is the line of reasoning now being followed in all our business and social relations in the United States, although the practice may not have caught up with the principle. We are learning to abandon rights which have become worthless in exchange for new ones of real value.

This surrendering of petty rights has been made possible only by a general development and extension of the spirit of fair dealing. This now governs the relations between individual buyer and seller, between competitors, between groups of producers or distributors and groups of buyers, between employers and workers, and, most important of all, between the public as a whole and business as a whole. Mutual trust and confidence have become so thoroughly established in all these fields that the exceptions attract most of the public attention. There are too many exceptions; we still have a long way to go. But a constant pressure of opinion is being brought to bear, tending to correct conditions which are out of alignment with the national standards and the will for progress and prosperity.

The business cycle is recognized as unnecessary, generally speaking, because it is in this category. Under analysis it is revealed, not as an accident but as the consequence of a series of specific acts or omissions, many of which, notably speculation, appear to be beyond our control. If the people of the United States were content to stop there we should probably go on forever in the same old way, following every period of prosperity by a period of hard times. But I think it is evident from the record that our people are not satisfied to accept this system as the best civilization can evolve. They are going behind the specific acts or omissions which may not be controlled, or which it might not be the part of wisdom to control, to get at the root of the disease, establishing a standard of coöperative confidence in the future of our country, which I regard as one of the remarkable social phenomena of history.

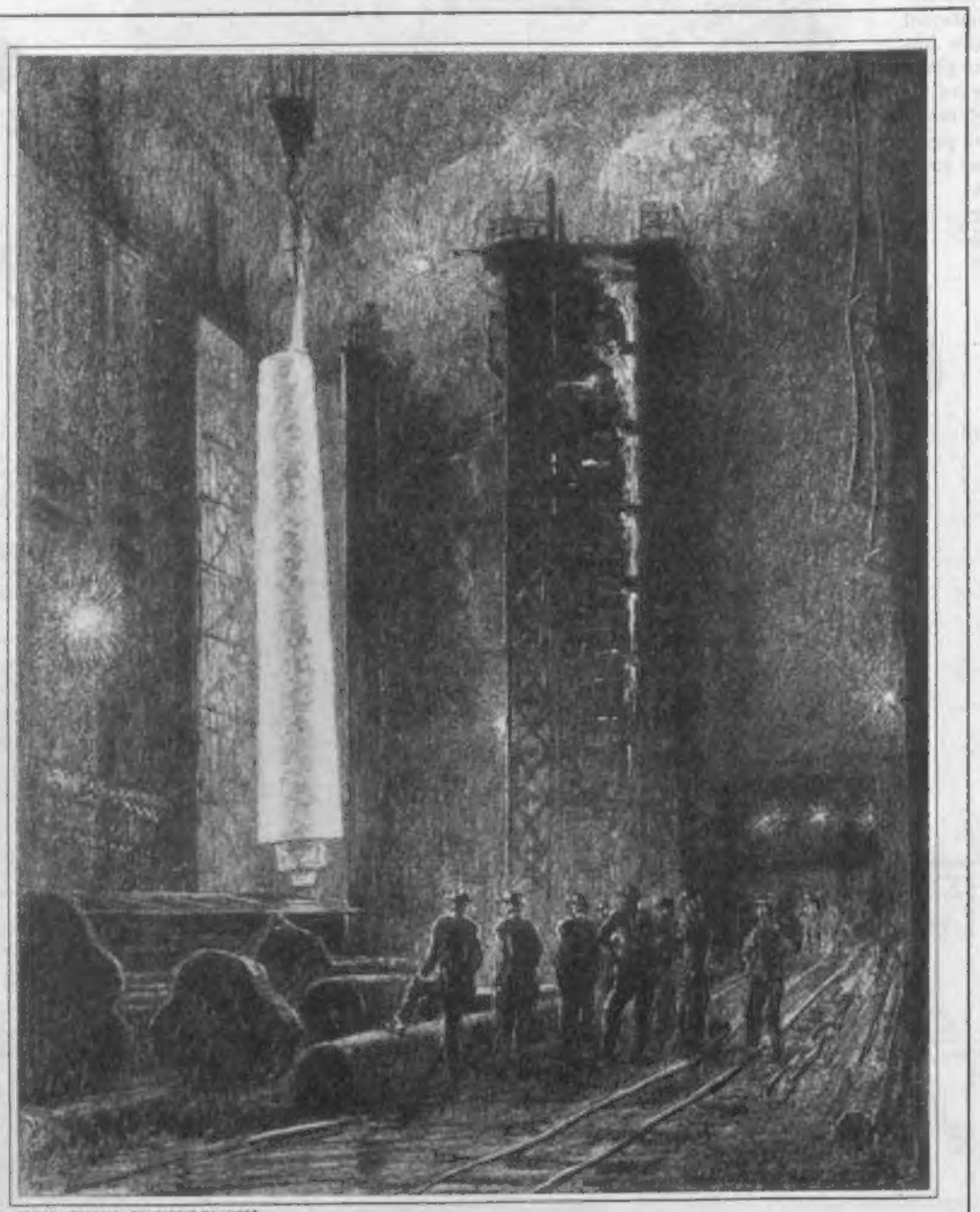
One More River to Cross

BEFORE going into the reasons for this I should like to review what has happened, as I see it, from still another angle because it reveals one great gulf in mutual understanding still remaining to be bridged. As recently as fifteen years ago business and Government were still openly antagonistic. In many circles it was still thought to be one of the chief functions of Government, not to control and regulate the growth of business but to combat this growth at every turn. The attack on the Steel Corporation was not the last effort in this direction, but I think it represented the climax of a point of view. Since that time the idea has been gaining converts that when you strike at a national industry you strike at the prosperity of all the people.

While most business men may agree that the Government is always fair in its intentions and nearly always fair in practice, there is a disposition to deny this in the next breath by criticism of officeholders who are part of the national Government. There is also a natural and parallel disposition on the part of some officeholders to criticize certain developments of business. And although we are making rapid progress here in the development of mutual confidence and understanding, the rate of progress is delayed by the extent to which issues are subordinated to and clouded by personalities. If we could establish the same standards of faith between the representatives of the people and business as we have attained in the direct relations between business and the public, we should then be in position to work together for the control of acts that lead to business depression, or for the development of means to make these acts harmless.

I recommend to business men in general the effort to establish this spirit of confidence as the most valuable and far-reaching contribution they can make toward the assurance of continued prosperity. Even when the views of two men or two groups as to a course of action are diametrically opposed, nothing is to be gained by criticism of a

(Continued on Page 63)



FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY HERBERT PULLINGER

Tempering a Big Gun

FÊTE-DIEU

By ELEANOR MERCEIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

For a Moment She Saw Them Outlined Against the Lightning, Man and Dog at the Grapple; They Disappeared

BETTE was suffering the pangs of the *femme incomprise;* not only because hers was the age at which one does suffer them but because she had reason. Misunderstanding, injustice—these things are hard to bear, particularly hard for a Basque to bear. She sat in the pigpen, after the manner of Job, fondling a young shote—there is something consolatory in the touch of small nuzzling creatures—and, reflecting upon the hollowness of her world, considered exchanging it for a better one. Not that of heaven; judging by the accounts of Monsieur le Curé, who ought to know, heaven sounded rather dull; but that, for example, of her charming new sister-in-law—Paris, England, the Americas.

A far cry from a Pyrenean pigpen to Paris, perhaps; but there was nothing in so ambitious a fancy to daunt any young Urruty, child as she was of a world-faring people. At a certain age, if one happens to be Urruty, one roves; only hitherto the more notable of the family rovers had not been hampered by petticoats.

Bette deposited the shote in the mire whence it came, pleased with the resulting condition of her own petticoats, usually immaculate. She would go dirty all day, she thought—dirty as a boy. Who was to care?

"Adieu, my friend," she said to the shote gloomily. "Amuse yourself to the most possible; soon you will become ham, like your ancestors. As for me, *il faut voyager.*"

It was the Fête-Dieu. In all the valleys, in all the world doubtless, there was not another Christian beside herself who failed on this day to celebrate the feast day of God. Even in the village nobody was at home except infants too young to know what they were missing, and very ancient folk, like Damasa, their own *aïeta-anna,* who were too old to care. Not that Damasa was really *aïeta-anna* to the house; their only true grandmother was the matriarch herself, a lady of quite different kidney; but since ancient cousins must be well cared for, and since every decent household has its *aïeta-anna* to help with the babies and tend the fire and mind the house, they had Damasa.

The crone nodded in the chimney corner over a fire she had built as soon as the matriarch was out of the way—Madame Urruty not being one to encourage the extravagance of fires in June. She looked very much like a witch-wife, with her familiar, the cat Gathid, dozing languidly on the settle beside her. She had stuck a sprig of fennel in the keyhole to keep out Trufadec and such other demons as might seize the occasion to go abroad, as they are so apt to do on a day of festival. Damasa knew a great deal about the ways of devils. Her intimate accounts of them filled Bette and the other children with a fearful pleasure. But today Bette was not in the mood for being pleased.

She roamed about restlessly, free to do what she liked—too free. On this day there were no duties; food was not cooked, clothing was not washed, the mules grazed, the plow oxen idled in luxury—there were no pleasant, busy sounds of labor anywhere. The very house had an unfamiliar, luxurious air since Esteban's marriage.

All the long months of his honeymoon, while the lovers wandered the world hand in hand, doubtless seeing nothing at all but each other, workmen under the eye of Esteban's grandmother had been making things more suitable for Esteban's bride. More suitable indeed! muttered Bette's mother angrily. What was this Emily, then—a royalty? A queen of the aborigines?

But Bette suspected that her mother secretly admired Emily as much as any of them, with the pathetic admiration of the hopelessly fat for the exquisitely slim.

The child paused at the door of the *salha,* somewhat awed by its appearance. No place, this, to desecrate with muddy sabots! It would not know itself, the *salha;* no longer a big, bare entry hall where farm implements were stored and harvest dances held on occasion. The stone threshing floor, where the old men of the farm used to thresh out the grain with flails, was covered with skins of beasts—tigers, leopards, bears—sent home by Esteban from wherever he happened to kill them. The walls were hidden by faded tapestries and velvets out of *la madre's* marriage chests; over the great hooded chimney, smoked by many a roasting sheep or hog for the harvest feasts, hung a painting so dim one could not be sure what it was. Bette herself saw nothing desirable about this picture except the frame, but *la madre* valued it, as a keepsake doubtless, because it had once been painted for the house by a guest named Velasquez.

Furnishings had been brought to the *salha* from other rooms—tall carven chairs like thrones, high-backed settles, Spanish chests and armoires rich in brilliant color, with much gold. From the stair rail and the high blackened rafters fluttered faded, tattered banners of glory under which the men of that house had fought, from the time of the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa to the late engagement at Verdun. There was also an American flag, in compliment; the idea of Esteban's father.

Undoubtedly the *salha* was impressive. Bette wondered why. There was nothing new or really chic in the room except the portrait of Emily in her wedding dress, white and lovely; and even this would have been improved, considered Bette, by the presentment of Esteban seated beside her, in full dress, with his bride's hand resting upon his shoulder.

Upstairs one had changes also—hand basins in each room, cunningly fitted out with water that ran hot and cold; marble tubs so elegant as to make bathing almost a pleasure; a bridal apartment done in the *mode Américaine*—flowered papers on the walls, mirrors on hinges, chairs that rocked like cradles, a magnificent bed of brass that shone like gold. Esteban had sent for these furnishings to the city of New York itself, to be sure they were correct.

But the cobbled courtyard was altered most of all. Gone the fine rich pile of rotting manure, no ducks disported themselves in the drainage pool, chickens were no longer free to roam with now and then the company of an adventurous hog. Only *la madre's* gayly painted beehouses were left, beneath a nectarine tree espaliered against the south

wall, since bees do not like to be moved. Striped awnings of red and orange now shaded the place, basket chairs and tables stood about, iron benches, pepper trees and oleanders in tubs, palms, birds in cages; the drainage pool itself blossomed with exotic water lilies sent by Esteban from the Argentine. The courtyard looked, to Bette's dazzled eyes, as elegant as the *terrasse* of the hotel at Biarritz, visited on her one excursion into the world at the time of Esteban's marriage. And that is exactly what Emily said of it herself. The changes were a surprise for her. They had escorted her first of all to the transformed courtyard.

"Oh, oh, but I wouldn't know the place!" she had gasped. "It might as well be the palm room of a resort hotel!"

Not only Bette detected the disappointment in her tone. Esteban's face fell. "I thought it would be pleasant for you, my Emilie. I thought it would seem more like home."

The wife of Esteban always knew what to say to him. She put a quick little hand up against his cheek. "*Like* home? But, my dearest, it *is* home!"

What did they matter then, a few extraneous awnings and brass beds and tubs of oleander?

The little girl sighed with reminiscent sentiment. How it was pleasant, she thought, to love like that! It made one warm in the bosom to think of the way they gazed at each other, those two; so that often they forgot people were about, and fell silent in the midst of conversation, and presently wandered off together, hand in hand, to be alone; while *la madre* and her son Pedro exchanged amused smiles and Bette's mother bridled, muttering that such conduct was really *un peu trop naïf!*

Bette, suddenly quite lonesome at the thought, sought the company of her friend Nagarro, at ease like the rest of the world upon his doorstone, yet with an ear cocked as always for danger—passing gypsies, an occasional char-à-bancs of tourists roaring by, cagots who came to beg—those queer, misshapen creatures who need no longer whine their old Biblical warning "Unclean, unclean," since leprosy had been abolished in the Pyrenees by order of the Holy Father; and also, perhaps, by the cleansing, healing cross winds which blow out of Africa and the Bay of Biscay.

Madame Urruty pitied cagots, as became a Christian, and gave them work in her cork forests down the valley; but everybody avoided them still as in the days before their isolation was abolished by decree; and since they associated and intermarried with none but one another they became with each generation queerer and duller in the wits, and more than ever like the ugly, twisted cork trees among which they lived. Bette shared Nagarro's acute distaste for cagots.

With the gitanos it was different—a swarthy, handsome, gayly colored folk, wandering the ways of the earth en route to the yearly meeting place of all gypsies at Tarascon in the Midi. Bette crossed herself at sight of them, as was the custom; nevertheless she always ran to the gate to watch these evil ones pass; and they, recognizing her there, would call out softly, "Are you ready to come with us this year, little gorgio?" Then Nagarro, sensing temptation perhaps, would rush to the rescue, roaring after them down the road like a fussy old lion. But the gypsies would only laugh back at Bette; they who could charm the fish and cause the milk cattle to go on strike by a whispered word—what fear had they of a watchdog? It was perhaps as well that no gitanos passed in the road that day with invitations.

The little girl sighed aloud. At the moment the grand procession of the Corpus Christi would be approaching the Place, doubtless; prominent citizens leading, in antique costumes and droll false faces; mountebanks leaping and gamboling about to the glory of God; musicians playing all at once, in different keys, but how stirringly! Then the priest, or possibly it would be even a bishop, striding along under a canopy borne aloft by little scarlet acolytes who looked very important; next, the *pelotaris* who were to play in the tournament, all in white linen with scarlet sashes, her own father and brother among them. Last, led by a plump angel in pink tarlatan, who was in private life the mayor's daughter, the town's medieval dragon, from which it had been relieved by miraculous intervention; preserved in papier-maché, belching forth red fire, teetering past on six proud boys, hidden in its interior, who were its legs. One no longer quite believed in the dragon as in early youth, but it still had power to awe.

Bette pictured the midday repast which *tout le monde* would share out of baskets on little tables crowded into the Place; while Esteban with Emily on his arm proudly made the promenade to show off his new wife, exquisite as always in a pale-green sheath of silk like a flower, with a long green coat to match, and on her head a close-fitting little *cloche* of green like the cap of a flower bud. And how charming she would make herself to everyone, that Emily! Coquetting demurely with the old men, curtsying respectfully to their wives, teasing the shy boys, and being so sweet to all the envious young girls that Bette's heart gave a throb of jealousy.

Then, while *tout le monde* digested comfortably, with toothpicks, the *pastorale* would occur, done by the maskers: all the virtuous characters to the right dressed in blue, all the villains to the left in red, which made everything so comprehensible; playing perhaps Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers, or some other *chanson de geste* as pleasantly familiar—Basques do not care for surprises in their entertainment.

She Hobbled to the Door and Looked About Her. "Hé, Hé," She Chuckled Maliciously to Herself. "They Will Play No Pelota This Day!"

And then at last, with fanfare of horns and beating of drums, the moment of the day, the *pelota!* Bette dared not dwell upon it—the most important tournament of years, not only the champion Urruty playing—which of itself constituted an occasion—but his father Pedro, *alcalde* of the district and one-armed as he was, who had been challenged to combat by a gentleman from another province, also one-armed since the war; so that for weeks past farm work had been neglected while Urruty *père* practiced at the village *frontón*, under instruction from the blacksmith and later from Urruty *fils*, who had cut short his honeymoon and hastened home in order to coach his parent for this great sporting event. And Bette not there to see! Did it bear thinking of?

She hurried her mind on to the dancing, which would begin with dark; the mayor leading in the dignified *carrica dantza*, with perhaps her mother as partner—for Madame Fancine was still, as the saying goes, light on the foot though heavy on the knee. Soon the whole Place would be giddy with whirling, swaying couples, young and old, snapping the fingers, clapping the hands; Emily and Esteban the most graceful of them all.

And at the last, and best, the singing—ah, the singing! Bette loved music with all the starved passion of those who cannot make it—languorous *sequidillas* from across the border, with the throbbing accompaniment that sounds like the throbbing of hearts; stirring war ballads out of Navarre; native shepherd *complaintes;* the Errege Jan, the Captive Bird—wistful ancient melodies of an ancient people. For finale, standing all together, the men uncovered, the women holding hands, the Guernaka Arbola, the Holy Tree of Liberty, that fine expression of a race to which for centuries Basques have marched to death or victory.

Bette rarely ventured to sing alone; people laughed at her; but under cover of a hundred, five hundred voices, how her own uncertain little treble rose and soared, like the braying of a glad young mule in the spring pastures! And as they sang a proud remembering smile would touch her grandmother's lips, and tears would roll unheeded down the cheek of Pedro, her soldier father, who thought of all the others—brothers, sons, his neighbors—who had lately marched behind him, singing so, out of the loved hills to which they would nevermore return.

Fête-Dieu, one of the great meeting days of her people, dead and living; and Bette not there to sing! For she had been found unworthy. The Urruty household, for the first time in history, harbored a thief.

Freebooting and cattle raiding were not unknown in the family record, to be sure. One of Bette's ancestors was lieutenant to that renowned corsair and pirate, Michel the Basque; and even at the present day the name was fairly familiar to certain unsympathetic officials who imprison *maledetta* for smuggling contraband. But that, pointed out Madame Urruty sternly, was another affair. Risk was involved, men took as they gave, staked their lives on a gamble. It was not as if they had, like Bette, been trusted and had failed of their trust! "Who," reasonably inquired Madame Urruty, "would expect to trust smugglers and pirates?"

At this point Bette detected an uncontrollable twitch of amusement about the lips of her new sister-in-law. So, unfortunately, did her grandmother.

"One sees no occasion for levity," the old lady remarked with dignity. "America is apparently a nation which smirks! As for you, my child, you will retire to your *prie-dieu*, where, after telling the rosary five times upright on your knees—upright, if you please—you will decide your own penance."

Bette gave a moan of dismay. No one, not even Monsieur le Curé, could devise such soul-searching punishments for herself as conscientious Bette. It was a gift, a matter of the imagination. Bette was wasted upon an age which had no Inquisition. Emily, out of sympathy, made wordless suggestions with her lips: "Do without candy! Give away your new hair ribbons!"

But the conscience of Bette was one that scorned half measures. "Since one is guilty of so serious a crime," she quavered, "doubtless the penance should be also of the most serious?"

Doubtless, agreed her grandmother.

So Bette, having consulted her *prie-dieu*, returned to them with the stoic announcement that she would not accompany the family on the morrow to the Fête-Dieu.

Even her grandmother was unprepared for the magnitude of this penalty. "It is holiday, *petite!* There will be nobody on the place. For so young a girl to be left alone in a house all day is hardly *comme il faut.*"

She would be not quite alone, reminded Bette. There was the dog Nagarro; there was also the *aïeta-anna*, for Damasa was too old now to attend any holiday except the pardon of Saint Blaise, where she took hairs from the tails of all the household animals to be burned against witchcraft.

La madre found herself with nothing more to say; and so Bette, without tears, saw her family depart early in the morning for the distant market town; did not weep even when Esteban and Emily, who left much later than the others because of their fast automobile, begged her to reconsider the matter and go with them.

"God will comprehend," said her brother seriously, "that we have here a family affair which needs your countenance. How shall we distinguish ourselves at the game, we Urruty, without a familiar voice to cry at critical moments: *'Vas-y, 'Steban! Vite, vite, mon petit papa'?"*

But Emily advised her husband not to meddle in affairs of the conscience, it was not for such as he.

She promised to bring Bette in honor of the Fête-Dieu the finest doll to be found in the booths; perhaps one of an American sort, called Kewpie, very smart that season, attired simply in a face veil with dots.

"Myself," commented Bette dubiously, "I should prefer a *type bébé*, of an appearance more discreet."

Emily agreed with her that a more discreet type of *bébé* might, on the whole, be more satisfactory.

Yet this was the sister-in-law—this serious, understanding, altogether *simpática* Emily—to whom Bette had done the great injury. It was a property of Emily, no less, which she had deliberately stolen and presented to the gypsies. What then had got into her? Doubtless Trufadec, thought Bette. One had neglected of late to put fennel in the window cracks, since Emily did not believe in devils.

The cause of all her misery lay at ease in the courtyard, tied and muzzled, but supporting these indignities tranquilly, as if he well knew them to be temporary. At intervals he padded lithely up and down the length of his long rope; like the young wolf he looked, slim, elegant, decidedly a dog of the world, *ennuyé* with his surroundings. No wonder clumsy, woolly old Nagarro had bristled to his tail at sight of this distinguished stranger, biding his time.

Naturally one could not attack a creature that was tied and muzzled, at one's mercy; but when Emily, deceived by the older dog's meek and sheeplike appearance, loosed her own dog for a little promenade, Nagarro saw his opportunity. Never was such a battle as raged through the courtyard, the passageway, the very *salha* itself; all in the most vicious, deadly silence; not a snarl or a growl, only the panting of the great furious beasts at their death grapple, and now and then a strange little fierce cry from the child Bette, as if she were at the *pelota* court or the bullfight, "*Vas-y, Nagarro! Allons! Saisis-le donc! Tue-le!*"

Emily, exhausted with futile efforts to separate them, was too breathless, too horrified to scream. It was Bette who, seeing the old dog down on his back at last, with the other guzzling near and nearer to the unprotected throat, let out suddenly a yell such as only a Basque child can utter, and seized a knife. The household came hurrying to that yell of desperation, and Esteban got the dogs apart at the cost of torn clothing and a lacerated hand, refusing the knife Bette thrust upon him.

"Kill the new dog? But why? He has proven himself master here; he should be Nagarro in the old one's place!" And this in the very presence of his friend of years, who had been his own devoted herd dog during Esteban's apprenticeship with the flocks! Doubtless her kind brother would not have spoken so harshly, but that at the moment Emily, his wife, sick at the sight of so much blood, had quietly fainted away. "A fine Basquaise she makes, this one!" Bette's mother was heard to comment as Esteban bore his wife up the stairs in his arms. Such a companion for an *homme galant, n'est-ce pas?* To faint over a little dog blood! "I ask myself, what must be her conduct at the arena! *Eh, mon Pedro?*"

"In America they are not yet civilized enough for the bullfight, my angel," explained Bette's father; but the child felt that even his loyalty to his son's bride was somewhat shaken. Basques do not admire timidity.

Esteban himself looked rather annoyed when he returned to them a little later.

"What an affair of nothing!" he muttered to his father, laughing. "These women! She wishes now to bandage up my hand until I could not wield a *chistera!*"

It was not the first time Emily had so disgraced herself of late. Once when Esteban had found it necessary to gentle with spurs a young Arab stallion of his grandmother's which tried to unseat him by biting at his legs, Emily, catching sight of the performance through her window, had screamed out in terror, so that the vicious beast reared and nearly fell upon Esteban. The matriarch rebuked her sternly.

Emily bit her lip, flushing. "Something seems to be getting my nerve," she admitted lightly. "Can it be the effect of true love?"

Doubtless, agreed Madame Urruty; love was very deranging. "*N'importe*, it will pass. You know our saying: 'After marriage a woman, like a *gave*, becomes tranquil.'"

Bette sometimes found herself a little sorry for the *belle-sœur*. She tried so hard to be a true Basquaise; to take interest in the affairs of the farm, the ménage, although Esteban had engaged some daughters of the tenant farmer—the *métayer*—to help his grandmother with these. She never tired, the delicate, pretty creature, of stories of great Basque women who had fought beside their men against the Saracens, against the invading armies of Charlemagne, before the Pays Basque allowed part of itself to become French. She had tears in the eyes over the story of the little maid of Gavarnie, who deliberately walked off a precipice to mislead and destroy the spies who followed her to discover the hiding place of her father, wanted by the law. Most of all she thrilled, this fragile Emily, to the legend of Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre—and therefore part Basque—who gave birth to her royal son, Henry the Fourth, while calmly singing the battle hymn of her people.

Yes, Bette often felt pity for the new sister, who so aspired to be Basque, and yet who could not bear even the sight of suffering. But her brother, in marrying this gentle alien, had he not set his feet to the following of strange gods? To suggest a foreigner, a dog who understood no Eskuara, as Nagarro for their house, a post of honor handed down among their own dogs from generation to generation! When the present Nagarro became too old for his duties his son Olivier would naturally be taken from the herding to succeed him; just as he himself had left the herds in middle age to succeed his wise old father, Pompon—woolly, yellow white, innocent appearing, all of them, as their own sheep, until they were angered, when they became terrible as lions.

The Urruty dogs, indeed, were as well-known through the valleys as the Urruty men, and for much the same qualities of courage, sagacity, loyalty to the death. And it was this line of trusted servitors and guardians which Esteban, her brother, wished to replace with imported sheep dogs out of Belgium! Sheep dogs indeed! This one who had never seen a sheep, perhaps, unless in carcass form, hanging outside a *boucherie!*

Providence—or was it Trufadec?—suggested a course of action. Emily, who had seen enough of dog fights, intrusted Bette to exercise her pet. Bette, accepting the trust, promptly led the creature down the road to where some passing gypsies were encamped and offered it to them in free gift on condition that they at once leave the neighborhood.

The chal to whom she spoke laughed slyly. "So, the little gorgio turns dog thief, eh, and wishes it to appear that the Romany are guilty?" Bette admitted that this was so. He laughed again. "The little gorgio should make a good queen for our tribe one day! Will you come?"

Bette thanked them politely, and took to her heels and ran from the impending honor.

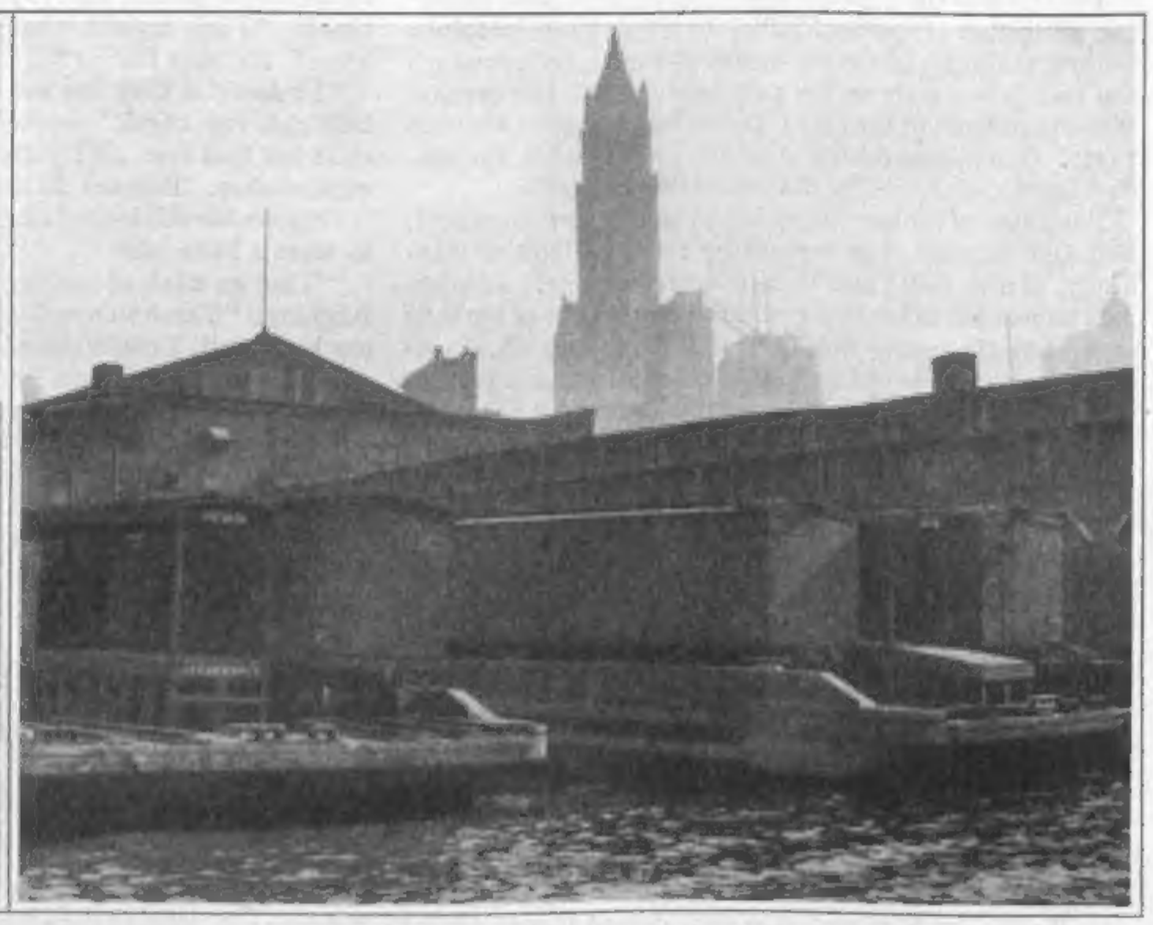
(Continued on Page 137)

Etcheverray it Was Who Reached Them First, Followed Quickly by Esteban and Some of the Terrified Cagots, Eager to Show Their Blamelessness

The World's Maddest and Merriest Market—By Chester T. Crowell

PHOTOS BY CLARK SERVICE

Going to Market. West Street, New York City, on a Busy Day



Barges Loaded With Refrigerator Cars at a Pier on the North River

FROM midnight until morning there are two great centers of feverish activity on the island of Manhattan. One is the uptown saxophone belt, and the other might be designated as the downtown lettuce and tomato district. Uptown some thousands of dancers are doing—or doing at—the Charleston; downtown several thousand fruit and vegetable dealers are going through maneuvers that very much resemble that highly athletic dance, their music being furnished by switch engines, tugboats and roaring motor trucks. They operate under tremendous pressure both as to time and space. More than 200,000 carloads of fruits and vegetables arrive in Manhattan annually, most of them along a small strip of North River water front that one could see from end to end by walking briskly for fifteen minutes. Incidentally the lower end of it is less than fifteen minutes' walk from the heart of the financial district.

In the vast jungle of switching yards over on the Jersey side there is at midnight a refrigerator car containing 320 crates of lettuce, owned by a farmer who lives near Laredo, Texas. Long before dawn that car will be pushed onto a giant steel barge along with about twenty other cars, and a tugboat will move them to a North River pier on the Manhattan side. Unless a sale has previously been made by telegraph the car of lettuce will then be sold by the original shipper's agent to a man who deals in car lots. He will immediately break up the car and dispose of it right on the pier to jobbers whose average purchase of lettuce is not more than twenty crates. Each jobber will then remove his purchase and break up each lot for the benefit of retailers who buy one basket or even less.

PHOTO BY KEYSTONE, N. Y. C.

Sampling Grapes Before Auction in the Erie Water-Front Yards

Famine Six Hours Away

BY EIGHT o'clock in the morning that carload of lettuce will have passed through the hands of so many owners that the United States Secret Service might hesitate to trace the baskets back to their source. At noon, let us assume, one of the dancers from the uptown saxophone belt will order one-half a head of lettuce in some hotel dining room. His purchase is approximately 1–15,360th part of the original carload. Thus quite a sizable job of distribution has been accomplished since midnight. Everybody who has any part in this work must hurry, and naturally they become excited.

General Custer's last stand against the encircling Indians would be an afternoon tea, so far as noise is concerned, compared with the receiving and distribution of New York City's daily diet of fruits and vegetables. There are at least half a dozen extremely important reasons why this job must be done with tremendous speed.

First, there is not room on the Manhattan side for all the cars that are going to be unloaded, therefore empties must be going back on every barge that brings over filled cars. Second, the streets of Manhattan would not accommodate all the truck traffic incident to this distribution except after midnight and before the morning rush hours. Third, the goods are for the most part highly perishable; moreover, the best time to sell them is before noon. Fourth, the storage space on Manhattan for perishable produce is extremely limited; these goods must be sold or shipped elsewhere as they arrive. Fifth, there would be no advantage in providing extensive storage space, because the whole world pours this produce into New York daily, consequently storage would be a wilder gamble than even these gay speculators would care to undertake; with them, every day has to stand by itself. Sixth, New York City is never more than three or four days ahead of actual famine so far as green vegetables are concerned; and, as a practical business proposition, from the point of view of these hurrying dealers, the city is only about six hours ahead of famine.

A Perpetual Gamble

IF LETTUCE, cucumbers and tomatoes failed to arrive for a day or two, the populace could, and doubtless would, turn to oranges, apples and bananas, which are stored to some extent; but no dealer in tomatoes is anxious to bring about the substitution. As he sees it, a great market, almost bare, yawns before him with every dawn, so he hastens furiously to supply it with his produce. In the whole world of merchandising I doubt that there is an equally exciting daily scramble and gamble. There are no vast fortunes among these men; to them the possessor of $500,000 ranks with John D. Rockefeller. If they prosper it may mean $100,000 and excellent credit after ten or twenty years of work that suggests one continuous cavalry charge; for, no matter how hard they try to play safe, the business remains highly speculative. That is no less true for the pushcart peddler than for the largest of the car-lot receivers. Every time they make a purchase they are betting not only against what may happen tomorrow but even against what could possibly happen later in the same morning, for the selling consumes several hours. It is no business for a man with a weak heart. Virtually every time a farmer receives news from his New York broker that makes him groan there is an accompanying chorus of piercing yi-yi-yi's along Manhattan's water front.

Bankruptcy stalks among those fellows with a fearfully long and appallingly sharp scythe. To cite a specific

instance, there was a period during the spring of 1924 when Manhattan had almost no lettuce because of crop failures in the districts from which lettuce ordinarily comes at that season. The New York market will pay almost any price for almost anything it wants. The cost can very quickly and easily become prohibitive for the lower East Side, but there still remain some hundreds of thousands of people to whom the difference between one cent and one dollar is negligible, so lettuce quotations shot up from normal to seven dollars a basket, wholesale.

At that price virtually every continent of the globe can ship lettuce to New York, and before many seven-dollar baskets had been sold there was enough lettuce on the way to Manhattan to pave a considerable portion of Central Park. Within two weeks the price dropped from seven dollars a basket to seventy-five cents. As part of the fiasco, 141 cars were refused by the dealers to whom they were consigned, because the market wouldn't pay enough to cover even the freight charges. Railroad employes were shoveling lettuce onto dump piles within less than a month after the time when only the wealthy and extravagant could afford to buy it.

During such a period of sensational decline in prices anyone who happens to be stuck even overnight with the commodity affected is just that much out of pocket. And the amazing thing about New York's vast market for fruits and vegetables is that fully 80 per cent of the total receipts is finally distributed by comparatively poor men with only a few hundred dollars or even less of working capital. Yet some part of this army of distributors must go through every year just such experiences as the lettuce panic of 1924; indeed, it would be astounding if three months passed without something comparable to that happening.

A New York Excursion

ALMOST anyone who happened to observe the riotous activities along the water front any morning would immediately wonder why such congestion was permitted. It appears to be outrageously wasteful. There is not room enough on the piers for the trucks and carts that must carry away this enormous volume of goods, consequently each driver of a vehicle spends nearly as much time out on West Street waiting and cursing as he spends in the actual performance of his task. All appears to be confusion and senseless crowding.

Loading Trucks With California Grapes

And, after viewing the scene, it is still more astounding to learn that enormous quantities of fruits and vegetables are ferried back to New Jersey in trucks after having been brought over the Hudson River from New Jersey on barges.

Dozens and scores of these trucks set out from the Manhattan piers loaded with grapefruit, beans, cherries, cucumbers and cauliflower for Newark, which has a population of nearly 500,000 and presumably would be able to maintain an absolutely independent produce market. Similarly other trucks thunder away toward Brooklyn; and uptown, they go even to Yonkers.

Why, one inevitably asks, must all this buying and selling be done in such a small, congested area?

That problem has now been studied by many agencies, all bent upon finding a remedy; but thus far about all they have found with certainty is an answer to their question; the remedy is more difficult.

The Wall Street of Produce

THIS congestion is occasioned by the necessity of making a market. Economically the whole metropolitan district, with a population of at least 10,000,000, is one market, and therefore it has to have one central place for fixing prices. Experts who have studied this question agree that if there were five central markets instead of one, it might easily result in two or three times as much trucking as now takes place. That is because the consuming area remains a unit, and the prices in every part of it must be kept in line with those in every other part; the law of supply and demand enforces this.

Consequently, if Brooklyn and Newark and Manhattan and the Bronx each had an independent produce center, it is possible, even probable, that they would be continually equalizing their prices by trucking their produce back and forth among one another, getting rid of surpluses and avoiding shortages. Unless each dealer knows what the whole market has to offer he is afraid to buy. He wants to see the cars unloaded and inspect the goods. The price is made then and there. In its own way this market operates as nearly as possible along the same lines as the New York Stock Exchange or the New Orleans Cotton Exchange.

Buyers and sellers want to gather in one place where all the information available to anyone is available to everyone. Then trade becomes brisk. It is not an unreasonable surmise that without its one market place, congested, screaming, cursing and crowded as it is, the metropolitan area could not bring about the necessary distribution of its enormous daily receipts of perishable produce. What would facilitate transportation, apparently would constitute a mountainous obstacle to trade. And, unless the trading is brisk, losses due to deterioration of the goods might far outweigh the present wasteful methods of transportation.

An authoritative estimate of the cost of delivering green vegetables from the freight cars to the various retail establishments of the metropolitan area fixes

(Continued on Page 77

The Wholesale Produce District of New York City

The Poultry District at the Foot of 14th Street, New York City

Above—Loading Up With Live Fowl

THE WEAKER SEX

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

He Was Thinking Mostly of Laura Conquerall, Who Had Been Rather Curt With Him at the Country-Club Dance the Night Before

"I'M SO glad about Cyril," said Natalie Rader, with a small sigh of contentment.

"Then it's settled?" asked Sallie Bryson over her shoulder, as she continued to feed cake to the peacocks.

"Laura told me about it last night," acknowledged the woman under the striped lawn parasol. "She said she'd burst if she didn't sit down and talk to somebody. She's really much more emotional about it than I ever thought she'd be "

The younger of the two women, seated on the terrace balustrade, turned and gazed down at the lower lawn level where Cyril Crevier sat in an hourglass willow chair beside the lily pond. On the grass in front of him squatted Laura Conquerall, looking studiously up into Cyril's lean brown face. A tennis racket lay across her knee, and the whiteness of her plaited playing skirt accentuated the brownness of her rounded bare arms and knees, the brownness of the muscular smooth shoulders, the sun-deepened brownness of the intent square face that seemed so brimming with life.

"She seems young for Cyril," murmured the watching woman.

"She is young," admitted Natalie as she turned to stare down at her brother. "But she seems to have what he needs. She's vital and vigorous and ardent. And I suppose Nature takes a hand in things like that, and tries to even up the score."

Sallie Bryson's eyes were thoughtful as she studied the man in the willow lawn chair—the rather tall, rather lank, rather quiet-mannered man in white flannels who was gazing down at the ardent-eyed girl on the grass beside him. That girl, as she rose to her feet and straightened out her skirt with a sudden animal-like shake of restlessness, was not as regally tall as one might have expected. But there was a muscular compactness to her body, a smooth thickness to the sun-browned shoulders, that made the woman on the upper terrace think of a polo pony—a polo pony groomed for strength and hardened for combat.

"It's odd how she fascinates Cyril," pursued Natalie as she put down her teacup. "But I suppose it's the law of opposites again. It's really marvelous how that girl can swim and dive and ride and slam a ball around a tennis court all afternoon and then dance all night and be down doing her flip-flops in the swimming pool before we older folks are out of bed the next morning!"

"Mightn't she," queried the woman on the balustrade, "be geared just a trifle high for Cyril?"

"Oh, we're all hoping she'll take Cyril out of himself," was the slightly retarded answer. "I hate to say he's lazy and listless and ineffectual. But he's rather worried us all for years now. You see, he's not strong. Caroline used to say it was his chest; and mother had the habit of saying it was his heart; and I've found myself explaining for the hundredth time how he was gassed in the war. He was gassed, really. But Cyril himself says he only got a whiff or two and protests that he's been in club smokers where he's suffered more."

"He still has a cough," interpolated the milder-eyed Miss Bryson.

"Yes, he has a cough," acknowledged Natalie; "but he claims that comes from too many cigarettes."

"Which, of course, is one of his gestures to escape sympathy."

"Perhaps so. But even a tobacco *rôle* isn't an excuse for walking around life about the same as a cooper walks around a barrel. At any rate, he seems quite satisfied to live up to the family tradition of being delicate. And it seems so un-American. He's never worked and never wanted to work. He's ——"

"He's never needed to, has he?" interrupted the younger woman.

"No, he hasn't," admitted Natalie; "and perhaps that's where most of the trouble lies. He's always sat on the sidelines and watched other people. He's gone South with the family in December and he's gone North with them in June, and when mother opened up the Park Avenue house he settled down there and read biochemistry all morning, and had lunch and looked at the window thermometer and put on his hat and coat and pursued his plaintive way down to the Astral Club, and smoked two cigarettes as he looked over Punch and the Quarterly Review, and then went on to the Plaza, where he always rather morosely had tea and just as morosely watched the dancing, and then went home and dressed for dinner and usually, after dinner, played cribbage with Caroline."

"And rather hated women?" suggested Sallie Bryson.

"Nothing quite so positive as hatred, my dear. But he ignored them. I think they rather frightened him. And the closest he ever came to matrimony was being a sad-eyed usher at the wedding of one of his classmates, where he disgraced us all by being so nervous he fell into the tubbed palms and escaped by way of the vestry."

"Isn't that really his modesty?" asked the ruminative-eyed woman on the balustrade.

"He's tremendously modest of course," admitted his sister. "And he's quite without the arrogance of most men born to unquestioned wealth. But a man can be modest without being a misogynist; without crawling into his hole every time a presentable woman appears on the scene. And the funny part of it is he's always been attractive to women."

"I know it," said Sallie with an intonation that brought the other woman's glance up to her face.

"I always rather thought, darling, that he was interested in you that summer at Southampton."

"He was," retorted Sallie, trying to hide her wince.

"You'd have found him rather impossible."

"I did," admitted Sallie with self-defensive flippancy. But her eyes remained solemn.

"Cyril's always courteous of course," defended Natalie.

"But he's terribly gun-shy," protested the other. "I don't see where he ever got the courage to watch this younger set with all their bare knees and bobbed manners."

"Oh, men are men," averred Natalie. "And they're as new to him as he is to them. They seem to like his quietness. And that passiveness of his seems to be a sort of challenge to them. And that out-moded self-effacing silence of his seems to leave him a bit mysterious to them. It's something like that, I suppose, that's making Laura Conquerall down there at this very moment regard poor Cyril as a sort of King Arthur and John Barrymore and Saint Sebastian all rolled into one."

"But whatever brought that odd couple together?" asked the woman with the slightly envious eyes.

"I did," was the unexpectedly frank reply. "Something really had to be done about Cyril. So I maneuvered to get him out here in the country. I wanted him to see how active and colorful this sort of life had got to be with us. And I wanted to interest him a bit in outdoor sport. He said, of course, that he hated it, and that women ought to be ashamed to be seen on a polo pony. He said he hated to hear them talk about breeding dogs, and blow in smelling of animals, and post-mortem their morning golf games around a cocktail shaker. I wanted him to understand us better and see that we're a healthier-living lot

than he suspected. But it didn't seem to work. At least it didn't until Laura came along. He said he hated our sailboat-handling she-Vikings and our skiing Valkyries and our diving Venuses idling around a swimming pool. He scoffed openly at what he called the four-square golfing women who got birdies and trophies and burs on their ugly woolen ankles, and the modern mænads who danced until four in the morning, and the racket-flailing Furies who bobbed about hot tennis courts and had their pictures in the Sunday supplements."

The younger of the two women laughed. "I notice one racket flailer he doesn't seem to be abhorring at the present moment," she said as the man and the girl beside the lily pond began to move arm in arm across the close-clipped lawn slope. And it was the girl, oddly enough, who seemed to be leading the man.

"That's the wonderful part of it," acknowledged Cyril's sister as she studied the approaching couple. "He's getting a new look in on life through Laura. He's thrown away all those old-fashioned ideas of his, about the same as he'd throw away a pair of old shoes. So he may shock us all by getting his love measles late in life, when it hits 'em the hardest!"

"Well, let's hope it lasts," murmured the woman on the balustrade, and the flatness of her voice brought a small frown to the older woman's brow.

"Don't say anything to Cyril about it," warned his sister as she tossed a slice of cinnamon toast to the timorously audacious peacock beside her chair. "He's still rather painfully shy about his—his Indian summer bliss." Then she called out in a louder voice, "Where are you two children off to?"

Cyril's lean face, at that salutation, darkened a little. And the smile that he conjured up may have been a wintry one, but it was still a smile. "Laura's taking me over to the swimming pool," he explained as he stroked the neck of the Pekingese beside the tea table.

"You're not going in the water, Cyril?" asked his sister, turning on him with a concern that deepened his flush.

"I was thinking of it," he admitted.

"But should you go in cold water like that, with your cough?" she demanded, her mouth hardening a little at the faintly hostile look that flashed from Laura Conquerall's limpid eyes.

"That cough of mine, fair one, is a family skeleton that ought to be rattled to pieces. And there's no knowing what I'll be doing before the month is out."

"But you're not strong," averred Natalie.

"Who says I'm not strong?" demanded Cyril. "I played eighteen holes with Laura yesterday, most of it in the rough, and this morning I knocked a tennis ball over the net and the guard wire and the clubhouse and halfway out in the lake. And if that isn't strength, I'd like to know what is!"

Natalie smiled commiseratively, scenting the self-protective aroma in her brother's levity. And the gaze with which she met Laura's frank stare of disapproval was not without a trace of a challenge.

"I really wouldn't let him swim," the older woman said to the girl, studiously softening her voice.

"Of course I wouldn't want him to get wet," cried the clear-eyed girl with the racket, "if it's going to endanger his life." And her laugh rang a trifle hard as she moved closer to the man in white flannels. "But you can at least come over and watch the Amazons, can't you, Cyril?"

Cyril was not unconscious of the glance that passed between the two older women. And under some inward strain his tanned face blanched a little. But he was smiling a moment later, as his lifelong passion to avoid a scene finally reasserted itself.

"I'm free, white and twenty-one," he said with a vaguely condoning shrug—"twenty-one, in fact, almost twice over. So we'll look in on the bathing nymphs, Laura, and still keep body and soul together."

"Some of them are very devastating," cried Sallie Bryson, trying to laugh the tension out of the scene.

"I'm beginning to find that out," he called back as he moved away, arm in arm with Laura Conquerall. But Laura's muscular brown forearm suddenly unlinked itself from his.

"Why can't they leave you alone?" she said with a burst of honest anger.

"It's a sort of habit," was his pensive reply—"a family habit. But it's really based on kindness."

"I'd call it a mighty cruel sort of kindness," protested the impatient young woman at his side.

"There are different ways of being cruel," he reminded her, "just as there seem to be different ways of being strong. And it's all the same in a hundred years anyway."

"But you've your own life to live," contended the girl.

"You mean we've our own lives to live," he corrected, reclaiming her arm. And he wondered rather wistfully why there was no responding pressure to his squeeze on her bare and sunburned biceps as they circled the rhododendron bed and the grapery and skirted the swan pond where Natalie Rader's two small sons were trying to sail a toy yacht on its windless surface.

On a lawn bench behind them sat a nursemaid—a thin-cheeked and narrow-shouldered girl with a wistful and brooding violet eye. She sat inert and abstracted, oddly frail and tragic in the opulent sunlight that bathed her bony young body and gave a hooded look to the face shadowed by its overlevel dark brow. The children shouted aloud as they looked up and saw their Uncle Cyril. Their rush toward him, however, was cut short by a quiet word or two from the young woman on the bench.

"How about your heavenly twins coming along with us!" Cyril Crevier called across the pond end.

"I'm afraid not, sir," was the nursegirl's impersonally quiet reply.

"Couldn't you all come?" asked Cyril, not unconscious of Laura's repeated tug at his arm. "We're going to the swimming pool."

"I'm afraid not, sir," repeated the frail-bodied girl with the hooding eyebrows which, as Cyril was thinking at the moment, rather made her look like Sargent's Hosea.

"Well, I'll be out with you tomorrow, boys!" the flannel-clad man called back as he started along the gravel path. "Will that be allowed, Hetty?"

"Of course, sir," said the thin-cheeked maid, a faint flush coloring her pallid face.

"Why consult Hetty?" demanded Laura, slapping her firm-set calf with her tennis racket.

Cyril was not ignorant of the coolly impersonal eye with which the woman beside him inspected the woman on the

(Continued on Page 51)

"I Wish I Could Satisfy Your Appetite for Romance," Observed the Girl in the Democratizing Black Service Suit. "But I've No Dark Secret to Reveal"

THE STATE KID

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THERE was a thin rain falling and the wind was from the north. "It'll blow clear and cold in the morning," said Chet, "and the birds will be flighty. Be a great day."

The road was slippery, as blue clay is apt to be, even under a sprinkling of doubtful gravel. The car whirred and pounded and slithered, yet made progress too. Cressey, silent on the seat beside me, was hunched down in his collar; his bulk in some wise protected me against the keen edge of the wind. From the store up the hill to Chet's house is little more than half a mile, but it seemed that night much longer; and I was glad when we turned into the farmyard and came into the lee of the house and alighted, leaving the patient car to stand submissive in the rain

"And tomorrow night," said Cressey with angry emphasis as we went into the kitchen—"tomorrow night you can go for the mail alone!" And he blew upon his hands and held them toward the stove. Cressey disliked discomfort, it was plain.

Mrs. Mac, busy with the heaped dishes at the sink, turned to chuckle at us over her shoulder, her mild blue eye twinkling. "Raining, ain't it?" she inquired.

"Spitting out of the north," Chet confessed.

"Yes," she agreed dryly, "I can see it spitting against my window."

Chet, who is always an optimist where tomorrow is concerned, said again, "Going to blow off clear and cold before morning. Going to be a great day for birds."

Cressey and I went into the dining room, out of the way of Mrs. Mac's activity; and Cressey, still a little resentful of his wetting, bent his attention upon the evening paper and ignored me. Reck came and rested his muzzle, and then his paw, upon my knee; and a moment later, when Chet came in to sit beside the table, Frenchy lumberingly followed him and stood attentive at his feet. The old dogs were tired. They had worked hard that day. Buster, the springer, flirted his ridiculous tail to and fro on my other side, and Reck and Frenchy ignored him with the grave courtesy of age.

I said to Chet softly, "They'll have to be put away this winter, won't they, Chet?" And Chet, who disliked to speak of such matters, replied:

"That pup you sent me is going to make a good dog, another year."

Mrs. Mac came to the kitchen door with a morsel of food, and called, "Here, dogs"; and Buster was before the other two in his response, growling in arrogant, youthful warning. Frenchy lay down by the stove.

"Yes, sir," said Chet for the third time. "A great day tomorrow."

I said "M'm!" I was sleepy. It had been my fourth day afield, and a long one; and the birds were scarce and the weather unpleasant. But Cressey, in better humor, put down his paper. "Think so, Chet?" he asked.

"The birds will fly tonight," Chet told him. "This will start them moving. We'll find whitewash everywhere in the morning. Chances are it'll be cold enough to freeze over the wet holes, and they'll be on the knolls everywhere."

Chet, as I have said, is always an optimist toward tomorrow. He had made, each night of our stay, some such prediction as this; he would no doubt moderate his optimism in the morning, as he usually did. I wondered what Cressey would say. It was the first time he had come with me to Fraternity, and in these matters it is never possible to be sure. In spite of poor hunting, he had seemed to enjoy himself well enough till now, but I was watching him.

"You know," he suggested after a moment, "that cover we hunted night before last, the last thing. Along the brook."

"Sho," said Chet apologetically. "I didn't expect we'd find anything there. But we was over that way, and I wanted you to see the kind of brook we fish in up here, in case you come next spring. We just went in there so's you could see the brook."

"It looked to me like a good place for birds," Cressey urged. "And we started one, you remember."

"Oh," Chet agreed, "there's birds there. That's the trouble around here—there's too much cover. You can go into the deep woods and find woodcock; apt to run across them anywhere. And take it when the flocks are broken up, there'll be pa'tridges along the fringes and everywhere. Yes, there's birds there."

Clyde Had Grown, Even During the Summer; He Had Almost the Stature of a Man and There Was in His Eyes a Mature Intelligence. Cressey and Alice Spoke With Him Apart

"I'd like to go in there again tomorrow," Cressey said.

"Well, we can, easy enough," Chet agreed. And my attention wandered. I was more than a little sleepy, and while they talked on I thought drowsily. Of Cressey, for instance. I had known him a good many years. We were together in college. When we emerged he took himself to distant parts, and he returned ten years or so later with the air of a conqueror. He had, it appeared, prospered mightily; and he continued so to do. He had built up a prosperous business in the export trade, seen its approaching collapse and sold it at a top price; he had bought land in Florida and sold in time; the ticker had smiled upon him. He married Alice Cressey during these ten years, and I knew her too. An attractive, sparkling woman full of nervous force, she had the reputation of being a brilliant conversationalist. It sometimes seemed to me she talked too much. No doubt most men would hold that the ideal feminine conversationalist is the one who listens best. Alice was not a listener.

I liked Cressey, on our renewed acquaintance. He had, vaguely, a suggestion of tragedy about him; he was, in spite of his financial success and though he was free from every bond and tie, a man with whom you could silently sympathize. He and Alice lived habitually in hotels. They came to New York, or to Boston, or to a New England resort in the summer; they went to Florida, or later to Louisiana, in the winter. Or they might disappear to California for a season, or to the Riviera. There was nothing to fix them in one place; they had no children.

I suggested to Cressey that he come to Fraternity with me, and he accepted the invitation readily enough. He had never done any upland gunning in New England. He had shot quail in the South, and ducks; but there a bag ran into double figures. I thought the frugal New England sport might appeal to him by contrast, and it had seemed to do so.

Our sport had, in all conscience, been frugal enough; the birds were few and hard to find; the dogs were old and losing their cunning; and we had tramped a good many miles of cover and failed to have a shot at a good many birds disturbed by our passage; and the weather had blown hot and cold, so that one day we panted and the next were chilled. But Cressey seemed to find in the arduous sport a certain amusement; he wanted, now, it appeared, to go back and hunt one of those empty covers again.

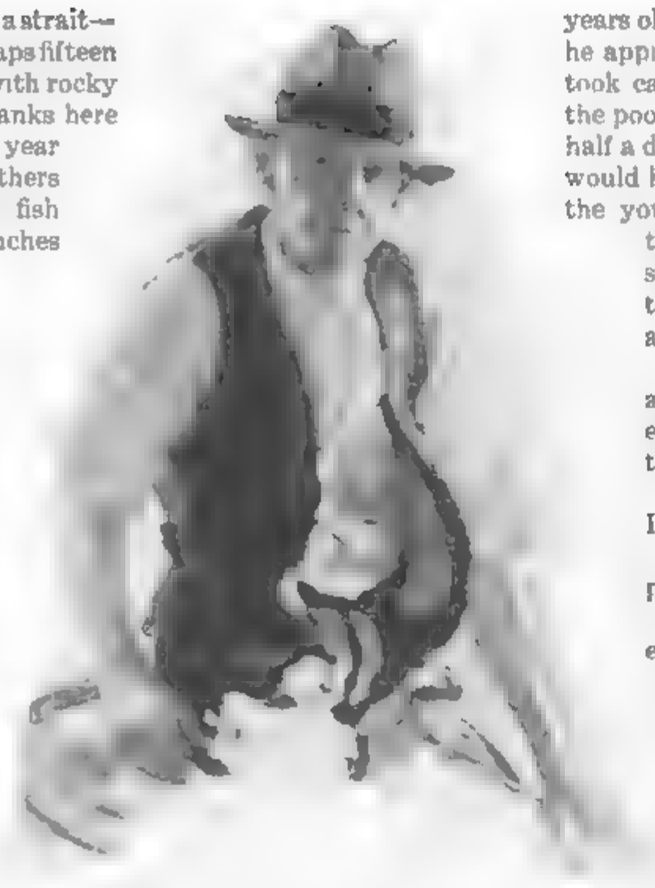
And my thoughts drifted onward. I had always felt there was something in Cressey faintly tragic and pitiable; had always found it possible to be silently sorry for the man, and had wondered why this was so.

It began now to be faintly apparent to me, for I knew why he wished to hunt that cover again—that little patch of alders stringing along the brook below Dell Barslow's thrifty farm.

There are about Fraternity a number of brooks worth fishing, and Chet and I have tried most of them. This stream, which passes under the bridge just below Barslow's farmhouse, is one we approve. Above the bridge there is half a mile of heavy timber, and the brook winds this way and that, with a moderate pool in every winding; and in some of these pools—it is necessary to know the brook, and the surest methods of approach—trout of fair size are apt

to lie. Below the bridge there is a strait—a hundred yards of brook perhaps fifteen feet wide and of even depth—with rocky bottom and roots along the banks here and there; and in this strait year after year a school of trout gathers as the water warms. These fish range from nine to fifteen inches long, and you may see them scurrying as your shadow falls across the water; and sometimes, if your guile be great enough, you may take one, or even two. And below, again, there is more woodland stream with wide half-moon pools in the bends and the promise of trout everywhere. There is no chance anywhere for the fair use of flies; the fisherman is forced to the more difficult business of interesting wary trout in worms. And a fish taken in this brook, and particularly in the strait below Barslow's, is well earned.

Chet is more apt to go downstream, to fish in the wood below. But I like the brook above the bridge, and the strait itself, and we seldom let a day of fishing pass without trying these waters. So I became acquainted three or four years ago with this boy of Barslow's.



"Hard to Get a Good Work Hand," He Agreed

The first time I saw him I was fishing an open pool in the pasture immediately above the bridge, and he came to watch me. He must have been at that time about nine years old; and I was struck by the fact that he approached quietly and kept silence, and took care not to show himself to the fish in the pool. The day had been fortunate; I had half a dozen good fish in my basket, and Chet would have thrice that number. Just before the youngster arrived I took a handsome trout, and later, while he lay at my side, two smaller fish. So I was content, and sat up and lighted my pipe and spoke to him.

"What do you lie down fur?" he asked, ignoring my greeting in his eagerness, his relief at being freed from the bond of silence.

"If they see you they won't bite," I told him.

"Are they good to eat?" he inquired, peering into my basket.

I said they were usually so considered, and asked a question in my turn. He had tried to catch fish in the brook, he confessed, but with no success. "I guess they seen me," he hazarded.

In the end I gave him two of the smaller trout for his supper, and was rewarded by the shining delight in his eyes. Later, driving home with Chet, I spoke of the matter. "Doesn't Barslow ever go fishing?" I inquired, and Chet shook his head.

"Dell's a good farmer," he explained. "He works at it pretty steady. Don't have no time. And most of the men around here don't go fishing anyway."

During the next year or two I saw the boy more than once again. He was apt to be busy at some chore about the place. Barslow had a woodpile in the orchard below the house, toward the brook; and the boy used to labor there. He was growing fast in these years; the work quite evidently agreed with him, and the color in his cheeks attested the fact that Barslow set a good table. The boy's name, I learned, was Clyde; I heard Barslow call him one day, and thereafter I addressed him so. There was a sturdiness about him; his chest was thick and strong and his shoulders were bulky and his head was fine, and he carried it well.

He had begun, it appeared, to go fishing on his own account; I saw one day a steel rod leaning against the apple tree beside the woodpile. And on another occasion he withdrew from a vantage by the strait below the bridge at my approach, and he had two fine trout on a twig in his hand.

This night at Chet's, while Chet and Cressey talked, I remembered an evening in May preceding. Chet and I had fished all day with small success; had met at the bridge below Barslow's to start home. We both were weary. There were four or five small trout in my basket, and while I took down my rod I hung the basket on the bumper at the rear end of the car. Later I got in and turned and started home. Not till we reached the farm did I remember the basket. We found it had fallen off the bumper, disappeared.

"Chance is we dragged it a way," I said. "It's gone."

"If it dropped off at Barslow's we can get it tomorrow," Chet told me. "They'll keep it for us."

But that evening while we were at Will's store for the mail, a telephone call came for Chet; and after he had answered he said to me:

"Want to go over to North Fraternity and get your trout? They're at the store there."

"Who found them?" I asked. "How did they know whose basket it was?"

"Barslow's boy found the basket," Chet explained, "after we'd gone. He walked over to the store in North Fraternity and called up from there, and Mrs. Mac called up from the house to tell me."

(Continued on Page 56)

Barslow and Clyde Were Picking Apples When We Arrived, and Mrs. Barslow Directed Us to the Orchard

OF, BY AND FOR THE PEOPLE—YES OR NO?

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

It is a Great Deal Harder to Manipulate the Primary Than it Was and Is to Manipulate a Convention

TO MAKE sure that the objection to the primary that it is hostile to our representative form of government whereas the convention carries out the representative principle is set forth accurately, let us take the exact language recently made use of by one of the most conspicuous foes of the primary and champions of the convention.

"If we follow the theory and plan of representative government laid down in our Constitution by providing for nominations by conventions, a better and more impartial class of candidates will result." The same assertion was often made, and more strongly made, when the great debate over the primary was going on some fifteen or twenty years ago. We must remember that this whole subject was debated on the platform and in the press for several years, and debated more thoroughly than most public questions ever have been debated.

Charles Evans Hughes, then governor of New York, answered the representative argument against the primary so easily and simply that the country was set laughing at those who made it. "We do not elect men to choose our governors and our mayors and the members of our legislatures for us," he said in his famous speech on the primary, January 22, 1909. "We elect such officials direct," Governor Hughes continued. "Yet," said he, "these officers are none the less representative, and we have, none the less, representative government because we choose them by direct vote.

"If anyone were now to propose that we should elect a body of men to choose our governor for us we would laugh at him," exclaimed Governor Hughes. "If any one saw fit to argue that this was necessary to the maintenance of representative government, we should think the argument ridiculous.

"So," concluded Governor Hughes, "if we elect a governor by a direct vote of the people, how is it a subversion of representative government for the enrolled voters of a party to choose their candidate for governor by direct vote? If we elect an assemblyman in an assembly district by a direct vote of the voters in that district, why should not the members of the party in that district decide directly who should be their representative as a candidate for the assembly? Is the one any the less representative government than the other?"

Sauce for the Goose and the Gander

THE audience saw the absurdity of such a claim and shouted approval, as the country did next day when the speech appeared in the newspapers. But Governor Hughes did not stop there. With good-natured cruelty he went on to the climax of his *reductio ad absurdum:* "The candidates of a party are the party representatives in running for office, as the elected officer is the representative of the people in discharging the duties of the office. If we are to make party government analogous to the general government, then we should elect the party representative by the direct vote of the members of the party."

Much more of the same kind can be quoted from eminent publicists and scholars, men who all agree are well posted on the Constitution and on the theory and practice of representative government. But Mr. Hughes put it in a nutshell: If representative government requires us to elect delegates to conventions to choose our candidates, the same principle requires that our chief public officials shall be selected for us by the same means. Indeed, the reason for thus choosing such officers is much stronger than for naming candidates—as much stronger as the man in office is more important than a mere candidate for that office.

If representative government demands that candidates be designated by conventions, how much more does it require officials themselves to be chosen by conventions! Why stop halfway in our assertion of representative government? Why not go the whole length? Why leave out the last half, and the most valuable half? Why should the people do anything directly? Why not let conventions select our governors, legislatures, congressmen, senators and other important elective officials, and have done with it? If delegates in convention have so much more honesty and sense than the people, why go to the expense of general elections at all?

Those who favor the convention would doubtless be willing to relieve citizens of the trouble of voting for any candidate, and, instead, select public servants for the people and put those officials into office out of hand. It would be a great saving of trouble, time and money, would it not? To be sure, convention delegates would still have to be elected, but perhaps the managers would also attend to that detail for us.

How did it happen that The Fathers who created our representative government did not also provide for party conventions to carry out the representative principle, if conventions are needed or useful for that purpose? Surely those remarkable men who thought out and framed our Constitution knew as much about representative government as anyone knows today. Those men gave all their time, strength and ability solely to the devising of a plan of free government, and they studied that subject from every point of view. Yet such a device as a convention to nominate candidates never occurred to them.

In fact, the very idea of a nominating convention was not even suggested for more than a generation after our Government was established. Our national Constitution was framed in 1787; it was ratified in 1788; and the Government it created was set up in 1789; yet the first attempt to hold a nominating convention was not made until 1831, when a few gentlemen met in Baltimore and nominated William Wirt as the anti-Masonic candidate for President in the anti-Masonic hysteria of that period. That convention was a fluke; it did not come from thought or necessity, but from a wild flurry of temporary excitement. Yet it was the beginning of the convention system.

The notion cropped out the following year, when an embryonic convention of all opposed to President Jackson nominated Henry Clay for President. They called themselves National Republicans, but when they became a real political party they took the name of Whig. Then, in 1832, President Jackson required the Democrats to hold a national convention for the purpose of forcing the nomination of Van Buren as Jackson's running mate. It was at this convention that the famous two-thirds rule was adopted which has cursed the Democratic Party to the present day, and may not have been without influence in bringing on the Civil War.

Eminent Opponents of the Convention

JACKSON forced that two-thirds rule on the convention because he wanted it to appear that Van Buren was the overwhelming choice of the party and that his nomination was not dictated by the President; for, although Jackson was a party autocrat, almost as much as Jefferson had been, he did not want the voters to think so.

But the first party convention in the sense that we understand that word today was not held until 1835, when such a party gathering, under the mailed fist of President Jackson, named Van Buren as the Democratic standard bearer. Thereafter the party-convention idea spread rapidly and was adopted by both Democrat and Whig parties generally over the country, and by 1840 it was in full swing.

But the ablest and most experienced men in both parties opposed it. Conservative men generally thought and said that the convention gave the people too much power. It was not representative of the best thought of the nation, they said, but, instead, was a departure from the theory of our Government, and in direct antagonism to the American practice for nearly half a century. So Webster did not like the convention, and neither did Calhoun nor Crawford nor any of the leading statesmen of that time.

Yet if any man ever understood our representative form of government, Webster understood it; and today many informed, unprejudiced and thoughtful persons believe that Calhoun understood it almost as well as Webster did. Personally I doubt if either of those masters of constitutional law knew more about it than Crawford knew. Still all these men who were devoted to the representative principle were against the convention; and they accepted it only when the country had accepted it and it had become an accomplished fact.

The Whigs generally resisted the convention, and took it up at last only when they had to do so as a measure of party self-defense. Illinois was the scene of the most typical struggle. In that state the Democrats adopted the convention because Jackson was for it, and largely as a means of enforcing party discipline. Stephen A. Douglas, who was a party leader in his state before he was twenty-five years old, insisted upon it, but Lincoln, then in the legislature, did not like the convention idea and voted against it whenever he had the chance.

Lincoln had such a chance twice: Once when the Democrats offered resolutions indorsing the convention—which resolutions Lincoln voted against—and once when the Whigs offered resolutions denouncing the convention—which resolutions Lincoln voted for. Twenty years after Lincoln cast these votes, and not long before his debate with Douglas, the Illinois State Journal, which always stated Lincoln's views and for which he wrote many editorials, expressed contempt for conventions as bodies where political manipulators worked their will. Presently we shall hear what Lincoln thought of party platforms.

So we see that the convention was never heard of until many decades after our Constitution was adopted and our Government founded; that the convention was devised by politicians as a means of easier party management; that the convention was then opposed by the foremost statesmen of that time and of our whole history. So if the convention is necessary to carry out our representative form of government, The Fathers were culpably negligent in not providing that essential to the system they created, and the outstanding lawyers and publicists of our formative period were even more blameworthy for not accepting eagerly a method so indispensable to the execution of the representative principle on which our Government is built.

Still the convention was a great advance in the control of political parties by party voters and in the control of their governments—county, city, state and national—by all the people. For that reason the convention would have come anyway, regardless of the politicians. At bottom, indeed, the convention was the result of a popular movement. When Andrew Jackson demanded the adoption of the convention, he gave voice to the wish of the masses, who under the old system had had nothing to say about nominations of the candidates, and not a great deal to say about the running of their own Government.

The Old-Time Party Caucus

IN SHORT, the convention was a long march forward in the ceaseless advance of the people toward their management of their own affairs, or rather toward their control of those they select to run their Government for them; or still more accurately, toward making public officials more responsive and responsible to the settled public will. In short, the convention was a development, a phase of the natural evolution of our representative Government in that, by means of the convention, public officials were made more representative of the people than they had been under the practice that was followed before the convention, and which the convention overthrew.

In a moment we shall see that the primary is the next logical phase of that evolution of representative government—just as logical, just as necessary, just as inevitable as was the development of the convention, and, in fact, much like that advance in our representative system.

How, then, were candidates selected before the convention came into being? They were chosen by party caucuses. There were variations, of course, and important ones, which should be made note of in a critical and meticulous treatment of the subject. To prevent confusion, however, we shall confine this statement to the caucus system, by which, generally speaking, all important state and national candidates were chosen before the convention displaced the caucus.

In broad outline the caucus system was this: Members of a state legislature belonging to a political party

We Want to Keep Our Representative Form of Government

met in a party caucus and nominated the party candidate for governor and other important offices in that state; and senators and representatives in Congress who belonged to a party met in party caucus and nominated that party's candidates for President and Vice President. There were modifications now and then; but speaking by and large, the above is a fairly true definition of the caucus system.

That plan had many advantages. For instance, it cost nothing. On the score of expense, which is the chief objection to the primary, the argument is much stronger for the ancient legislative and congressional party caucus than for the convention. Indeed, it might be asked why we should not go back to the caucus instead of to the convention, if we want to save money?

Then, too, the caucus was thoroughly representative of the party, and officially representative. Members of legislatures and of Congress were elected by their respective parties; and they kept in touch with public sentiment then, just as they do now. They wanted their party to win then, just as they want their party to win now. So they took plenty of time to look over the field and choose party candidates who were the best men they could find, and men who could get the most votes.

They had far more time to deliberate than members of conventions had or can have. They had the whole legislative or congressional session to confer and think matters over—several sessions, indeed. Also, the party caucus could wait until the last minute and take advantage of turns of public sentiment and other factors that influence nominations, and ought to influence them. Or the caucus could act long before the election—a year, two years, even three years before—name as the party's standard bearer an outstanding leader, and thus get the jump on the other party. In short, the party caucus could act at any time and in any manner required by the good of the party.

Moreover, there was no financial corruption in the old-time caucus during the time that it existed. In this respect it was infinitely better than the convention finally came to be. Every argument that can be made for the convention can be made with manifold more power, and a great deal more convincingly, for the caucus.

A New Use for an Old Argument

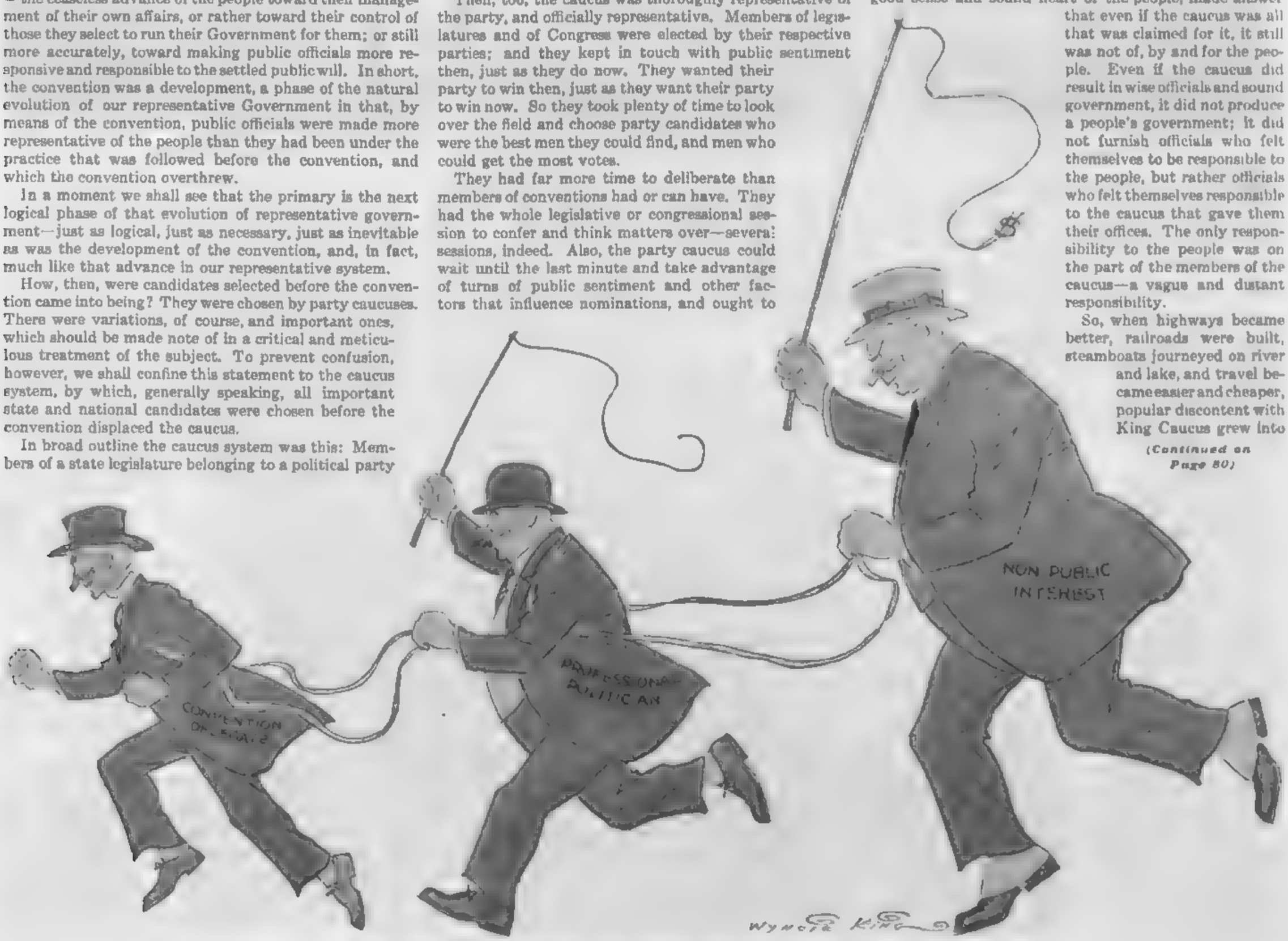
WITH all these good features, why was the caucus system abolished and the convention system adopted in the place of it? For some of the same reasons that the convention was abandoned in its turn and the primary set up instead; although there are many more reasons for the primary and against the convention than there were for the convention and against the caucus.

The first and biggest cause for the overthrow of the caucus by the convention was that the party voters had no part in the management of their party, no voice in the selection of their party candidates. The party caucus was omnipotent. So people began to call it King Caucus; and the people were right, for King Caucus it surely was. Champions of the caucus said that it gave the party better candidates and the people better officials than conventions could give them; because conventions made up of delegates chosen directly by the party voters would meet for a short time only and select party candidates in haste. So there would be entirely too much popular impulse in conventions to serve the ends of good government, said the advocates of the caucus and the enemies of the convention. Do we not hear precisely the same argument today for the convention and against the primary?

But Jackson and other men, who really believed in the good sense and sound heart of the people, made answer that even if the caucus was all that was claimed for it, it still was not of, by and for the people. Even if the caucus did result in wise officials and sound government, it did not produce a people's government; it did not furnish officials who felt themselves to be responsible to the people, but rather officials who felt themselves responsible to the caucus that gave them their offices. The only responsibility to the people was on the part of the members of the caucus—a vague and distant responsibility.

So, when highways became better, railroads were built, steamboats journeyed on river and lake, and travel became easier and cheaper, popular discontent with King Caucus grew into

(Continued on Page 80)



The Main Reason, at the Beginning of the Reform, That the Convention Was Discarded

AT 2:42 A. M.

By James Warner Bellah
ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

They Carried the Three Across the Uneven Ground and Behind a Slight Ridge That Was Already Graying in the Morning Light

THE little pink paper smiled cheerfully against the mouse-gray blanket that covered the squadron-office table. Clean and crisp as a child's dress, it was. It had come from wing headquarters an hour and forty minutes ago, and it stated quite simply that Number - - Squadron R. A. F. would bomb Mannheim quite thoroughly sometime before the following dawn.

Mr. McKenzie, being at once clever and junior flying officer of the squadron, had done the rest. He closed his book of logarithms and put his parallel ruler back into its leather case. He rolled up his map—a map with red lines drawn between Dunkirk and Mannheim. He squinted again at the calculations wherein he had stirred and boiled wind deflection with engine speeds. Upon a separate piece of paper he skimmed off the result: "Compass bearings, S E b S—zero at 2:42 A.M." He clipped his work to the grinning pink paper and knocked out his pipe. There came a sharp tap at the door.

"Come in." The door snapped back briskly and Mr. McKenzie's gunnery sergeant saluted upon the threshold.

"That man 'Olloway, sir," said the sergeant, "'as reported sick, sir—agyne, sir."

"What is it this time?"

"'E's trying to swank it for flu. But it's my personal hopinion 'e's got wind-up, sir. 'E's orl right, 'e is, until a blinkin' raid is signaled, then 'e ups and reports 'isself to the M. O. With your leave, sir, I'd loike to see 'im washed out flying duty altogether and a permanent replycement myde in the crew."

"Who've you in mind?"

"Well, sir, there's 'Oskins—'e's young, but 'e's steady. I've had 'im on the bomb toggles wiv me the last four raids. 'E's a qualified gunner, sir. I think we could shift 'im to the gun in the for'ard cockpit—'e's good eyes, sir, and steady-loike. And I could tyke Old Smith along uv me on the toggles. Smith's quiet and 'e's a good 'and, 'e is. And 'e's keen to fly, sir—pukka keen."

"Righto," said Mr. McKenzie. "Make the shift. Keep your eye on Smith tonight, and if he's satisfactory we'll make it permanent. And tell Hoskins not to get excited and shoot off our own propellers."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. 'E knows 'is arc of fire, sir."

"Right."

It was cold and miserable in the cavernous sheet-iron hangar. The huge doors were closed so that no glow smudge from the working lights inside might show to mark the airdrome to enemy planes. But the cold was a thing born of the hangar itself, to be kept out by no doors. Men's breath hung white in the petrol-tainted air, and their fingers, blue under the grease, fumbled awkwardly at their work. Now and again a man rose and thrashed his arms violently for a second to force the blood back into his hands. A spanner dropped to the cement flooring with a sharp, cold clack. A hammer rose and fell six times in spaced, clanking blows that echoed presently in six drum rumbles against the iron roof.

Old Smith set his water pails down upon the floor and straightened the crick in his back. A red welt was burned across his numb fingers where the galvanized handles had cut into the flesh. He flexed his hands and blew upon them fiercely. For a moment he stood there staring upward into the dimly lit tracery of wire and strut above him.

Twelve feet over his head, a four-bladed propeller grinned ghoulishly as the light glinted upon the boltheads of its boss. Complacent monster, biding its time, waiting quietly while the frozen pygmies around its colossal wheels pumped a petrol soul into it, pounded its metallic body into trim.

Men swarmed over it in the darkness; pocket flashes glowed and winked inside the steel-gray fabric of its body. Back of the undercarriage, the loading crew grunted and puffed as they shifted bombs from the hand truck to the carrying frames and shoved them home in the racks. Farther off in the gloom of the shadowy hangar, men worked at the tips of the folded wings, tinkering with the emergency landing flares on the underside of the lower planes—tin reflector cones that held magnesium strips. In the tiny snout, far in front of the grinning propellers, a head showed for a moment and stared downward at the hangar floor eighteen feet below. Then the head disappeared, and the slim, chaste needle of a machine-gun barrel rose at a high angle from the cockpit in the snout and revolved slowly on the mounting yoke.

Old Smith's eyes traveled to the five other machines in the hangar. Five huge moths, with wings still folded in their cocoons, waiting to go out and lay their eggs—waiting for the darkest hours of the darkest nights. Twice a week they went—sometimes three times, on the nights when the moon set early. Hours it took to get them ready in the darkened hangars; hours of nervous, meticulous toil. Then suddenly they were gone in the night sky, their engines howling down the silences until the last echo galloped away across the flatlands. For a moment more the crowds on the tarmac would watch until the red, green and white dots of the navigating lights disappeared in the darkness above. Then they would turn, sleep-stupid, and stumble to their huts to wait until the morning phone call told them that somewhere out on the sandy wastes of the Channel beaches the machines were back again, waiting patiently for the bomb holes on the airdrome to be filled up for their return, for lorries to bring them petrol and oil.

Night after night Old Smith had seen it, and of all the decrepit, superannuated flotsam in the R. A. F.—Class C fellows with third-class air-mechanic ratings, odd-job, pail-carrying men from the four corners of nowhere—it had affected him most. Boys they let do it; why shouldn't he? Not so old—forty on the books, he was. A bald lie, perhaps, but with his mustache off and his hair taken care of at one pound sixpence a bottle and his heart still good—why not? He shrugged. Months before, when no recruiting officer would take him and he wouldn't take the only job they said he was good for, he had come to the R. A. F. with joy in his heart. It had been enough to be allowed to do anything then. Now it was different. By gad, sir, Captain Metcalf, the pilot of this very machine, was a bare twenty-two, and young McKenzie, the relief pilot, was just nineteen—mere children to do the job, while a man like himself—a man who knew a thing or two ——

He shrugged and half stooped for his pails.

To the right of the grinning propeller above his head a pair of feet protruded from a hole in the throat of the machine. They groped a moment for the rungs of the ladder that reached to the hangar floor. The little white sign that hung from the lower plane—the white sign with its black, warning letters, Keep Clear of Propellers—trembled slightly with the movement of the groping feet. Smith pulled hurriedly at the sides of his balaklava, patted its woolen surface against his ears and stooped again for his pails.

The feet were halfway down the ladder when he stood up. The head that belonged to the feet turned sharply, and in the light from the working lamps on the floor the eyeballs glinted.

"That you, Smith?"

"Yes"

The gunnery sergeant climbed down the remaining rungs and stood on the cement floor. "'Ow'd you like to fly tonight?"

"Sir?" Smith's heart jumped a beat and the cords twitched suddenly behind his knees.

"Yes. 'Olloway's sick. I've spoke to Mr. McKenzie. I'll tyke you on the bomb toggles wiv me. 'Op it now! Drop them pyles. Draw yerself a suit an' 'elmet out of stores, and if you've a sweater, tuck it on underneath. You'll need gloves too. I'll give you a chit for the storekeeper. You'll want a snack of tea about 'arf-past eleven. Report to me here in flight office wiv the rest of the crew. An' leave yer putties off. 'Twon't show under the suit. Stops circulation. 'Op it now!" The sergeant turned on his heel and walked off into the shadows. His voice rang sharply above the muffled noises. "Ho, Gowan! Replycement on Forty ——. Smith's for flying tonight!"

Somehow Smith managed to stumble out into the open air. He stood for a moment just beyond the light-lock door with his eyes so tightly shut that the wrinkled flesh around them twitched with the tension. He had stood that way once before in his life. More than three years ago, it was. He had sneaked off from Town and gone down into Kent to stand alone upon the cliff tops, a solitary, pathetic old figure in tweeds, listening and straining for the sounds that came from Flanders—came rolling and thumping across the gray Channel waters like muffled drums. English guns. Somewhere out there in France, English guns hammered angrily in the mist. Poor English guns—small-calibered and pitifully short of ammunition, yapping insolently like terrier dogs into the throats of forty-two-centimeter mastiffs. Yapping with deadly precision until the day's allotment of shells was gone, then hooking in bravely and galloping backward—ever backward to the Marne. He had stood upon the cliff tops in the gathering dusk with his eyes tightly closed and his fists clenched. That time, when he had opened his eyes, tears clouded their pale blue—two tears that trickled gently to his chin and splotched the glazed white points of his collar. Presently he had shrugged, half in anger, half in self-pity, and gone home for two years to sulk.

Now, at the hangar door, there were no tears. When he opened his eyes, they glinted sharply and he pounded his fists against each other until the knuckles screamed in pain. Flying! By gad, sir, flying!

He set off briskly toward the dark huts ments across the airdrome, his feet pounding harshly against the iron surface of the ground. As he walked, the blood flowed again in his cramped legs. He straightened his shoulders under his rough tunic and drew in his old stomach until the top of his breeches hung slack against it. If a man could keep his stomach in and his legs strong—he chuckled softly in the darkness—at one pound sixpence a bottle his hair would take care of itself. Clever thought, that. Anyone else would have chosen a staring, spurious black. Not so Smith—blond—soft blond, even at the roots. Fight left in the old dog yet. He pushed open the door to the hutments. Old Smith they called him. How old? Humph!

The room was foul with the stale smell of work dungarees and the acrid tang of cigarettes. By gad, anyone could wangle himself into the R. A. F. as a third-class air mechanic in these days, but few of them ever went across the lines on a raid! He pulled on his sweater and unrolled his putties. Sound of guns! Humph! Tonight it was fight! Old Smith—fiddlesticks!

Outside again, he lunged briskly through the darkness to stores. He laid his chit upon the counter with a thump of his fist and received in exchange one brand-new *suit aviation*, a helmet and a pair of leather gloves. He stuffed the gloves and helmet into his tunic pocket, threw the huge teddy-bear bulk of the suit across his shoulder and set off for the men's mess.

Across the airdome he could hear the dull rumble of the hangar doors as they were rolled back. Soon now. He broke into an awkward trot. . . . Flying!

It was after eleven o'clock by his wrist watch. He poked his legs into the board-like trousers of his suit and gulped his tea. He buttoned the ankle straps and thrust his arms through the stiff sleeves. Around him the gunners and toggle men of the squadron were slumped on the benches, eating in sleepy silence. He buttoned up the front of the suit and drank the last of his tea.

"Dinna hurry, Smith. Monnheim'll be waitin' fur us t' cum. They're verra backward i' movin' therre cities aboot." Laughter cracked in a sharp snort against the low rafters of the mess roof.

Smith looked at the man as if he had never seen him before. He finished the last of his tea and went out into the open air. Across the airdrome he could hear the creak of tail-skid trucks as the mechanics trundled out the machines. He quickened his pace, until presently he could see the nearest plane. The ground crew swarmed in the darkness beside her, pulling the wings around into place, stretching the forward guy wires into turnbuckles and ramming home the wing pins, while men underneath inserted the cotters and hammered them back. Somewhere above, a crank butt tinkled against the starboard engine and a voice from the darkness called, "All clear?" Far down the line of planes an exhaust coughed loudly once and was silent.

Smith threw back his head and drank in the night air. His blood raced wildly within him and his lips were parted in a grin.

He stumped into the hangar and knocked at the door of the flight office. There was a slight swagger to his gait, an upward thrust to his chin.

Hoskins was there, and the two machine gunners of the after cockpit. Presently the gunnery sergeant himself pushed open the door.

"Now then, men, draw yer ammunition drums—they're on the hand truck outside—an' stow 'em aboard. No cigarettes tonight, you after-cockpit men. I saw yer last time. Mind! You, Smith, turn out yer pockets! No letters! Got a wristlet disk? If yer 'ave, tyke it off. Want no identification of any kind on yer. Just yer nyme and rank. That's enough In cyse yer tyken pris'ner. 'Op it now, you gunners! Get yer drums and climb aboard. Come along, Smith." He led the way out into the empty hangar again, and across to the yawning mouth of the open doors. There he stopped while the gunners loaded their bags with double decker aerial drums of Lewis-gun ammunition.

Out on the line of planes an engine roared into vibrant life, sputtered for a moment and sank to a pulsating drone. Another roared, and another, until presently the darkness trembled before one's eyes and light flashes from the exhaust pipes winked like tiny yellow pennants, frayed at the ends. Old Smith turned his back to the dust clouds and buckled the straps of his helmet. His throat was dry and sandy, and his heart trembled within him. Worth while, this!

The gunnery sergeant touched his wrist and pointed upward. He reached out and started up the ladder that led into the dark throat of the plane. Out of the corner of his eye he could see Mr. McKenzie, with his uniform cap cocked on the side of his head and his pipe sticking out of the corner of his mouth. He was passing out slips of paper to the other pilots—compass bearings and the zero. He climbed on up and poked his head into the trap. Someone's feet were on a level with his eyes—Hoskins' feet. He tapped them and Hoskins

(Continued on Page 88

After a Moment the Shrapnel Stopped

HAM AND EXIT

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

FLORIAN SLAPPEY undertook the task of putting Monsieur Marcel Chinard in his place and made an exceedingly poor job of it.

Marcel was very large, very black and very, very bad. He had a reputation for toughness in Marseilles, and tales of his physical prowess were bruited about the Quai du Port and even through the Rue Bouterie.

And with all France to choose from, Florian had to pick Marcel.

M. Chinard had first seen the light of day in a small Tunisian city.

In later years he sailed from port to port in the Mediterranean on small, bad-odored craft; he knew every water-front dive from Constantinople to Barcelona and had eventually settled in Marseilles because its water-front population seemed to him the kind who would be likely to satisfy his craving for action.

The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, U. S. A., came to Marseilles from Nice with the idea of using the picturesque water front of that city for a few of its rollicking slapstick comedies—two-reel features which were being shown hilariously in one hundred and seventy first-class first-run houses throughout America. Twenty-one American negroes, plus one gangling gentleman who had been added to the troupe on the Riviera, settled themselves in a modest and rather pretty hotel on the broad reaches of the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and word was sent out that extra people were required for certain scenes of violence.

Foremost among the applicants was Marcel Chinard, of Tunis, the Mediterranean and Marseilles. He towered above the other candidates as Excalibur would overshadow a fencing foil.

He was considerably over six feet in height, huge arms dangled from tremendous shoulders, a small bullethead was distinctive chiefly for a broad flat nose and two reddish little eyes which peered out from under protuberant brows.

Marcel moved with a lithe, seafaring roll. Every motion bespoke power. And at first he seemed quite meek and humble—which is probably what deluded Mr. Slappey into the belief that he could subjugate this hefty creature with his own debonair insouciance.

Director Julius Cæsar Clump, chief of production for the traveling organization, chose Marcel instantly. The dark person from Tunis was certainly picturesque, and Cæsar saw everything through the eye of the camera.

He visioned scenes of pictorial murder and sudden death with the gigantic M. Chinard on the receiving end. Through an interpreter he struck a bargain. Marcel was to work for Midnight during the troupe's stay in Marseilles, and for his hectic services was to receive the munificent stipend of two hundred francs a week, that being a matter of approximately eight dollars at the then rate of exchange.

Marcel was elated, and said so.

"Tell him," insisted Clump, "that he has got to do anythin' I says."

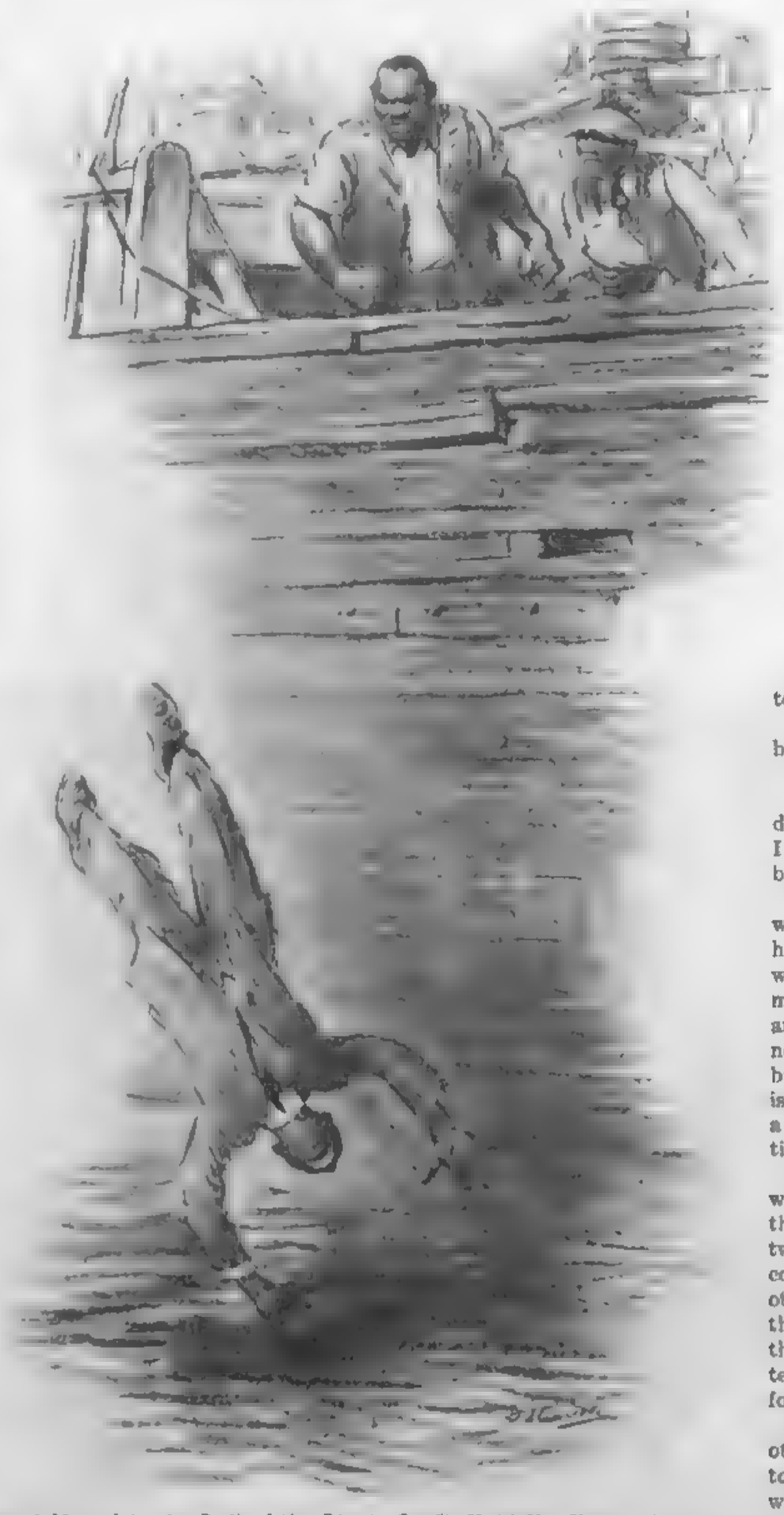
The interpreter held converse with Marcel. "M. Chinard speaks," he announced, "that fo' two hundred francs he will not only do picture fightin' but also real fightin'."

"Hot ziggity dam! Tell him maybe a mob will attack him an' he will git beat up."

"He says fo' two hundred francs he is willin' to be beaten up, but there ain't no mob big enough to hurt him."

"Sweet papa! Listen at that, will you, President Latimer. Ain't that somethin' to find? We can shoot the whole works! Us can hire a mob an' tell 'em to make it look real. We gits ginuwine fight instead of fake stuff. Hey you, Forcep!"

Mr. Forcep Swain, Midnight's official author, stepped to the front. He was slender and elegant and quite literary.



Marcel Moved to the Rail of the Pirate Craft, Held His Human Burden Above the Sapphire Waters of the Vieux Port and Then Released His Grip

"Yes, sir, Brother Clump," he said in his precise English. "What is your urgent desire?"

Clump did some swift explaining. "This feller's a gol' mine, Forcep. 'Tain't often a comp'ny gits hold of somebody which craves to lick a city. Fust chance us ever had to git real fights. Now you go figger out a couple of scenarios which is chock-full of action. Also laughs, an' chases. Give us a few new gags an' be sure you have good parts wrote in fo' Opus Randall an' Welford Potts an' Glorious Fizz an' my wife Sicily. Be sure they ain't gwine cost too much an' that most of the shots is exterior, an' leave me have one of 'em by tomorrow mawnin'."

Forcep hesitated, but only briefly. "It isn't any undue degree of time you permits me, Brother Clump. But I got speed as well as genius. An' tomorrow morning you gits one synopsis, with treatment. I'll have the continuity by tomorrow night."

A young person sauntered languidly into the hotel grounds, draped himself against a lilac bush and surveyed the monstrous figure of the unkempt Mr. Chinard. "Who," inquired Florian superciliously, "is this person?"

He was introduced. But he refused the grimy paw which Marcel extended.

"Feller," withered Florian, "*je* ain't gwine shake *les mains* with such as *vous*. *Comprez?*

Marcel shook his head in puzzlement and spoke swiftly in French. The interpreter passed it along. "He thinks you do not like him, M'sieu Slappey."

Florian waved grandly. "*J'ai* no time fo' a roughneck like him, an' ——"

The other started forward:

"Ah-h-h! *Mon ami* ——"

"*Je ne suis pas votre ami!*" snapped Florian, with a startling burst of French. "I don't 'sociate with no Europeen cullud trash."

M. Chinard did not know precisely what actuated Florian's aloofness, but he did gather that he was not excessively popular with this elegant little fashion plate with the high mahogany complexion. The sensitive soul of Marcel was hurt. He craved to stand in with this queer group of English-speaking negroes who lived in a good hotel and seemed to possess much money. Therefore he gave a philosophical shrug and moved away. Florian stared after him with distaste.

"Tryin' to be *mon ami*. I'll *mon ami* him if he fools aroun' me."

Director J. Cæsar Clump voiced a warning. "Better leave that feller be, Florian. He's bad medicine."

"If he's bad medicine, Ise sick. An' when Ise sick, bad medicine is the fondest thing Ise of."

"'Tain't safe ——"

"Lay off me, Cæsar. An' don't speck me to go buddyin' aroun' this heah town with no such feller as that. I picks my frien's, I does—an' I don't pick 'em so black, n'r neither so dirty, as him."

For two days Florian rode high. M. Chinard, somewhat dazed by these queer negroes into whose midst he had been cast, exhibited a meekness and mildness which would have shocked his intimates. But with the commencement of the third he began to get his bearings, and there crept into his demeanor a hint of assertiveness not without portent. These strangers were queer, but their skins were colored as his and their mannerisms not entirely unlike, although covered over with a cultural veneer which Marcel had theretofore noticed only in his Caucasian brethren.

The current production was proceeding amazingly well. Directors Clump and Fizz were enthralled by the picture possibilities of Marseilles' water front. For two or three days, while Forcep Swain labored over his continuity and costumes were being readied, one or the other of the directors nosed about the old town—along the Quai du Port and on the Rue Coutellerie. Once they even entered the sinister limits of the Rue Bouterie, but instinct informed them that here was no place for Birmingham colored gentlemen.

And while one director searched for location the other shot preliminary scenes. These scenes had much to do with Marcel Chinard. They took Marcel at his word and arranged to have constant assault committed upon him. They provided him with feats of strength beyond ordinary human power and he performed each with startling ease. They flung things at him, and these missiles bounded off his body and head like so many soft rubber balls. They instructed him to run fast and fall hard, and he obeyed the commands with never a question, and gradually there crept through the troupe a great admiration for the human rock pile.

M. Chinard sensed this and consequently became strutful. Once, when Spokane G. Washington, a large and powerful negro, dared to become uppity, Marcel circled his arm with five steel fingers, held him at a distance, stared balefully into his frightened eyes and promised mayhem should anything of like sort again occur. Spokane slunk away in terror, and collided with Florian Slappey.

"Whaffo' you let that big hunk of tripe do you thataway, Spokane?"

"Golla! That feller is strong!"

"Pff! He's one big bluff."

"Maybe so, Florian. But he's sho got me where he wants me. I woul'n't no mo' start somethin' with him than I'd tickle the off hind leg of a he-mule with a lit cigarette."

Mr. Slappey was disgusted. His antipathy to Marcel was instinctive and deep.

"He ain't got me scared," boasted Mr. Slappey. "N'r neither he never will have. An' if he ever tries to git funny ——"

Spokane G. Washington looked long and sorrowfully upon his diminutive friend. Then he shook his head and moved away.

"Just lemme know when you decides to git into action with that feller, Brother Slappey, an' I goes to the open-air flower market an' selec's a swell booquet fo' yo' obsequious."

"Fumadiddles! Marcel Chinard ain't nothin' on'y a bluff'"

Florian was sincere in his belief. He compared his own haberdashed elegance with M. Chinard's flagrant uncouthness and looked upon himself as a superior being. Also, he sensed the rebirth of confidence in the massive chest of the ebony extra man, and didn't like it. It was all very well to hire hoi polloi, but it behooved each member of the company to see that such strangers were kept absolutely in their places.

Marcel was not. One or two lady members of the troupe seemed keenly interested in him. Little Excelsior Nix, Midnight's child prodigy, remained in Marcel's vicinity and called upon that gentleman to exhibit feats of strength. This particularly irritated Florian, whose official capacity with Midnight was that of legal guardian to little Excelsior. But before Mr. Slappey plumbed the depths of the child's affection for Chinard a real friendship had developed between them.

The company sat back, tongue in cheek, and watched. Then, as it witnessed the flowering of Florian's dislike, and an increasing rancor in Marcel, it warned. Florian turned a deaf ear to the heartfelt advice of his associates.

"No man of brains needs to be scared of such as him," he proclaimed. "I can control that guy with the power of my eye."

"Provided he don't bust you in it first."

"I guess he knows better than to start anythin' with me."

"Great wiggilin' gol'fish! Florian, you don't think you can lick him, do you?"

"Sholy not. But I think he ain't got the nerve to wallop me."

The other shook his head sadly. "You remin's me of sunlight just befo' the storm, Brother Slappey. But this is the ve'y fust time I has ever knowed you to invite Mistuh Suicide to come an' kiss you."

Marcel sensed Florian's hostility and was vastly puzzled. He cornered the gangling Ethiope Wall, ex-doughboy and present interpreter for Midnight, and dispatched him for information. Ethiope cornered Florian.

"Brother Slappey," he said, "M'sieu Chinard craves to know is you sore at him?"

"Yas-suh," responded Florian promptly, "I is."

"Why?"

"I dunno."

"You is peeved at a man you dunno why?"

"Uh-huh."

"'Scusin' me, but that don't make no sense."

Florian flung around angrily. "Lay off me, tall boy. Does I dislike somebody tha's my business. An' has I got a reason or ain't I got a reason makes no diff'ence. I ain't never liked that feller fum the fust, an' each day he stays with us he gits mo' unpopular with me. Tha's all."

The message, discreetly censored, was delivered to M. Chinard, and that large, dark Tunisian permitted his own resentment to flower. He yet stood somewhat in awe of Florian's elegance, but when it came to groundless antipathy ——

On a Thursday morning—a day of brilliant sunshine and Riviera balminess—the company repaired to the Vieux-Port for picture making. They were all present—executives, stars, musicians, camera and technical men and extras. Director Clump had been there before and selected a battered old hulk as the scene for some shots of a comedy pirate craft.

Costumes were donned. Two gendarmes arranged for in advance restrained a crowd of surly and curious onlookers. All about them were rotting craft, pulled up on the beach to expire. Clump was in charge of the scene—eager, dynamic, positive. A few shots, acted by the leading men and women, were first made; then, under Clump's orders and by means of Ethiope's interpreting, the extras were instructed to attack the ship in their rôles of pirates. Mr. Clump made it clear that Marcel Chinard was most positively not wanted in the early scenes. Later he was to be used violently to repel boarders.

Therefore, quite naturally, M. Chinard gravitated toward the deck of a near-by hulk where Florian Slappey was standing with his diminutive protégé, Excelsior Nix. Excelsior viewed the approach of his gigantic friend with joy and started toward him. Immediately Florian gave chase. He overhauled Excelsior just as the boy was in the act of climbing up one muscular leg.

"Come heah, Excelsior." Mr. Slappey's voice was uncompromisingly harsh.

"Says which, Mistuh Slappey?"

"Says remove yo'se'f away fum that feller."

Marcel was frowning. He knew no English, but he understood what was transpiring.

"How come?"

"Don't ask me no silly questions. I is yo' guardeen, an' when I says come, you comes."

"But, Mistuh Slappey ——"

Florian wrapped his hand around Excelsior's arm and gave a jerk. He opened his lips to speak, but the words never came forth.

Marcel moved with amazing swiftness. Before the startled eyes of the company he inserted one hamlike hand beneath Florian's collar. The other was used to clutch Mr. Slappey's trousers. Extending the wriggling and profane Mr. Slappey before him as one might carry a damp dog, Marcel moved to the rail of the pirate craft, held his human burden above the sapphire waters of the Vieux-Port and then released his grip

Florian fell and fell fast. He struck the water all spraddled out, and the spray rose high. A few seconds later Mr. Slappey reached the surface. He swam to the shore, climbed out and moved toward the ship. M. Chinard paid him no heed, but picture making had ceased.

Mr. Slappey presented an abject appearance. His dapperness was somewhere in the Mediterranean, his fine clothes clung to the slender figure like tissue paper. And Florian Slappey was mad. His voice rose shrilly on the morning air as he demanded service of the interpreter.

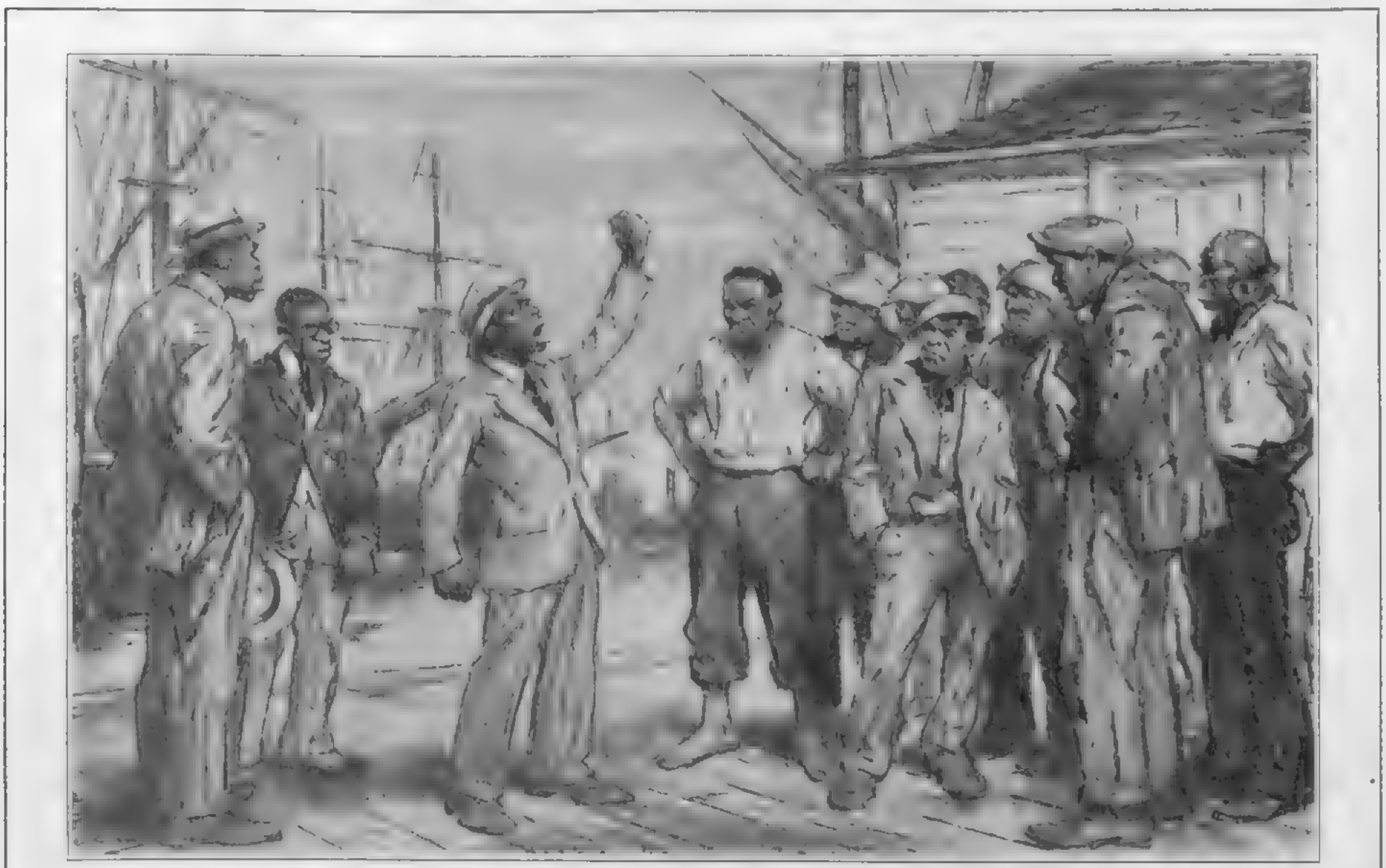
"Ask him," he howled, "if he knows what he done?"

Ethiope asked and translated the answer.

"He says yas-suh he knows what he done an' you is lucky you ain't entirely dead."

"Tell him he better look out."

(Continued on Page 104)



Florian Strutted Before the Evil Multitude. He Clenched His Puny Fists and Waved Them. "La Guerre!" He Explained Loudly

THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

The Beach at Santa Barbara, California. At Right—A Spanish Fiesta

By CORRA HARRIS

SANTA BARBARA is a beautiful miniature city which lies in the bottom of one of these green chalices so frequently to be found in the West upon the shores of the Pacific Ocean, tilted, wide open to the sea, and cupped in on all other sides by the descending slopes of those rose-and-lavender-colored mountains which appear to have herded in there from the desert. It is splendidly populated with famous jurists, doctors, artists, architects and ambassadors living in the past tense of golf and leisure. And it is completely garrisoned around the top with millionaires. Their palaces crown every height like pastel castles painted in the air. They seem to swim and swing in a mist of glory and bloom, now clear and close, now distant and dim, like faded tapestries of loveliness hung high against the paradise walls of those amazing mountains—all dependent upon fogs rising from the sea that sweep over them like veils, lift, and are blown away, dried out in the hot desert winds.

The impression is that of the high habitation of gods. But we do not seem to make good as gods. No matter how near we come to imitating celestial scenery we remain dingily mortal to the last. To me there was something touching about these intensely rich people who lived along the sky line above Santa Barbara.

They must be philanthropic, they must play polo and golf. They have no choice about that, but in addition to these obligations, imposed by the creed of public cupidity and the social customs of the class to which they belong, nearly every one of them indulges in some side line for his own private diversion.

These millionaires who live so splendidly around the top of Santa Barbara are, so far as I know, the only ones in captivity. The people in the town below have them under admirable control. They use them unflinchingly for the glory and profit of their own community. If they want a large and splendidly equipped hospital they pick on one of their millionaires for the gift, and get it. The same method is used when they decide to have a theater of Grecian architecture, with Ionic marble columns, erected in a green glade beyond the town. They have provided their little city with parks, museums, libraries, and a fine-arts academy, simply by levying tribute upon these docile rich men. In return, they love and cherish them. This is the one place I have ever known where wealth is idealized and the victims of it free from the meanly adverse criticisms of the less prosperous.

Nothing is ever said about their diversions. On the contrary, what you may call the adult citizens of the town take kindly notice of these, as grown-ups humor children by praising their pets and pin wheels without descending to their mental level. Thus Santa Barbara keeps her capitalists strictly segregated. They use them as an endowment.

The community itself has many old-fashioned English customs, like afternoon tea, whether you drop in or not, and they never make a ruthless display of wealth in the matter of entertaining.

The women seem to choose the fashion of their clothes from the elder best romances, not stylish, but producing the dim effects of gentleness, goodness and sentimentality. I refer, of course, to the older women, for at this time I had not seen the younger generation in action. They have a cordial smoothness of manner which is restful and kind, but never intimate. They have an enormous technical vocabulary concerning art, music, flowers and literature, which they use without affectation. To me it was a trifle disconcerting, coming as I do from a section where we have no endowments from complaisant millionaires for spreading the refinements of life. Their spiritual background is mysterious, because they rarely use the words of piety or of faith, which was even more disconcerting to me, who derived most of my figurative vocabulary from Scriptural sources. I suffered conversationally from the feeling that it would be indelicate to refer too casually to Moses or the

A Santa Barbara Garden

prophets, especially in the presence of Episcopalians, who, I felt instinctively predominated among those who visited me, and who impressed me as being among the loveliest-minded Christians I have ever met.

In this connection I may as well make a confession and have done with it: Socially speaking, I have always been a sort of blunderbuss. Many a time I have literally killed a light and pleasant conversation by letting off an unexpected charge of buckshot ideas. And not because I had any more sense than the other people present, who have been startled into silence by this discharge, but simply because I have never been able to master the fine and beautiful art of conversation, though I have really tried to do so. I have studied music, for example—not the theory or the harmony of notes, but the conversation. For I have observed that some of the dullest people on this earth can discuss music as if it were nothing more than the botany of sounds, easily taken apart and analyzed one note at a time.

They have no music of ideas, no rhythm of words, no feeling of exaltation about it, yet for hours they can talk about music in a tone of authority. Why do they do it? To me this is a humiliating mystery, especially in view of the fact that I am emotionally so sensitive to music that I was near to shouting the first time I attended grand opera in Berlin years ago. Only the decorum of that audience, so learned in music, and the feeling of being a stranger in a far country restrained me.

I was up against an even more difficult proposition in Santa Barbara, though not so stirring, emotionally speaking. Many of the ladies who visited me appeared to hold up-and-doing scholarships in their fine-arts academy. If they had been contented to discuss art historically, as we all know how to do in the women's clubs at home, I might have trusted my lisping, stammering tongue with a few well-chosen reflections on Leonardo da Vinci, or said something queer about Luini's Madonna; but when it came to a passionate contention that sometimes raged among them about the technical difficulties of carving a cocktail tray out of the butt of a young redwood tree I was at my wit's end, and practiced the modesty of silence.

If this was the cultural quality of a community populated by mere laymen of the arts, what, I asked myself, must be the situation at Carmel by the Sea, where the human rudiments of all kinds of literary art live? I resolved not to go there, on account of a sort of idiotic respect I feel for those who know more than I do about the things I do not want to know. This is a delicate point, but it requires horse sense to make it. It is safer to enjoy the literary fruits of such geniuses than to take the chance of a personal encounter with any of them.

Cousin Jane appeared serially in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST while I was in the West. It is a story of ineffable charm. The innocence, beliefs and mysticism of girl childhood prolonged and interpreted with a whimsical ideality not surpassed by anything James Barrie ever wrote. But it seemed too great a risk to meet the author after reading it. I prefer to think of Elijah ascending in his chariot of fire to knowing the grumbling old seer he must have been on the ground, and I prefer to think of Harry Leon Wilson as the creator of that enchanting little girl to meeting him face to face, and maybe discovering that he is a bald-headed man with the usual mortal perversities of a mere writer.

The best authors should be read, not known. Even if a poet has written an epic, one hour's association with him may destroy the most idolatrous reader's illusion of him. Your favorite humorist may turn out to be an ordinary person, dull in the use of the spoken word. Or what you believe to be the greatest living novelist may prove to be a little peevish man whose false teeth do not fit, made intolerant by nervous indigestion or egotism. In any case, some writer whom you have admired for his high notes in the purpling shadows of a great poem is almost sure to give vent to some meanly critical views of men quite contrary to the noble sentiments he bugled in that martial epic, because he was in a divine mood when he wrote it, and the thing merely interprets his mood, not his normal mind, which may be a mean little mind

Sawtooth Peak, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. In Oval—A Mission in Santa Barbara

The same precaution should be taken toward really great men and women who actually measure up in character to their noble achievements. It is safer to admire them at a distance. Personally I am rarely attached to one of them. They are all very well in their proper places as heroes, statesmen, artists and inventors, but they are out of drawing with the rest of us. Why seek the sensations of an inferiority complex by meeting one of them? Just let a little renown stick to a man and right then I eschew him as an unsuitable person for the happier relations of life. He may have started out with the best intentions; he may say in the glory of his fine emotions that he will draw all men to him when he is lifted up, but he will do no such thing. He will be knocking them off his back, thrusting their mendicant hands aside. He will be forced to avoid predatory people and barnacle friends and many more who want to be mixed up with him before the public. If he has written one successful book he will be dodging the literary lady who wants his opinion about the little spider web of poetry she has written. In short, the very circumstances and conditions attendant upon fame compel him to become brutal in self-defense.

I am partially famous myself, with the usual human streak of infamy widening in me on this account. I have almost a child's gift for loving my fellow women and some of my fellow men, but I am pale at the memory of the things I have been obliged to do in order to preserve my strength, substance and some semblance of dignity from those people who have been too easily drawn to me, not by affection or respect, but by the desire for more assistance than it is wise or possible to give. They are never to be confounded with the infinitely greater number of those whose faith and appreciation have sustained me through many years of hard work. But every successful person, whether in literature or commerce, knows the

(Continued on Page 129)

The Avenue Leading to the Rucker Mansion, Ruckersville, Georgia, Where Mrs. Harris' Father Was Born

THE SILVER CORD

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

"If You Could Just Put Harry Jones Back to Where He Was on the Day He Left—No Further Than That Even—There's Almost Nothing I Wouldn't Do to Repay You"

xiii

HARRINGTON was lonelier than he had ever been in his life; more than that, he was lonelier than Harry Jones had been in the blackest days of his torment. Though he was rapidly widening his acquaintance, making friends and, through the sheer force of an attractive personality, breaking into circles that accepted him only by forgetting that he pretended to be a detective, he had moments when nothing but the memory of Beard stood between him and some disastrous impetuosity. He saw red and would have gone berserk if it had not been for the strength he had borrowed from the old man of the mountain, the Beard of God, only living friend and recorder of the true Harry Jones.

He began to visit the haunts of his abandoned and deserted self with more of the spirit of a crusader than of an investigator. Somehow he had to reconstruct Harry Jones, bring him to life again as he had really been—no better and no worse—in the minds of these people. Never could he have imagined that his efforts upon returning to Leaming would have to be bent to such a course. It dazed and depressed him; but, fortunately, sometimes it made him laugh.

He had been seen several times in the company of Brosnahan, which facilitated his acceptance in Jack's Cellar; but not even such sponsorship could melt at once the ice scum in that subworld. It looked upon him with suspicion and dislike. It criticized his clothes, his manner and his speech behind his back, but not for long. Only a few evenings passed before he was respected with such a fear as had never before been accorded to any headquarters bull. The reason gave him secret joy, for it was nothing less than the knowledge acquired by Harry Jones in regard to petty grafter, ward heeler and crook. Harrington would never refer openly to their misdeeds, but as if by some sudden intuition would read a dark page out of the past as if it referred to some person who had almost faded from his mind—almost, but not quite.

"Say, where did you get that stuff?" a trembling culprit would snarl with a nervous half laugh.

"Oh, I heard about its happening around here somewhere," Harrington would reply offhand. "I guess somebody must have told me."

He never embarrassed his hearers by pressing the matter further, but the impression spread swiftly that everybody in the town, high and low, was blabbing everything they knew to Harrington, whether it concerned Harry Jones or not. From that moment it became the rage to try to make him a friend by letting down the bars of confidence to an unheard-of degree. Stories were poured into his ears which would have given him a strangle hold on many a strutting figure had he cared to use it. He learned things that Harry Jones had never dreamed—some that made him feel pride in his fellow townsmen for his own peculiar reasons, and others that not even the yardstick of tolerance could rob of their rotten meanness.

He was like a man face down over a water glass in a boat above the swarming pool of Leaming. Here fishes, large and small, eels, turtles, pollywogs, muskrats and diving mud hens disported themselves, unconscious of his watchful eye. Never before had he had such need of Beard's broad teaching to see the sweet and forget the sour.

When he turned his back on the water glass and stood in the town square at the rush hour on Saturday nights, it was all he could do to keep himself from shouting out at the top of his voice, "Wait a minute! Listen! You don't have to be a fish. Every man has to climb out of a wreck. It isn't what you pay that matters; it's whether you want what you buy. Go away a mile and look back at yourself. Try it. It's the only chance you've got to wrap your neck in the silver cord and move."

"What on earth are you thinking about, Mr. Harrington?"

It was Mr. Frazier's voice, coming to him from far away, as if strained through a ton of water. Harrington looked at him and laughed. "I guess I'm a bit crazy," he said. "I was miles away from here, and yet I wasn't. What did I look like?"

"Your face and eyes were burning as if you had fever. Nothing the matter, is there?"

"I never was in better or more complete health in my life."

"Feel like a walk?"

"Wherever you like."

They started, and Mr. Frazier led the way down the length of the nearest side street toward the abandoned canal. It was Harrington's favorite walk, as it had been Harry Jones'. An early spring had already brought a heavy mantle of grass to the fields, willows were in full leaf, and even the hardwood trees were flushed with green. The ground was firm without being baked hard, and muffled their steps so that they walked soundlessly for a long time. In fact, neither of them spoke a word until they arrived

opposite Jasmine Pool, at the spot where Julian Detwetter was supposed to have struggled in vain for his life.

"This is where it happened," said Mr. Frazier.

"Yes," agreed Harrington, looking around at a scene of morbid devastation. Within a radius of twenty feet every bush had been stripped to the ground by trophy hunters, every tree scarred, and even sections of root dug up and cut from the soil. "What makes human beings—humans, mind you—do a thing like this anyway? If you stand off far enough, Mr. Frazier, you can see how much more sensible it would be to hang all the people who came here to collect mementos than to bother about a murderer."

"You really believe that, don't you?" asked Mr. Frazier, looking at him curiously but not as one who wholly misunderstands.

"I don't believe in hanging anybody," said Harrington. "I believe in it less today than I ever did before. But if the advocates of hanging want to clean up the world I'm quite honest in saying I think these trophy hunters would be missed less than the average murderer."

"How are you getting along with your investigation? Have you made any actual progress?"

"I haven't wanted to get you excited, but I expect a startling development any day now."

"I'm almost sorry to hear it," said Mr. Frazier, with his slow smile.

"Why?"

"Well, I've been watching you pretty closely. I liked you to start with, and I've seen how others like you, almost against their will. I was so prejudiced in your favor that I even tried to make myself believe you had a hope in clearing up this old mesa. But now I wish you'd just let sleeping dogs lie and listen to my proposition."

"What is it?"

"I want you to come into the bank as assistant to the president. Wait a minute—I'm not doing you any favor. Quite aside from your credentials, which are excellent, you've shown an extraordinary capacity for assimilation in the month you've been here. Whether it's the large way you have of looking at things from a new angle, or whether it's sympathy, or just an uncanny reading of other people's motives, you've got this town thrown and hog-tied, as they used to say out West. You will be of more use to the bank than the bank to you."

Harrington stood for some time, eyes on the ground, deliberately considering the offer. Finally he looked up. "Would you hold it open until I finish with this job, one way or the other?"

"You're persistent, aren't you?" said Mr. Frazier, still smiling. "How long? Set a date to quit."

"Give me a month."

"All right, that's settled, and it brings me to another matter. I'll tell you while we walk back." They turned and strolled for some distance before he continued. "It's about my daughter."

It was fortunate that Mr. Frazier was intent on watching where he stepped. Since the evening when Harrington had spoken to Midge, and been so sharply repulsed, he had seen her occasionally in the distance, but always in time to avoid her. Nor had he taken any trouble to hide the fact that his evasion was deliberate. If an encounter threatened on the street he crossed to the other side. He had been careful to accept no invitations to dinners for reasons totally unconnected with her; but if, at the general gatherings where he had become a welcome addition, she happened to be present, he was quick to find an excuse to leave.

"I'll Just Wander Around Until Train Time"

He had been stung by her reception of him in her father's house, but the outrage of her rebuff on the street had had quite the opposite effect. It had calmed him, enabled him to stand afar off from her and measure largely the forces which had hardened her. First Harry Jones and then Julian Detwetter—those were the labels on the outer husk of a bitter kernel. She had tasted the acid of disillusion twice, and only time and her own efforts could heal her stricken pride. He had avoided her because in the depths of his conscious being he had believed that therein lay his only chance of disarming and coming near her. A moment ago the chance had seemed distant, but now it might be near, and the mere thought shook his calm to its foundations. He loved Midge—it had never entered his head to love anyone else.

"Your daughter?" he managed to ask.

"Yes. I told her about this offer I was going to make you and how it depended a lot on whether you gave up your crazy theory of no theft and no murder. She said if

(Continued on Page 111)

"Every Man Has a Set of Lungs He Uses for Only One Woman. When She's Around He Breathes Another Air and Breathes It Differently"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 18, 1926

Overloading the Voter

NOW that the election recedes into the past we may have some rest from the tumult and the shouting directed against the voter who failed to go to the polls. This miserable creature deserves all he has been getting in the way of biting sarcasm as well as more direct frontal assault. He is a danger, a menace, to democracy. We hesitate to say a good word for him, even by indirection. Yet it is true that the voters who go to the polls are abused and overworked persons, and it is not so surprising that some should seek to escape.

Not that the mere casting of a ballot is any labor at all, and surely the time employed is a slight contribution to one's local community, state and nation. The burden comes in thrusting upon the voter dozens, in some cases even scores, of initiative and referendum measures, and then expecting him to vote intelligently.

Whatever good reasons may have led to the adoption of this form of direct legislation or government, there are sections of the country where it is now being reduced to a logical absurdity. In a city of more than a million inhabitants the voters were asked in November to pass upon the solemn question of keeping dogs strictly within the premises of the owners or allowing them to leave these premises on leash. The voters defeated this great momentous international issue, and it is to be suspected that their fiat was less the result of profound study of the technic of dogdom than it was from disgust that such a measure should be included in the ballot.

Presumably, the police or health department is capable of determining the range of dog operations. If not, certainly the city council should be able to handle the question. It is to be suspected, however, that small groups of determined individuals or organizations dissatisfied with the local legislative body, or finding the enactments of city councils or state legislatures unsatisfactory to them, are resorting more and more to initiative and referendum to attain their ends.

In one state there were twenty-eight measures on the last ballot, and one of the large cities had eleven additional measures. Though a few were trivial or even ridiculous, most were of extraordinary fiscal complexity. The voters were asked to pass upon rival measures for highway taxation and finance which the most competent legislature, employing experts and holding extensive hearings, could not hope to pass upon intelligently without months of debate. Even the most public-spirited and well-informed voters reached a decision only after painstaking inquiry, while the mass of citizens, if they voted at all, must in the very nature of the case have been moved largely by such light or darkness as local and sectional prejudices threw upon the question.

In addition to many complicated financial measures the voters in this particular state were called upon to consider at least three questions of sumptuary or moral importance: prohibition enforcement, race-track gambling and reading the Bible in the schools. In general the voters were puzzled and benumbed by such an array of measures. One newspaper kept six men at work for months studying the questions, and, of course, publishing the results. More than one educated and intelligent voter, unable to form so many opinions beforehand, took the newspaper to the polls and voted as therein instructed.

It may be that the voters will provide a cure of their own for this intolerable abuse of the initiative and referendum, by voting down all proposals which they do not and cannot reasonably be expected to understand. Experience is showing us that the old instruments of government are not entirely outworn. Whatever advantages lie in direct legislation, it is clear that representative government, through the medium of city councils and state assemblies or legislatures, still has a very important winnowing function to perform. Those persons who are so eager to put before the voters their pet measures, if really and honestly desirous of promoting the public good would devote some of their efforts to securing the election of desirable and honest-minded legislators. It may be that if people cannot govern themselves through representatives, they cannot govern themselves at all.

The Best Dollar of All

WHEN Mr. Herbert Hoover tells us that the results of cutting out waste in industry show "one of the most astonishing transformations in economic history, the epitome of which lies in the fact of the parallel increase in wages with decreasing commodity prices," he directs attention to a set of favorable conditions whose importance can scarcely be overestimated.

The outstanding achievement of this financial era is the diminution of losses due to the ups and downs of the business cycle, the alternate swings from high production to low, from boom times to hard times. The Federal Reserve System, which had first to fight for its birth and then for its continued existence, is partly responsible for this stabilization of conditions. Each year it functions more smoothly and more beneficently; and its natural evolution steadily increases its potential importance.

Another significant development is the growing ability of certain industries to finance themselves out of their own working capital instead of being obliged to rush to the banks for assistance. The establishment and upbuilding of governmental agencies for the financing of agriculture have helped mightily; and their benefits should not be discounted because they have not worked miracles that they were never intended to perform. The fine art of railroading has made enormous forward strides, and the new efficiency which characterizes it means savings of hundreds of millions of dollars a year.

The campaign against waste which Secretary Hoover and his colleagues in the Department of Commerce are waging is not directed either against individual managers or even against individual corporations, but against slack methods and practices which have commonly obtained. Their work has been that of teachers, investigators, devisers of improved methods and generators of new ideas of wide and significant application. The results they have obtained are impressive, and they would be astounding if it were possible to measure them and display them in the round.

Economic well-being cannot be estimated solely in terms of dollars any more than physical health can be appraised by the weight of the patient. Too many factors enter into the problem. This we do know: The dollar saved is the best dollar of all. It is not only a dollar earned but a dollar collected. We have no outside agency to thank for it. It did not come into being by fluke or caprice. We produced it by our own superior skill and management; and we can produce another just like it even if outside conditions change for the worse, customers fall away or crops are bad.

Every industry ought to have its mental plant as well as its physical plant. Even the best machinery wears out and requires constant upkeep and renewal. Mental equipment as expressed in superior methods and practices need never wear out if there is a proper system for training young men and keeping up the brains and know-how of the plant by the constant infusion of new blood.

There has never been a time and there never will be a time in which industrial groups cannot be heard shouting "Business is rotten!" There is something in our national temperament that prompts us to talk of receivers, sheriffs and poorhouses whenever we are not operating at high peak. We have had such large doses of prosperity that moderate ones never satisfy us. Nations, like children, grow by spurts, with intervening periods of rest; and yet we interpret every slowing down of our expansion as a sign that permanent shriveling has set in.

There is not a nation on the globe which underestimates its blessings and discounts its prosperity to the extent that we do in these United States. Blessings so encompass us that we cannot see the forest for the trees. Prosperity is so widespread and so abundant that we are no more conscious of it than we are of the air we breathe.

While we sit moaning over our imaginary woes Europe sends over commissions to sleuth out our industrial "secrets," to learn the sleight of hand by which we can pay high wages and yet continually cheapen production while still maintaining a standard of living which rises year by year. Foreign publicists write learned articles about the happy relations between labor and capital which they find here and spin countless theories to account for them.

Motor-Car Thefts

MEMBERS of the Crime Commission of the State of New York have spent no more profitable days than those they passed in a study of Canadian methods of dealing with criminality. The Canadians are a hardy, straight-thinking breed, and their standards of law enforcement, as to both strictness and fairness, compare favorably with those of any other people in the world. Their administration of justice is swift and certain, and their penal institutions are conducted along such lines as the term implies. The national attitude toward crime is the opposite of sympathetic. It was summed up by a distinguished Canadian jurist in reply to an American visitor's question as to the reformation of criminals. "Hanging is the most effective," was his matter-of-fact rejoinder.

Mr. R. L. Calder, formerly Crown attorney for the District of Montreal, was one of the most interesting expert witnesses consulted by the commission. Mr. Calder came out flat-footed for hanging as the proper penalty for automobile thefts. "Car thefts," said he, "are the basis of organized crime. In other days the horse thief was hanged, not because of the value of the horses they stole but for the reason that they used the stolen animals as a means of fleeing from their crimes, as the car thief now uses the stolen automobile. Car theft requires an organization of both money and brains. It is difficult to reach such an organization unless you can discover treachery in its ranks and by this means strike at the top man."

Public opinion neither would nor should sanction the enforcement of such a drastic penalty; and yet motor thefts and banditry are so common in our larger American cities and old-fashioned methods of suppressing them have proved so futile that the forces of law must either bog down in a slough of ignominy or be prepared to employ sterner and more effective measures.

As far as transportation is concerned we live in a horseless age; but the law, which always lags a generation or two behind existing conditions, regards private transport as if it were still accomplished by the Conestoga wagon and the one-horse chaise. Car thefts and motor banditry must slow down or the law must be speeded up.

Europe's Grouch Against America

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

A GROUP of men sat in the smoking room of a big transatlantic liner last October, discussing the now familiar subject of Europe's attitude toward the United States. One of them remarked, "The more I see of Europe, the more American I become."

Now this man was not a raw tourist returning from his first trip. Nor was he the type that spends most of his time overseas writing souvenir postal cards, blatantly proclaiming Yankee superiority or talking about God's country back home. He knows every personal and geographic phase of Europe out of intimate contacts before, during and since the war.

What he said represents the general reaction of the open-minded person who went abroad this year and found himself up against the tide of anti-Americanism. I except, of course, the confirmed sentimentalist. Like the professional and apologetic exile, he can see no wrong in a breach of good taste or manners by an alien country. For both the mania for foreign cult and custom holds despite all rebuff.

Harsh and hard-boiled this sounds, but it is the unfriendly truth. If we are to deal frankly with this new European anti-Americanism, no words can be minced. I say "new," because deep down under decades of ambassadorial bunk, platitudinous exchanges of international felicity and decoration-inspired good will, Europe has, in the main, always secretly resented us. Self-interest is the real mother of ententes, and war need is no discriminator. It so happened that, under the pressure of that eternal revealer of character which is money obligation, the mask came off this year. Hence it is high time that the lowdown on a diverting piece of contemporary history be presented.

In this and the succeeding article an effort will be made to analyze the causes and the consequences of the tumult in Europe during the summer of 1926. It will involve no rehash of debt technicalities. So far as we are concerned, this is finished business except for the fulfillment of obligations. What interests us is the personal side as expressed by the mood and actions of peoples of various countries, notably France and England.

Obviously, it would have been inadvisable to make any appraisal of it while the campaign was at fever heat. Now that the dust is settled, so to speak, it is perhaps possible to make a fairly dispassionate examination. There is no desire to stir up further trouble. Unhappily, there remains an excess of discord in this still distracted world, all Locarno gestures and leagues of uplift to the contrary notwithstanding.

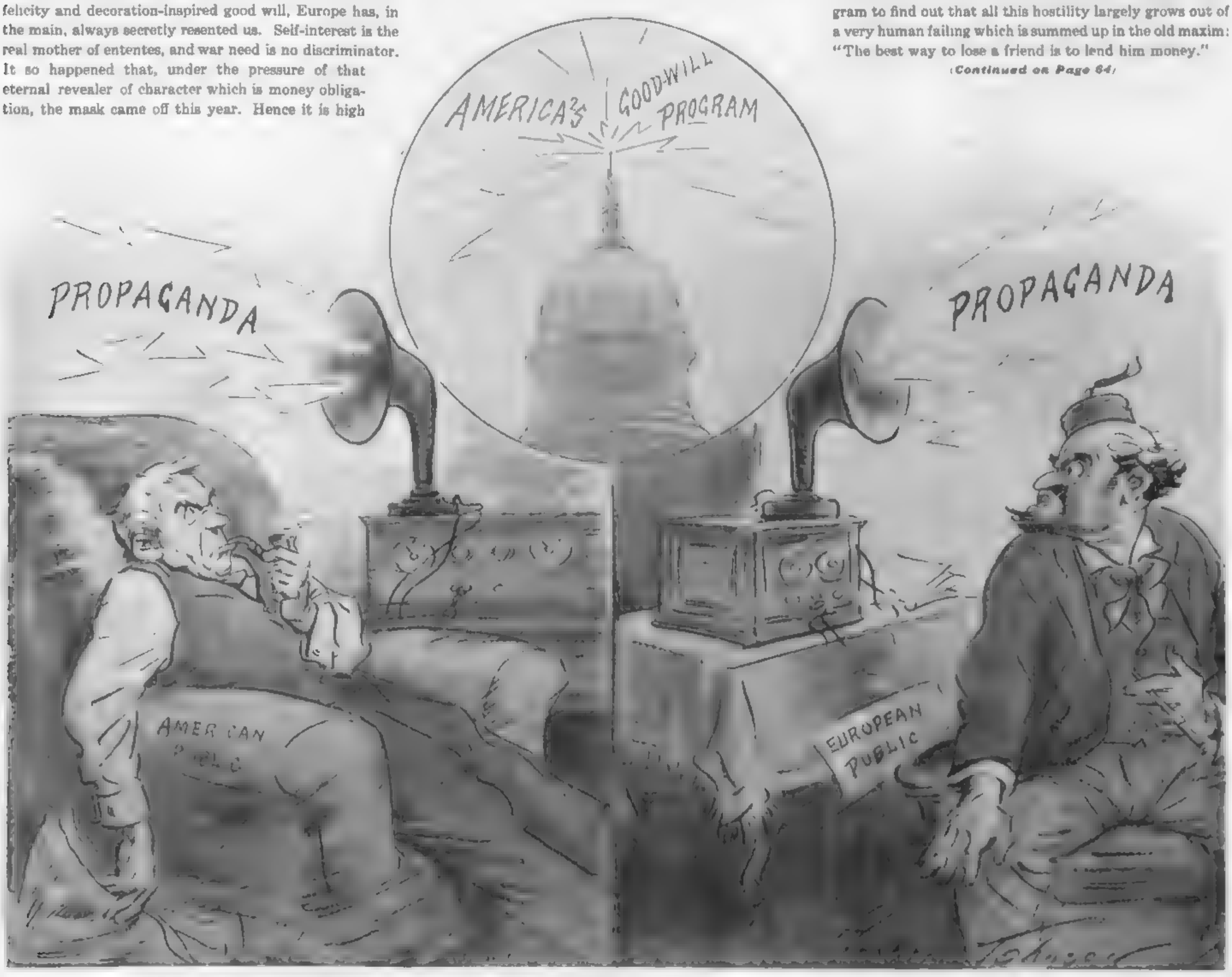
There is this difference, however: Where formerly the French hated the Germans and to a lesser degree the British, the Italians cordially distrusted the French and vice versa, the Hungarians abhorred the Rumanians, the Czecho-Slovaks as well as the Germans abominated the Poles, the Turks detested the Greeks, and so on down the line of national family feelings—practically everybody is now joined in a common aversion to us. As a man remarked to me in Paris: "The world is now divided into two parts. One is the United States and the other is the rest of the civilized globe." Between these parts flows what the poet called a dreary sea.

It means that Europe is a pathological subject. Her obsession has become the United States. Stated in medical terms, she is a paranoiac on the subject of American wealth and prosperity. They are like red rags that inflame passion and beget hostility.

With nations as with individuals, the same kind of evasion invariably obtains. European countries, especially France and England, attribute their troubles to every cause except the real one, which is themselves. The currency complications are symptomatic. Underneath are two primary reasons—politics and loss of trade. High tariffs, absurd frontier regulations, labor troubles and lack of coördination lie at the root of the majority of the prevailing ills.

Yet the debts to us are made the alibi. You need no diagram to find out that all this hostility largely grows out of a very human failing which is summed up in the old maxim: "The best way to lose a friend is to lend him money."

(Continued on Page 64)



TOO MUCH STATIC

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. Will Rogers —

— Goes a-Fishin'

They Generally Are

"POP, whose picture is this on the front page?"

"That, my son, is a half tone of the stepbrother of an aunt by marriage of the second cousin of the foster sister of the man who is suspected of being in possession of information as to who was the accomplice of the mysterious unknown who assisted in kidnaping the chum of Beautiful Beatrice the sad-eyed Shop Girl."

Oh, to be a Cow!

IT MUST be beautiful to be a cow
And watch a landscape made of food—
Artistic vistas crammed with dishes
To whet a hungry mood;
Artichokes and buckwheat cake,
Charlotte russe and toasted steaks,
Conveniently equipped with fork and knife,
The cow, she leads a lovely life.

—Churchill Murray.

Turning Back the Pages

"WILLIAM," said Mrs. McDurmiss Davenport to her husband, "did grandpa enjoy his visit to the scenes of his boyhood days?"

"He did," replied the husband, who had just returned from the trip with the old gentleman. "That is, I think he enjoyed it, although there were times when tender memories almost overpowered him."

"Did the old road look the same?"

"He said it did. The concrete was as smooth as ever, and it stretched away to the east even as when he was a lad.

"He almost cried while he told me how he had made fifty, sixty, seventy, many a time, and as much as eighty the morning they chased Daphne Dugan and Bill Hesler home from the Red Bird dance."

"I don't suppose the old car was still there?"

"It was. The same twin six—long ago discarded, of course, but the identical boat nevertheless. Grandpa wanted to get in again and let it coast quietly down the driveway until he was clear of the house, when he might give it the gas and dash away before the folks knew what he was about, but naturally it wouldn't move. The front bumper still had that kink where he hit the water plug the

(Continued on Page 95)

DOGVILLE ITEMS

Stolen! A Large Wax Doll. The Thief is Known. No Questions Asked and a Suitable Reward if Returned in Good Condition to the Post Office

PERSONAL

East Side Eddie: "Say, Bo, Will You Preach a Funeral Soiman for Fifty Bucks?"
The Rector: "Whose?"
Eddie: "You See That Guy Going Up the Street?"

A woman's subtle ways of "announcing" her social position!

Refinements that truly reveal her station!

IT IS EVERY woman's birthright to win the respect and admiration of her friends and neighbors. From the day when as a bride she steps, flushed and happy, into the little house which is her first home, she plans and watches and studies the many ways by which she can enlarge her life and take her rightful place among the people with whom she wishes to associate.

Her home is her palace. And by means of it she reveals to her growing circle of friends and acquaintances the true picture of her personality. If she belongs among that splendid army of American women who are daily taking such wonderful strides toward greater opportunities for their families and themselves, her home will be a veritable mirror of it.

Her dining table especially. For here her guests get the most intimate glimpses of the home. Here her family constantly assembles. Here is the very center of the social life of her little kingdom. As she presides over it, directs it, casts the spell of her personality over it, those who come to it from the outside carry away the impression of an able hostess and an affectionate mother.

That she greets her guests, at the very outset, with the cordial invitation of savory, invigorating soup, is one of the refinements accepted as a matter of course in such a home. For the woman who takes advantage of every way to give charm to her table, to put her guests and her family in a happy mood, and to make her table reflect the best social usage, does not omit the service of soup.

Have you stopped to consider why soup is regularly served at the formal function —the smart luncheon and elaborate dinner? And has it not occurred to you that there are good, sound reasons why in homes of affluence and prominence, soup is included in the daily family menus?

Those who are accustomed to the finest food and who take keen delight in dishes of supreme flavor, realize that soup gives them a kind and a variety of enjoyment offered by no other food. The blending of so many different and delicious ingredients in this hot, liquid food called soup, produces dishes unlike any others—dishes that tempt and satisfy in their own special and delightful way. The appetite is stimulated, digestion is promoted, all the meal becomes more inviting and beneficial. The result is that the service of soup has become an established custom in the better homes. All over the United States from the big cities to the smallest hamlets, the forward-looking, progressive housewives, jealous that their families shall have the best, serve soup as a regular part of the daily diet.

And, how easy and convenient it is, with Campbell's Soups at their very

elbows! Soups made with the highest quality ingredients that money can buy! Soups blended by French chefs in kitchens equipped with every culinary device to produce the most delicious flavor! Soups available at every food store in America at a price which all can afford to pay! Soups in such infinite variety (there are twenty-one different Campbell's kinds at 12 cents a can) that no home kitchen could duplicate them!

The next time you are giving a little luncheon to your friends, serve Campbell's Tomato Soup. See how its bright, pretty color enlivens your dainty table. Notice how its tonic, appetizing flavor is welcomed by everybody, how it seems to "break the ice" and make your party "go". Better still, if you serve it as a Cream of Tomato Soup in bouillon cups topped with whipped cream. So easily prepared according to the simple directions on the label. And such a pride to the hostess!

Or for the family dinner. The appetizing flavor of Campbell's Tomato Soup refreshes the appetite and gives a glow to the whole meal.

Or for the children's luncheon or supper. It's so wholesome and so well liked by the youngsters, especially as Cream of Tomato Soup. It is a wonderful tomato sauce, too, used just as it comes from the can and without the addition of water. A quality product to grace any table.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE JOY GIRL

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"You Have Your Work and Your Fun, if You Want It; I Have My Fortune; and Yet Neither of Us is Satisfied or Content, are We, Jewel?"

XVIII

JEWEL saw, just as if it were another woman's life that she watched, projected upon a screen, the quick approach of harvest—her harvest. When you were a child, when you were a young girl, you sowed, tares or grain no matter, just in joy, trusting to happy skies and good fortune. And then, almost at once it seemed, so the gay years flew, the rustle of the harvest!

When she left Flora, with the daffodils and pink may lying in a little sheaf along her arm, and everyone she met turning to look after her as usual, she saw this picture: Harvest! And when she reached home it was as if the harvest were a little further on, had proceeded a stage. Her mother met her at the door with a very dry gray face; quivering a little in her aspen way when she was shocked or dismayed, and without preamble, she said, "Father's dead."

"Mother!"

Drawing her girl in, and taking from her the spring flowers, Mrs. Courage answered: "Yes, just as he came home. He fell at the gate. It was all over. Heart—and we never knew it. None of us knew it. We were so used to his looking as he did, weren't we? So sudden, so quick. Isn't it nice that it should be like that?"

Jewel wept beside her father. Mrs. Courage did not weep. She gave him the flowers that Jewel had brought from Flora. And they ate their supper without him, and talked of him, and knew themselves alone.

"He loved us," said Mrs. Courage.

"We loved him," said Jewel.

"Love is so covered up," said Mrs. Courage.

Three days in which they seemed to be making preparations all the time; funeral cards sent out, sympathy of neighbors, parochial visits of clergymen, flowers in wreaths and crosses from John Jeffrey Fleet and the Sandmans and from Mrs. Heath, who heard the news from Isolde—and then they set out to bury Courage.

Driving with her mother very little and shrunken and black and white—in the carriage behind the hearse, Jewel saw the pageant of death just as she had seen, going from Flora, the pageant of harvest. Driving in the gloomy carriage, it seemed as if again she could see her father sitting in his worn chair by the fire, behind his evening paper; she heard him say: "I saw the Lord Mayor in the City today. . . . I saw the Prime Minister turning out of Downing Street this morning. . . . I saw the Minister for War, and people turned and looked after him, and some of 'em touched their hats to him, silly fools. Just as I turned through Prince's Avenue this morning—I go that way sometimes to look at my betters"—here he would laugh—"that old Lord Brownrigg walked out of his house, with his neighbor, the man who retired on millions from selling old leather. You know, mother? You know, Jewel? That man. The policeman at the corner saluted when they passed, and I thought: 'It's a fine thing to be recognized and revered like that—half the time for what you haven't done.'"

She heard again her father's patient, biting voice. She and her father! Each wanting, craving, pining for the gifts and the graces, the joys and the jewels of the world; he resigned, sunk in bitter abnegation, after the manner of his type and generation; she passionately reaching out and grasping for the treasure. And there had been her mother in the background, trying, in the simple unknowledgeable way of her type and generation, to help; her mother, who, giving up hope for the father, had put all her hopes into the beautiful child. All three of them with wistful desires set on the same things—the gifts and treasures and adulation of the world!

And now, as the procession of three carriages went slowly along in their dire blackness of black-dressed people, black horses, black plumes, she was conscious of passing cars slowing down in respect; of all the men in the streets taking off their hats, walking bareheaded. She saw with her acute and quickened eyes, as they turned into the stately Prince's Avenue on their way to the cemetery, some of those very same rich, secure and haughty citizens whom old Courage had known by sight and name, had hated and envied, but who had not known old Courage. They were walking, taking a splendid dog for an airing; or with clubs on their backs, in tweeds, from the golf course; or were going out, one or two, with their wives, calling. They had been so crushingly sure, by their very air and appurtenances, of themselves and their kind; so oblivious of all others.

But now, as old Courage passed in his chariot, his coffin proudly wreathed, they took their hats off and went with heads uncovered. She saw the retired leather millionaire; and she saw, getting out of his car, old Lord Brownrigg. And they made obeisance, humbly, reverently, with deep courtesy. And with the eyes of her newly sensitized mind she saw that respect and reverence are gifts. They are not bought, but given. She saw, sitting hushed beside her mother, that there is a common ground of chivalry, of reverence and of pity. She knew that the King himself would have uncovered his head as her father's body passed by.

Mrs. Courage, holding her daughter's hand, saw too. Only, with her tired vision, she did not see all. The sight of her mind, so tired, was short and dimmer than Jewel's. She said, with a faint smile, "Father would be pleased if he could see that."

"Yes, mother."

Mrs. Courage groped: "It's curious, really. When you're alive and they know who you are they meet you in the street and don't look. When you're dead, passing

(Continued on Page 30)

Rousing All America to Real Eight Value

The long-standing Hupmobile reputation for reliability has taken a new turn and a new significance in the past two years.

Hupmobile's invasion of the eight-cylinder field has carried with it revolutionary consequences.

Hupmobile has proven that its long experience in fine motor and chassis manufacturing has resulted in a new type of eight value—transcending, not merely in performance but in price, the very best the industry has ever produced.

Hupmobile Eight has attained in these two years *a new social status,* a new and greater reputation for elegance of performance, elegance of design, elegance of appointment.

In the best homes of the country, it is competing against the finest and most costly eight productions, and winning on its merits, *at a marked saving.*

All America is being aroused on the subject of eights, as you will be when you drive this magnificent Eight.

Ten Distinguished Body-Types
Priced from $1945 to $2595 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax

THE DISTINGUISHED HUPMOBILE EIGHT

(Continued from Page 28)

by them, and they don't know who you are, they do that. I wish father could see."

There came a very proud day for Mrs. Courage when her daughter led her into the new flat; a little flat, in a quiet unfashionable street, but finished charmingly, even to flowers in the window boxes outside.

"I told you one day, mums, you should have a maid, all frills, to wait on you." And there the maid was.

"How did you get the money?"—feebly.

"I'm paying the furniture people by installments, mums; do realize I'm making money; I'm successful. Isolde's has had a record year."

"It seems wonderful that you should give me everything, take care of me! My little Jewel! My little girl that was such a baby this time last year!"

"Ah, but since then I've grown up. I've married."

Mrs. Courage gave her daughter a long, wise, sad look. She came and put her arms about her. "You're not married, my dear. That isn't marriage."

"It has to do for marriage," said Jewel.

"If only he never comes and takes you away!"

"Don't let us talk of it," said Jewel. For she still had a way of turning white, sick, even at the prospect.

Tea in the new flat, brought by the first maid that had ever waited, in her own home, upon Mrs. Courage; the tender watering of the chrysanthemums in the window boxes; the switching on of the handsome lamp at dusk and admiring the glow of the room; the attractive colorings of the cheap cretonnes; the leisure; the rest. "I'm in heaven," said Mrs. Courage, and she leaned back and smiled.

"I'm going out tonight, mother."

Mrs. Courage just opened her eyes and smiled, and said, "With that Mr. Fleet, I suppose?" and smiled again.

Jewel was going out with that Mr. Fleet. And she looked her loveliest; such an untouched, radiant child that she made John Jeffrey's heart ache when he came up to the little flat to take her away.

He paid his respects first to Mrs. Courage. And looking about the little flat, which Mrs. Courage displayed to him, he was seized with pride. He loved, above all things, a gallant woman, a brave woman; a woman who could turn from a darling little fool into a swift lioness, holding her own against the slings and arrows that she had called upon herself. He knew now that he saw such a woman in this untouched girl. He put about her the slim and sumptuous Isolde coat, and he murmured to her as they went down: "You make my poor head swell. Wherever we go tonight no man will have a lovelier little lady."

There was the chocolate-colored limousine. They got in, and there she was, driving through the West End in the right clothes, in the right car, with the right man, going to the right places, just as she had vainly dreamed of doing a year ago. Only now—of what use was it?

"It is a long time since I've seen you," said John Jeffrey.

"A very long time; not since the day I lunched with you after Isolde had made me a partner."

"And now we celebrate the new flat; a big foundation stone Jewel has laid."

"I thought, when father died, you would have —— "

"No. It thrills me to know you can meet your troubles alone."

"Aren't you a strange man?"

"With my visions of goddesses? I think many men are like me."

"And many girls like me?"

"There is only one Jewel," said John Jeffrey.

"So is that why you stay away—because you want me to fight alone?"

"Not quite," said John Jeffrey.

"Tell me," said Jewel.

"I don't know that I'd better," said John Jeffrey.

"Yes, tell me," Jewel insisted.

"I stay away because I daren't come near."

"Tell me more," said Jewel.

"Are you still greedy, Jewel?"

"I'm very hungry."

At that John Jeffrey turned and took her into his arms. And very fortunately the chauffeur—as if he knew—was sweeping them, not too fast, along the inky shining road of the Mall, with its great width, all flanking buildings far retired from its wide spaces and only distantly spaced sentinels of lamps. John Jeffrey kissed her; and she, taking his head between her hands, kissed him.

"And that's the first time since one day in a little coppice, under the blue sky, a lifetime ago," he whispered

"Oh, John Jeffrey!"

"And it will have to be the last time until ——"

"When?"

"God knows!"

"No," said Jewel very sorrowfully, "we mustn't love each other."

"It wouldn't be good enough for you, little Jewel."

"I feel as if anything with you would be good enough."

"No, no, little Jewel. Because you are going to be a very fine lady."

But she rested in his arms nevertheless, until the façade of lights before Buckingham Palace faced them; and then she sighed and drew away, and just bending her head, kissed his coat sleeve and whispered, "Good-by."

"Oh, I shall drive you home," said John Jeffrey indescribably.

They were going to the great new restaurant in Piccadilly, facing Green Park. John Jeffrey Fleet took her there for all the world to see, and, indeed, half the world in that restaurant de luxe knew her by sight already. Fashionable women, who nodded to her after the friendly manner of the great today, said, "Look, there's that lovely girl who makes those divine hats—at Isolde's, you know." And men who noted her presence wondered why so persistently and virtuously she refused their invitations, and detailed in their minds that they would ask her again. For here she was with Fleet, the steel man, who had lately written some book, some kind of sociological work.

Jewel and John Jeffrey were ineffably happy. "Although we are apart," said John Jeffrey softly across the little table that they had kept for him in a secluded corner, "it makes no difference really, does it? Never a day passes on which I don't think of you. And you?"

She told him; it was just the same.

They danced. They had never danced together before this night when they celebrated the laying of a foundation stone. And even through their tremendous unhappiness they stayed, just for this night, ineffably happy. They allowed themselves that state of mind which says this hour is infinite; it is all we have and all we want; there is no beyond; it will last forever. Jewel and John Jeffrey Fleet soared into this realm of exaltation.

Women said, glancing at that secluded corner: "He seems very smitten. But she's married, you know. She wears a wedding ring. I expect it's some unhappy story I asked Isolde once if she lived with the husband. Isolde said no." Men resolved fatuously to try again. But Jewel and John Jeffrey observed no one. They danced

(Continued on Page 40)

It Needed Mrs. Heath's Voice Saying, "Look, My Dear, Here is Another Guest," to Rouse Her From Her Abstractions

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Quality-Everywhere you look

WHENEVER, and from whatever angle you look at a Buick motor car, you see quality.

Stand at a second story window and study closed car tops. Still another Buick point of excellence will reveal itself to you.

A Buick top looks staunch. It *is* staunch! Few motor cars are built as well as Buick.

Buick builds the way all engineers would like to build cars, if their volume or selling price permitted. Buick has the volume, and volume produces the savings that are poured unsparingly into value.

If you have the impression that all cars at the same price are approximately of the same quality, do not rest until you have looked at some of them, alongside of Buick.

You will see immediately why Buick cars have made so many friends—why Buick holds sales leadership, month after month, and year after year.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

The Greatest Buick Ever Built

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

By Luther Burbank, With Wilbur Hall

Luther Burbank and His First Cactus Experiments, About 1890

ALONG about 1900 I was really getting into the swing of my life work, and was being recognized for it; those were big years, full of activity and of experiments that were the results of all my experience and my long and close communion with Nature. I was about the only unworked gold field in the world, and it was natural that a good many prospectors should discover me and attempt to file claims.

Reading biography, especially of men whose primary object has been something other than money-making, I have noticed that most of them sooner or later run into a promoter or a promotion and get badly singed. I was no exception, though I must say that I do not believe any of the men who tried to exploit or subsidize me or my work had base motives. On the contrary most of them were actuated by a desire to increase my usefulness and to widen the scope of my experiments and to broadcast the results over a greater area. No, I could usually smell out a rascal before he had reached the front door, and I could always head him off.

A Long and Painful Experiment

I WOULD rather have five energetic and competent enemies than one fool friend; now and again my friends have led me astray, and it has cost me a lot of money, a world of trouble and a multitude of worries before I got back on the main track again. For more than twenty years I was embroiled in business relations with various people, and I had my wisdom teeth cut on some pretty tough bones in that period.

The New Creations bulletin of 1893 to 1901 brought me to the peak of my activities. In eight years I disposed of no less than seven hundred different varieties of flowers, trees, shrubs, vines and grains, and I had enough newspaper notice to have satisfied Barnum. Meantime I had started working on cactus with the aim of removing the spines from the plant and improving its size and nutritive qualities, having long been interested in the idea of producing something that would be useful and profitable for our great Southwestern deserts. This was one of my most interesting projects, and one from which, I am now confident, the world will some day reap an unbelievable benefit.

The most elaborate, the most expensive, the most painful and physically difficult, and the most interesting single series of experiments I ever made I made with the cactus. There were, to begin with, more than a thousand known varieties of this plant listed, and it was necessary for me to obtain specimens of as many of these varieties as possible. Before I was through I had received, planted and studied more than six hundred of the total number, and my farms carried the largest single collection in the world. As to cost, I paid collectors thousands of dollars for their labors in gathering the specimens and in transportation expenses in getting them to Santa Rosa. In addition I spent more than sixteen years at this work, and kept a sizable force of men at work off and on all the time assisting me. So it was expensive.

As to the painful and exhausting nature of the experiment series, I can only say that I would not go through it again for all the rewards man can give. Knowing well the painful and in some cases the dangerous nature of the spines of the cactus, I began by exercising the most scrupulous care in handling the plants. But presently it was clear that kid-glove methods in a venture that forced me to handle sometimes as many as six thousand cactus slabs in one day would prevent any progress being made, so I gritted my teeth and shut my eyes and went into the battle. I emerged scarred, pitted and as full of spines as a pincushion. I have no doubt that my skin has been pierced or entered by a million cactus needles; at times I had so many on my hands and face that it was necessary to shave them off with a razor, so that, as they worked into the skin, as they do, there would not be enough to each individual spine to cause more than a temporary irritation. This was only one phase of the physical difficulty encountered in the experiment; the cactus slabs are heavy to handle, they grow to enormous size and some of them to a considerable height, and I had literally hundreds of thousands of them to deal with as time passed. So that the mere manual labor involved was tremendous.

Pitajaya Cactus—From Mexico

Life History of the Cactus

BUT, aside from the reward of having produced a new and valuable plant for man's store, I was well repaid by the cactus in the interest its life history and its development during the work had for me, absorbed as I have always been in the miracles and marvels of Nature. Every step of the long series of experiments was full of delight for the naturalist, but more than anything else, I was gratified to be able to prove, through this series, two of the fundamental laws that I maintain underlie all biology.

The pliability of life—the capacity it has for varying so that successive generations acquire new characteristics, new possibilities and powers and new advantages, and for adding these new things to the heredity so that definite improvement is continuous—was one of the first fundamentals I discovered through my early work with plants, and on it I based my experiments. I had proved it time and again to my own satisfaction, but the cactus gave me a demonstration that there could be no possible question about. It is so important a law, and so significant to man, that I want to tell the life story of the cactus briefly to make the point clear.

Though varieties of the cactus family are widely scattered through those territories of earth where the climate is hot and dry, the greatest assortment and

(Continued on Page 96

In this rich dish there is also a satisfying economy. For in buying the whole Premium Ham, you get this choice meat at a lower average cost per pound. And every morsel that remains after the first serving may be used in some other delicious way: in sandwiches, in soufflés and omelets, or to stuff vegetables

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

For holiday feasting

What a fine old custom it is—this giving to a friend at Yuletide some gift of rich food, some delicacy particularly prized!

A Premium Ham, for instance! Any friend who delights in good things to eat would appreciate one for a Christmas gift. Premium Ham is so tender, so exceptionally sweet and mild in flavor. It's a traditional dish for holiday feasting!

Order one of these fine hams from your dealer. He will be glad to deliver it to any address you wish. And for your own Christmas or New Year's dinner, plan to have a whole Premium Ham baked—a rich, distinctive dish.

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Norman Rockwell

BORN in New York City thirty-two years ago for the apparent purpose of painting covers for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. In time he found his way into the Art Students' League under George Bridgman, who taught him sound draftsmanship, thence to New Rochelle, New York, where he lives today.

With a friend he took the old studio of Frederic Remington and launched a career. His love and understanding of children put his work in the pages of many boys' magazines and the rewards were sufficient only to purchase paints, canvas and pay half the rent. A couple of years at this and Rockwell scanned the horizon for greater worlds to conquer, finally sighting the POST, and his first offering had sufficient merit to put it over; and here dates the beginning of a remarkable ten years of achievement in the field of illustrating.

"Nothing succeeds like success." And with the courage gained, added to an insatiable love of hard work, Rockwell was off to a flying start in his rush to the top. There have been failures, but no setbacks. I recall his doing a cover for the POST five times; each time it was turned down he painted it again, completely over, on a fresh canvas. The fifth was accepted! Students, take notice!

The kindly, whimsical humor and the quiet, loving interpretations of life, painted in his naïve and wholesome manner, on the covers of the POST quickly attracted the attention of editors and advertisers galore, and soon he had more work thrust upon him than a conscientious artist could do.

"How brilliant!" you say? Not at all! A plugging, plodding student in art school, and a plugging, plodding student in his studio. There has never been a period of brilliance in the course of Norman Rockwell's advance. The answer is Work! After work, more work. After work in the studio, work at home, reading worthwhile literature on art and life, thinking out ideas, studying—work. Rockwell's hobbies are work and work. The only aggravating thing about him is work.

"You need fresh air; let's go for a game of golf."

"No," he says, "I've got this POST cover to start laying in and a model coming in the morning at 8:30." Consequently he is the world's most atrocious golfer.

PHOTO BY OGIN, NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK

Mr. Rockwell Painted the Christmas Cover on December 4th Post

When the above system calls too heavily upon the artist's energy and knocks him flat, he will of a sudden leap from his easel to a far-off land—Venezuela, Europe, California—and is astonished to find upon his return that his clients still remember him. Concerning the foregoing, one charming aggravation in Norman Rockwell's character is his inferiority complex. The painting just finished is unsatisfactory—almost always. He speaks of only two or three with merely a slight degree of satisfaction. The fine thing is always yet to be done. Rockwell will spare neither time nor expense in finding the right model or object needed to fit into the subject he is painting; he never fakes. All the dogs in town know him. Along the street he is greeted by schoolboys and their granddads and grandmothers. They all love him; they are his models first, then his friends.

He studies the work of Howard Pyle and goes back to Rembrandt looking for counsel; then to Abbey and Millet or Cellini, or wherever something can be found of truthful sincerity. His art library is large and growing; there are no books of twaddle. His knowledge of the lives of past masters is great and his respect for them profound.

Rockwell's financial success has been large, but secondary. His work is always the first consideration, and the results have amply justified this fine attitude. To portray his philosophy of life and to have it shown to the millions who read the POST he regards as a glorious opportunity, one given to but few.

And it follows that the sincerity toward his work is found in his friendships. All who know Norman Rockwell love him. Ten years ago, when possibly a half dozen of his covers had been accepted by the POST, his courage mounted to such heights as to guide him to the altar and—well, Mrs. Norman Rockwell is both charming and beautiful.

He walks with his police dog Raleigh for exercise to and from the studio. He plays a good game of bridge, is an easy victim at checkers and keeps a party in an uproar with wise cracks and burlesque. His funniest moments are when he is making fun of himself. But after all—work, work, work.

—CLYDE FORSYTHE.

PHOTO BY OGIN, NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK

Mr. Chamberlain Who Has a Serial, The Silver Cord, in This Number

George Agnew Chamberlain

I HAVE been more or less settled for the past two years at Bridgeton, New Jersey, the scene of The Lantern on the Plow. Before that, I spent four years in New York City, publishing the views on Mexico which I had acquired in the preceding two years, spent at Mexico City as American consul general.

Shortly before going to Mexico I was commissioned by the Department of State to make an inspection of all the internment camps in Portuguese East Africa. The accomplishment of this errand, the last official act of the seven years I had spent in Africa, included a trip of one thousand miles on the Zambesi. The journey was notable in that the previous dry-season record of two months was cut by me to thirty days flat.

Before going as consul to Lourenço Marques in 1909, I spent three years in a like capacity in Pernambuco, Brazil, which post I assumed immediately after being sent as special correspondent of the Associated Press to cover Elihu Root's visit to Rio de Janeiro and the Pan-American Conference of 1906. Three months previous to that event, El Farol, a weekly now defunct, published in Capitan, New Mexico, announced that it was owing to my two years' experience with that sheet that I got the appointment with the Associated Press.

Before becoming business manager of El Farol in New Mexico, I was vice and deputy consul general at Rio, to which position I had been called from the chair of English at Mackenzie College, Brazil, an institution founded by my father, and that had rescued me from a job as clerk in the consulate at Bahia. Ginn & Company, of New York, were originally responsible for my stay in

(Continued on Page 47)

Mrs. Clyde J. Ford, Better Known as Lucy Stone Terrill

Who's She?—Lucy Stone Terrill

I AM editorially requested to write "a brief interesting sketch" of myself, the second qualification being best achieved, I'm certain, by my strict adherence to the first. And to do this, I have decided to answer the four most frequently asked questions in the letters from approving and disapproving readers.

1. Are you one of these modernists?

A. I have never had time to find out just and quite what "these modernists" are. I may or may not be one.

(Continued on Page 47)

The prestige of the emblem Body by Fisher is evidenced by the facts. The facts are that those cars equipped with Fisher Bodies, in every price class, are the self-same cars which lead their classes in beauty, in value *and in sales*

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

CARTOON AND COMEDY

Late Straggler: "Well, I Think I'll Set My Watch Right Before I Go Home"

"Will You Dump Some of That Nice Black Dirt in My Flowerpot, Please?"

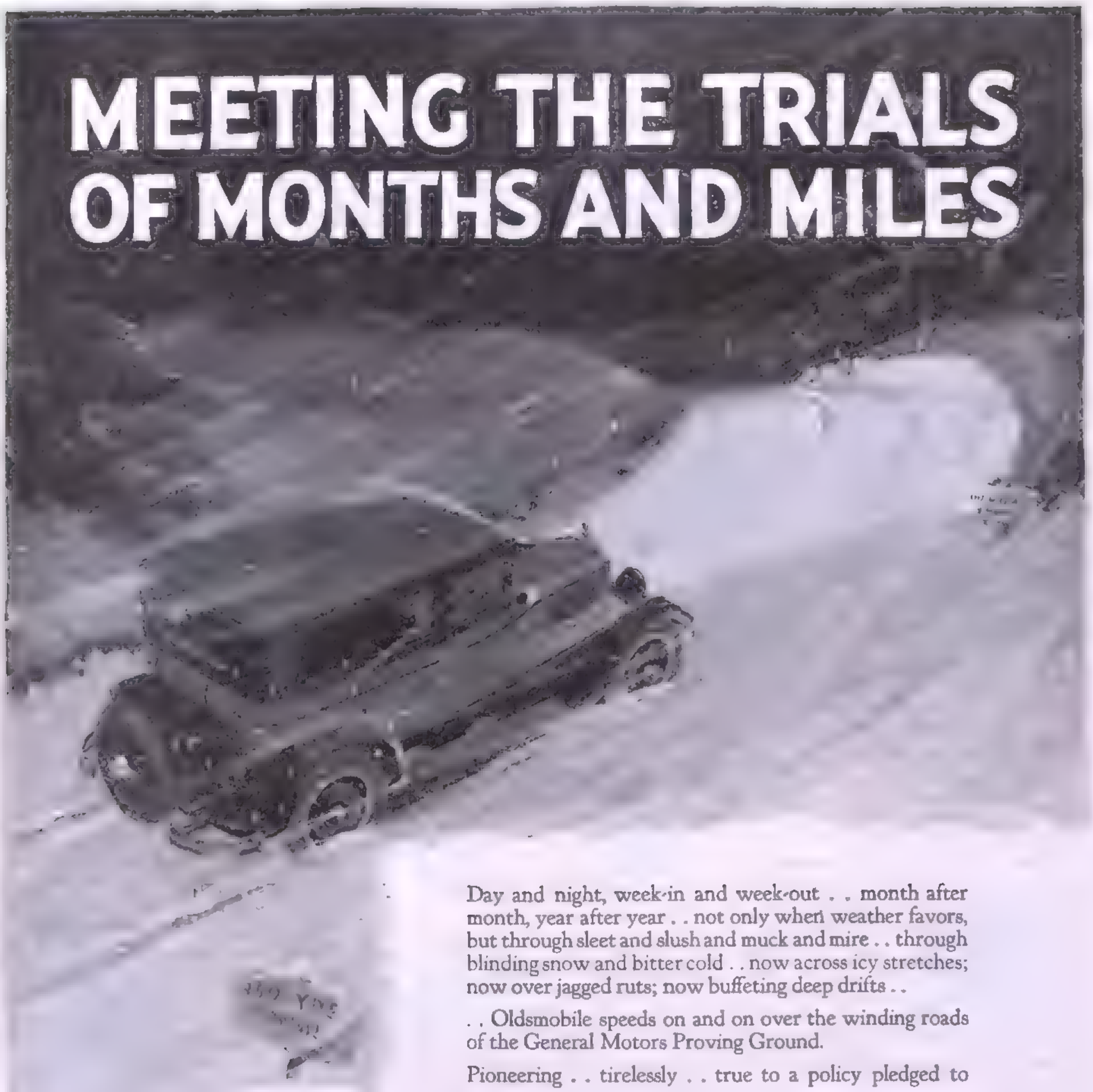
Loving Nature in Picardy. Mrs. Van de Ritz (Touring Abroad): "Oh, My Dear, What a Darling View This is—So Quaint and Restful!"

The Skipper Dons His Flapper Daughter's Slicker by Mistake

The New Hobo: "Lady, Could Ye Spare Me a Old Commutator Spring or a Little Cast-Off Oil?"

Tony: "Gee, Maggie, Ain't Dat a Lotta Bunk?"

MEETING THE TRIALS OF MONTHS AND MILES



Day and night, week-in and week-out . . month after month, year after year . . not only when weather favors, but through sleet and slush and muck and mire . . through blinding snow and bitter cold . . now across icy stretches; now over jagged ruts; now buffeting deep drifts . .

. . Oldsmobile speeds on and on over the winding roads of the General Motors Proving Ground.

Pioneering . . tirelessly . . true to a policy pledged to progress.

Proving the true value and full worth of each new feature and improvement.

Meeting . . surmounting . . in advance . . the trials of months and miles—"that the American family may have, at a moderate investment, a car that gratifies their finer tastes as well as satisfies their every need."

THE STANDARD
SEDAN
BODY BY FISHER
$1025
F. O. B. LANSING

The car illustrated is the DeLuxe Sedan

OLDSMOBILE

Product of GENERAL MOTORS

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

I Think I Can Sell

"I THINK I can sell." Through the offices of thousands of sales executives flows a stream of aspiration—hopeful, alert-eyed young men seeking careers. Selling! Look at the opportunities! Think of the money! No office job for me! Every one of these hopeful, alert-eyed young men waiting in the anteroom of a sales manager for a chance at a job will say, "Yes, I think I can sell."

Some of them can. Taken on as salesmen or junior salesmen and armed with their portfolios and their sample cases, they step out and succeed. Jauntily they set their feet on the path that leads to financial independence, and they keep on climbing. Others fail. They move from job to job, or they pass out of the selling picture altogether. And the number of failures is so large, the costly turnover in sales-department personnel is so high, that employers everywhere are trying to find the answer to the formidable double-barreled question:

What makes a good salesman, and what makes a bad one? To answer the question, business is discarding guesswork and seeking the aid of science. The old-fashioned sales manager who used to say, "I know human nature. I can pick a salesman by sizing him up," now is experimenting with rating scales and intelligence tests.

Typifying this trend toward a scientific approach to this problem of man power, a certain world-wide corporation whose salesforce numbers above 1500 has captured a psychologist—lifted him from the faculty of a university, set him down in an office in the sales department and directed him: "Now go ahead and psychol. Find out how we ought to select salesmen."

For more than a year this man has been at work. A scientist trained in the methods of the laboratory, he has been collecting data, tabulating the records of hundreds of successful salesmen in the corporation's employ, and hundreds of unsuccessful ones that have passed out of its employ, to the end that he may uncover certain laws and principles. His discoveries will be helpful, perhaps, to the young man who, picking a job for himself, decides to take a crack at selling.

"The supreme quality or characteristic that adapts a man to selling work?" says this psychologist. "I don't know that there is any one single factor. I do know, however, that it isn't the thing called a magnetic personality. It isn't gift of gab, or good looks, or the knack of wearing clothes. No. If I were to rate the factors in the order of their importance, I'd be tempted to give first place to health. I mean just normal good health; and along with it, healthful habits. A salesman's first duty, it seems, is to take good care of himself."

The Questionable Better Half

"HERE, let me show you something. This loose-leaf black book—and you see how thick it is—is filled with cases of men who have left this company's employ. See—a page to a man. Now, let's leaf it through and look at the causes for leaving. There—'ill health'—'health bad'—'not strong enough for the work'—see how often those causes occur.

"We've enacted a new rule for all executives who hire salesmen: Insist upon physical examination. On the application blank there are two questions about life insurance: Does the applicant carry any? What was the date of his last policy. If he carries no insurance, or if his most recent examination is too far back, we ask him to be examined.

"Important? Vitally so—for us and for the man. For instance, just recently there came to my desk a filled-in application from one of our offices in the West. You see, I pass on applications for all our offices. Well, on paper this particular young man looked excellent. On point after point he qualified as fine recruit material—on all points except the one way down at the bottom of the long application sheet. He carried no insurance.

"I wrote to the manager of that Western office: 'This chap sizes up mighty well, except for one characteristic. If I were you, before I hired him, I'd find out why his life isn't insured.' The answer came: 'I'm glad you raised that point about life insurance. I had intended to put this man into provincial territory, where he'd travel a great deal, sleep irregular hours and eat what he could get. And I found, upon questioning him about the insurance matter, that he has incipient diabetes.' To have hired that man would have been to give him a chance to kill himself.

"Another chap, taken on before we began to pay so much attention to health, had to quit his job because of flat feet. Fact! His condition was so bad that on the day he gave up the struggle he couldn't walk to the hospital. That, of course, was a misfortune for which the man himself was in no way to blame. But the point is that in justice to himself, knowing how he was handicapped, he ought never to have tried to be a salesman.

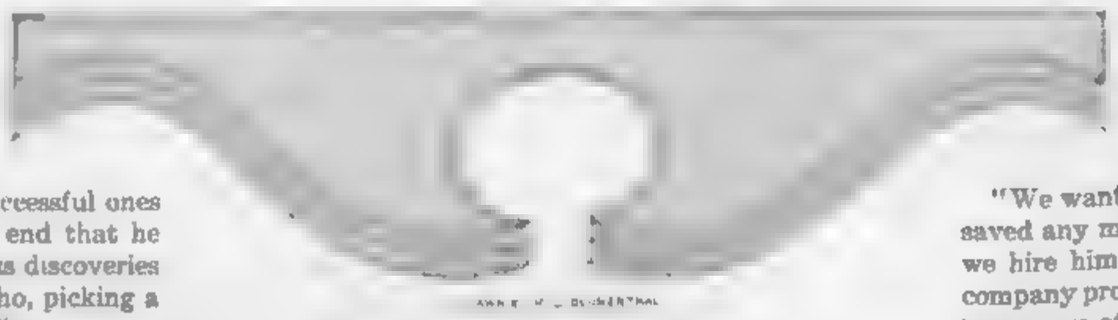
"This business of selecting men, you see, is becoming more and more personal—almost to the point of being impertinent. We want to know, for instance, about a man's home life. Naturally, we want to know whether he's married or single. Whether, as is generally supposed, a married man is a better employe than a single one, is something that I'm not ready to answer. But if the man is married, we want to know this: What is the attitude of his wife toward his work and toward him?

"Here, look in the black book again—causes for leaving: 'Domestic reasons'—'difficulty at home'—'says wife dissatisfied.' Accordingly, we want to know whether the man's wife will be happy as the wife of a salesman; whether she'd be willing to move to another city if occasion demanded; and whether she can reconcile herself to a family income, not in the form of a fixed salary, but in the form of commissions that may vary in amount.

"We want to know about a man's past life, about his experience. Obviously, we want to know what work he has done, whether he has learned anything that, perhaps, he can apply to our work. But more, we want to know what jobs he has held, for how long and—this is important—why did he leave each one. If, in the size-up that he gives us, he leaves a gap somewhere in his history, then we want to know specifically about that. You see, we're aiming here at two qualities—steadiness and integrity.

"The other day an application came in here with just such a gap, a hiatus of a few months on which the applicant was silent. We asked him about it and he told us that he'd been obliged to leave that job because it required a bond, and he hadn't been able to get one. Why? We didn't inquire into that. But we were obliged to tell the young man that we couldn't hire him, at least not until he had straightened up matters with the bonding company that had turned him down."

At a Great Pennyworth Pause a While
POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC



Ball-Bearing Dispositions

"WE WANT to know about schooling. Our product is highly specialized. In our organization a beginning salesman must study pretty intensively. And so we want to know, not so much what his mind has retained from his schooling, not how full his brain has been crammed with knowledge, as how well his mind has been trained. Has he the capacity to learn? We don't even require that he be a college graduate; in fact, our records seem to indicate that, on the average, the schooling of our successful salesmen ended with the second year of high school.

"We want to know about his finances—whether he has saved any money, owns real estate, or is buying some. If we hire him he'll be intrusted with company funds and company property, and the best evidence of a man's ability to manage other men's money wisely is his ability to manage his own.

"And finally, we come to that elusive thing called personality; to the qualities that make up a man's appearance and his manner and establish his place in the regard of others. He'll need poise. He'll need the characteristic—which is partly self-confidence—that enables a man to carry himself well. He'll need self-control, for he must be able to stand or sit without fidgeting.

"He'll need a good disposition. He mustn't be a disliker—mustn't harbor prejudices, personal, racial, political or what not, that are likely to crop out in his conversation and cause offease or start arguments. He must be tolerant. He'll need patience—patience and persistence to keep plugging away. He'll need reserve. He'll need to know when to talk and when to keep still. He'll need the ability to listen.

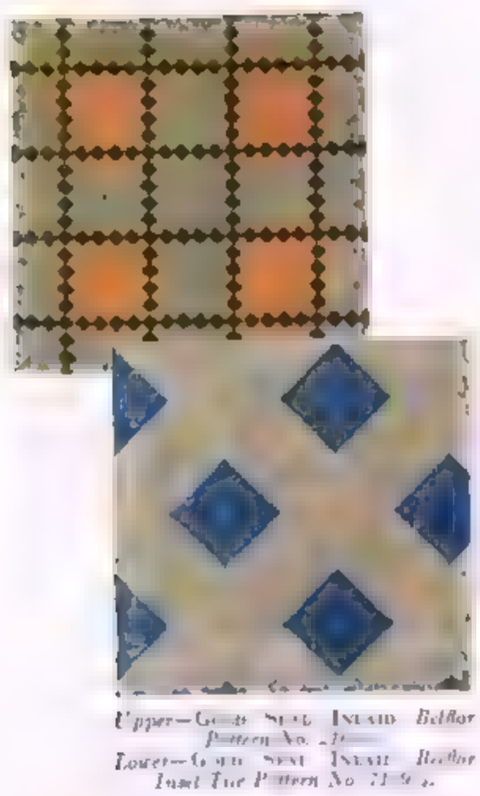
"He'll need to wear well. Many a man registers an excellent impression on his first call. His appearance is good; he's intelligent; maybe he's even clever; he's cheerful; he knows just how far to go; and, happily, he knows when to leave. But our salesmen aren't one-call men. On a single deal they may keep calling for weeks or even months. A good salesman must keep himself in good graces. He must always be welcome. And so our method with an applicant is to size him up, not in only one interview, but in several. We want to know if, having talked with him more than once, we still like him.

"He'll need courage—courage to face rebuffs and keep coming back. And courage begets something else he'll need, which is optimism. And besides all these qualities, and despite the fact that business is real and earnest, he'll need a sense of humor."

—ARTHUR H. LITTLE.

An example of individuality obtained by using different Nairn GOLD SEAL INLAIDS *in adjoining interiors*—Belflor Inset Tile *No. 21 . . /4 in the hall;* Belflor *Pattern No. 2047/5 in the living room.*

Suiting the floor to the spirit of the room



Upper—Gold Seal Inlaid *Belflor Pattern No. . . .*
Lower—Gold Seal Inlaid *Belflor Inset Tile Pattern No. 21 . . /4.*

Time was, of course, when every room had a wood floor—and no one cared whether its color went with the wallpaper, draperies, rugs or anything else in the room!

But today, floors play an important rôle in the decorative scheme of any room. For the modern idea is to have floors that carry out the color scheme, in contrasting or blending tones. And what lovely rooms result from it!

In entrance halls, for instance, where dignity is wanted, what could be more appropriate than the richness of this floor of *Belflor Inset Tiles?* And notice how much at home is the *Belflor* pattern in the living room with its friendly easy chair and davenport.

To have any conception of the amazing recent improvements—the artistic perfection of today's linoleum design—you must see the newest GOLD SEAL INLAIDS.

They are totally unlike old-style linoleum. Especially beautiful are the delicately mottled *Belflor* patterns that lend such charm to living rooms, dining rooms and bedrooms.

NAIRN GOLD SEAL INLAIDS are genuine inlaid linoleum—permanent floors that last for years and years. Patterns go clear through to the back. No expensive refinishing needed for just an occasional waxing keeps them gleaming. Their cost is thoroughly economical. And they are as suitable for new homes as they are to cover shabby wood floors.

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GOLD SEAL INLAIDS

THE JOY GIRL

(Continued from Page 30)

together—danced and danced, the world forgetting. She told him all her news, including the story of her acquaintance with the pleasant widow woman, Mrs. Adolf Heath.

For some while, as they talked, John Jeffrey turned this name over and over in his memory, until at last he tracked it down. "Mrs. Adolf Heath. She knows him!"

"You mean," said Jewel steadily, "my husband?"

John Jeffrey Fleet ground his teeth on that. "Yes. Does she know your married name?"

"I told her, though I am Miss Courage always in the shop."

"What did she say when you told her?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing."

"She would remember him," said John Jeffrey. And into his mind there came Vicary, in the red library, confessing his misdeeds of borrowing clothes and car, speaking of Mrs. Heath, displaying, with abominable coxcombry, her card. There came back to him the glitter of Vicary's eyes when he mentioned the diamonds on her plump hands; and the time, a night or two later, when, in the course of that foolish and fatal masquerade, he had waited for Vicary at the Tree Top Club, and he had come out with a lady who parted from raffish friends not at all of her own respectable caliber. And he remembered, with a sardonic masculine amusement, the coyness of this lady on entering the limousine with Vicary.

But for all the coyness she had asked Vicary up to her flat in the small hours of morning, although, as the night porter of Bridge Mansions had very rightly said, she shouldn't. "But she don't know," the porter had added with charitableness no doubt sweetened by her largesse.

There was in John Jeffrey's mind, too, the memory of that other night, when he had driven to fetch Vicary after dinner from Bridge Mansions, and, expecting him to emerge with the same lady, had driven him off alone, black as night, sullen, brooding. John Jeffrey still asked himself, when he could bear to consider Vicary at all: "I wonder what the devil she did to him?"

"She's a kind woman," Jewel was saying—"ever so kind. And yet ever so close and hard."

"Do you see much of her?"

"I've been going there quite frequently. I went for the week-end to a house she took on the river in the summer. She is unendingly kind to me, as if ——"

"As if?"

"—— she wanted to make up to me for something."

"Perhaps she is sorry for you, little Jewel. Do you talk things over with her?"

"Not now; not after the first evening. She advises me to try to forget. She advises me not to think or talk about my marriage; to be happy in other things."

"It isn't easy, practicing all that good advice, is it, Jewel?"

"Ah, it is hard! It hurts."

"Oh, my darling!" John Jeffrey whispered. And then quickly he filled up the champagne glasses. "Little dear, we had better keep gay."

They drank to each other. "To foundation stones. Jewel has laid them at two corners of her house; one stone was a partnership and the other a beautiful new flat! She will go on and on and on. Here's to Jewel and her foundation stones."

"Here's to your book!"

And yet books did not matter, foundation stones did not matter. Nothing mattered except themselves and their love.

They could not help thinking of that drive home. Like thousands of other young people who were thinking of a drive home, so they thought. Here their minds lingered. All over London, dancing, laughing, talking, supping, were thousands of young people, in parties, in pairs, planning for, thinking of—that drive home. In a dark car, through quieted streets, after hours of pleasure—alone at last! Perhaps only fifteen minutes, maybe only five minutes, that rush through the electric night before a parting, before the final quiet masked good night spoken on the curb, after a hundred other good nights had been whispered and kissed passionately in the car! It was like a little short blazing life, lived out in fifteen minutes, or ten, or five.

They sat together in the car, hand in hand. The pulses in their hands throbbed against each other. John Jeffrey Fleet looked often at Jewel's lips but did not kiss them. Just before the car stopped—"This is good-by," he said, "for a long time. Jewel goes on climbing her mountain alone."

"But you—but you?" she whispered passionately.

"Let us meet again in the spring," said John Jeffrey. "Let us drive out in the small car to that little coppice we found more than a year ago. Let's have luncheon there again from a picnic basket, and I'll put my head in your lap and you'll kiss my eyes again. Shall we, Jewel?"

"Spring is so far away!"

"There will be bluebells, I should think," John Jeffrey mused. "We'll go there and be awfully happy. As for the rest, let us have faith in some day."

"I have no faith," she answered with the despair of the young.

"Yes, you have faith; just as I have, Jewel." He lifted her two hands and kissed them.

But, after all, it was not so long before they met again. Resolution trembled and fell before temptation, and the temptation came from Mrs. Adolf Heath. In the way of idle women of her type—who socially are somewhat scatterbrains—Mrs. Adolf Heath spent much of her time in her favorite shops, ordering clothes and hats, fitting clothes and hats, examining, countermanding clothes and hats. She had become accustomed to dropping in often to Isolde's. She was such a good customer that frequently afternoon tea—the high-water mark of Isolde's respect—was served to her.

And one day as Christmas neared, loitering in the fitting room, sipping her tea, she asked Isolde, "How long has she been married?"

"Miss Courage, madam?"

"Yes. How long?"

"Just a year," said Isolde reflectively. "It is just a year since she came into my place here, with a new look on her face and a new ring on her finger, and said she wanted regular employment. She had been married the day before. It would be, I think, the nineteenth of December—yes."

"She is quite happy now, isn't she?"

"Ah, happy?" said Isolde with a sigh and a shrug. "Who is happy?"

"She should be, just for a while. So pretty, so young."

"As you say, she should be," Isolde sighed. "But that girl is a tragedy."

"A tragedy?" Mrs. Heath repeated expressionlessly.

"Well, because," said Isolde, "for all her gay looks and ways, she is a good, pure little girl at heart. And there is a young man in love with her—a gentleman; and I know a gentleman when I see him, and she is in love with him, and they cannot marry because of her mistake. They may never be able to marry. Who knows? And neither he nor she is the kind who—take the other way, you understand, madam."

"I understand," said Mrs. Adolf Heath hurriedly.

"So I say it is a tragedy."

"Who—who is he?"

"A Mr. Fleet—Mr. John Jeffrey Fleet, of the Fleet Steel Trust. Also a writer, I believe, madam. He goes everywhere; and when they go out together—which is seldom, my word!—the way those young people keep themselves in hand! He doesn't mind taking her and showing her for all his friends to see. She might be a princess for the way he treats her."

"Does he, indeed?" the client murmured, and into her smooth fat face stole a rapture, an almost holy ecstasy. "It sounds beautiful," she said. "I love love, don't you, my dear?"

"Who doesn't?" replied Isolde. But when Mrs. Heath had gone she laughed, shaking her sides, and said: "Silly old fool! I know her sort! The sort that has to pay the young men to dance with her; the sort that gets more and more and more romantic and all the men laugh at her. She thinks a frock makes a figure and a hat makes a face. Lucky for us that she does. Lucky for us there are plenty more like her."

And the next day Mrs. Heath came back to try on a youthful hat which did not suit, and never could suit, her face; and on this pretext she asked Jewel of John Jeffrey Fleet. She listened to the guarded answers which were torn reluctantly from Jewel's sore heart; and there was something guilty, secret and greatly troubled in her manner of hearing. She kept saying: "You know I would like you to be happy. I love love. I never had much romance myself; and when my husband died I felt young enough to begin all over again. It began to be wonderful, this life in London—the dancing and the gayety, you know, and going about with men again."

But she was rueful over this, thinking of hired dancing partners. There was, after all, not much romance about them.

"I would so like you to be happy," she repeated.

"What makes you think I'm not?"

"We women can't be happy alone—never, never," said Mrs. Adolf Heath. "You have your work and your fun, if you want it; I have my fortune; and yet neither of us is satisfied or content, are we, Jewel?"

"No."

Mrs. Adolf Heath chose a hat of violent colors, rejecting all advice, and drove away.

"Silly old fool!" said Isolde, looking after.

Mrs. Adolf Heath returned the next day with a fur coat as a Christmas gift for Miss Courage.

"Take it, take it!" Isolde whispered with glee.

"Why should you give me this lovely thing?" cried Jewel, wide eyed. "A squirrel coat! Please, no! I couldn't ——"

"Please, yes! You could!" Mrs. Adolf Heath cried back. And taking her aside, she seemed to try to explain: "I owe you something."

"Me? No! You owe me nothing."

"Your companionship, so young and pretty and sweet ——"

"You've been more than kind to me already."

"Take the coat, my dear, take it," Mrs. Adolf Heath besought her. "I owe you something. I'd like to give you happiness. It's a pleasure to bring the coat for you. Don't refuse it, child. It's in payment of a sort of debt." And the fur coat lay over a gilt chair, Isolde admiring it. "She must take it, mustn't she?" said Mrs. Heath, appealing to Isolde.

"Certainly!" Isolde replied. "Always take everything!"

And when Mrs. Heath had once more gone out to her car she gave her laughing opinion: "The woman's barmy. They take fancies to their milliners sometimes, but—a fur coat! You're in luck, dear."

"Why did she give it to me?"

"Rich customer's whim. Don't ask further."

XIX

JEWEL had a message of mystery from Flora sent in the handwriting of Sandman, the first time he had ever unbent to Jewel since more than a year ago. "Flora particularly wants to see you," wrote Sandman. "Could you come?"

So she came again to that smallest of small villas in Barking. It looked now rather like a Christmas card, set in a frosty day, with its red-tiled roof and its brightly painted front door still new enough to make effective color; and all its little curtains mathematically drawn to an inch at every window. It was still the home of a house-proud bride.

Hughie Sandman opened the front door to her. She had not seen him since his marriage, nor had he seen Jewel. Now he looked at her with eyes blank of all the old admiration, subservience and wonder; with eyes pleased and content, and yet at the same time deeply, mysteriously excited. "Come in." He led her into Flora's neat dining room, warm with a good fire, and looked at her. "You've changed."

"You've changed, Hugh. We've all changed."

He laughed. "There's been a very big change in this small house, if you only knew it, Jewel! Well, you will know it directly. Come along upstairs."

"Is Flora ill?"

Sandman turned round halfway up the short stairway, a very tender smile on his face. "No, not ill. Not now. This is the door; come in."

Then he opened the door of the best bedroom, just at the top of the stairs, and Jewel smelled warmth, powder, scent of soap, a particular aroma of particular domesticity. And going in she saw Flora in bed, pink with the excitement of Jewel's coming, her eyes proud and mystic. One hand, stretched out from the covers, lay across a cot that stood beside the bed, to hold the infinitesimal hand of her baby.

Flora and Hughie's baby. The baby was asleep, holding Flora's finger tight.

From the bed Flora smiled. "Come in. Don't be afraid. Don't tiptoe. You can't wake him. He never wakes." Flora, wise with her two days' motherhood, assuredly guaranteeing her baby!

"Oh, Flora!"

"Come here, Jewel, look. I didn't tell you till now. You aren't the sort of girl that cares much about babies, Hughie thinks. But I couldn't resist asking you just to come and look. Did you ever see anything so complete, down to the little finger nail? Isn't it like a miracle? Shut the door, Hughie."

"I'm just off to bring up tea"—from Sandman.

"Sit on my bed there, Jewel. You'll have tea up here with me, won't you? Of course, if you'd rather, Hughie will give you tea in the dining room. I hope he's kept a nice fire there."

"I'd rather—have tea—with you."

"I have a son," said Flora.

Mrs. Courage used not to ask questions in those days if her daughter came home sad, distrait or moody. She believed in time and silence; with time, hot young hearts became cool and old; silence was a kind resort when words were useless. But she knew that Jewel had been weeping. She knew that she had gone straight into her room and stormed and wept, shut in there alone. Mrs. Courage had listened at the door. She had not tried to turn the handle and go in. Her daughter was a married woman with inevitable perplexities of the heart.

But she stayed beside the fire in the sitting room, waiting; suffering, thus apart, with Jewel. And presently Jewel came out, her eyes dry, her face powdered delicately, her lips red and her head high. She flew her flag.

"You're rather late, my dear," said Mrs. Courage. "A busy day?"

"I went out to Barking after we closed."

"You didn't say you were going to do that."

"No; I had a letter from Hughie sent to Isolde's, asking me to go."

(Continued on Page 42)

If *health* were sold on the auction block

COME now, you who are in the bloom of energy and health—what will you take for these possessions? There are plenty of bidders. Millions stand ready to pay you handsomely. Speak up! Are there any takers? Who has health for sale?

Of all man's possessions, health is the very handmaiden of success. No one would part with it at any price. Yet how often it is guarded so carelessly that it slips away!

But millions of men and women who place the true appraisal on health have learned that the very food they eat has much to do with how they feel. They eat a delicious food every day as an "Ounce of Prevention."

A genuine health food in delicious cereal form

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It comes, prepared, ready-to-serve. Just pour the crisp, brown flakes into a bowl and add milk or cream. At this season many people like Post's Bran Flakes at breakfast, with prunes or preserved figs. Try it also baked into muffins or bread.

Decide now to begin eating Post's Bran Flakes as an "Ounce of Prevention." Order this delicious health food from your grocer and enjoy it regularly in your own home. When traveling ask for it on trains, in ressaurants and hotels.

"Ounce of Prevention" Offer. At your request we will gladly send you an "Ounce of Prevention" package of Post's Bran Flakes and a booklet that has an important bearing on your health and success.

Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. SEP-3 B1126, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post's Bran Flakes, Grape-Nuts, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (*Double-Thick Corn Flakes*), Post's Bran Chocolate, and Instant Postum—also Jell-O and Swans Down Cake Flour. Canadian Address:—Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, 2, Ontario.

everybody—every day

eat Post's Bran Flakes

as an ounce of prevention

"Now You'll Like Bran"

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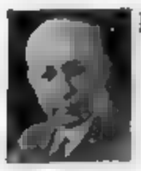
Week of December 20th

There's a Grand Slam in the Bridge hand below. See if your players can work it out. Then tune in and hear how it's done by the experts, as scheduled below.

Milton C. Work, New York, dealer, South—
Spades..... K, 6
Hearts..... Q, 10, 8, 6, 3
Diamonds..... Q, 6, 2
Clubs..... 8, 4, 2



Eugene R. Buss, Cincinnati, West—
Spades..... Q, 5, 4
Hearts..... 9, 5
Diamonds..... A, 10, 7, 5, 4, 3
Clubs..... J, 10

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, North—
Spades..... J, 8, 7, 3
Hearts..... J, 4, 2
Diamonds..... J
Clubs..... K, 7, 6, 5, 3

C. J. McDiarmid, Cincinnati, East—
Spades..... A, 10, 9, 2
Hearts..... A, K, 7
Diamonds..... K, 9, 8
Clubs..... A, Q, 9

Tues., Dec. 21, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WTAM, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WWJ.

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

WRC	Radio Corp	Washington
WGY	Gen'l Elec. Co	Schenectady
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSMB	Saenger Amusement Co.	New Orleans
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WSBF	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KPO	Hale Bros.	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KFOA	Seattle Times	Seattle
CFCN	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can.
CKNC	Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd.	Toronto
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg
CJCS	The Electric Shop	Saskatoon
CFAC	Calgary Herald	Calgary
CJCA	Edmonton Journal	Edmonton
CKCD	Brunswick's	Vancouver
CJGC	Free Press	London, Ont.

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(Continued from Page 40)

"Quite time. He is most uncivil about his wife's friends."

"Hughie doesn't forgive easily."

"He used to be glad enough to let you ——"

"That's over."

"Well," said Mrs. Courage, "naturally old love affairs are best got over thoroughly. We all know that. Nothing wrong with the Sandmans, I hope?"

"Flora has a baby."

Then into Mrs. Courage's faded cheeks the color came. She sat up, alert. "Really? When? She didn't let you know about it! Well, I am surprised! A baby? Fancy! How is she?"

"Radiant."

"And the baby?"

"Beautiful."

"I wonder if she'll think I ought to go and see it."

Understanding her mother—"I'm sure she'll let you go and see it," Jewel answered.

"Is it a big baby? Strong?" Jewel gave weights and measures as they had tripped, like lyrics, off the tongues of Flora and Sandman. "Fancy!" said Mrs. Courage.

"I had tea with Flora, at her bedside, and heard all about everything."

"Of course. She'd tell you. You're married too."

"Not like Flora."

Mrs. Courage recovered her simple tactics. "In time ——"

"Time can't help me, mother."

"You never know," Mrs. Courage murmured, stroking Jewel's hand.

Jewel continued with the news of the day: "I have a fur coat, mother. Once I would have thought myself in heaven with a fur coat, wouldn't I?"

"A fur coat! From whom?" And her mind flashed to that splendid young Mr. Fleet.

"From Mrs. Heath—our customer who's been so kind to me, you know. She gave it to me as if she thought she owed me something. And, mother, isn't it curious—she hasn't told me, but I know—she knew him."

"Jewel!"

"Yes. She met him, mother, I believe, at some dance club, just as I did. She hasn't told me, but I feel it."

Mrs. Courage gazed at her with her round wondering eyes. "Does she know your married name?"

"Yes. She asked me."

"Perhaps it's sympathy," Mrs. Courage suggested. "Perhaps she saw the sort of man he is and is sorry for you."

"She always tells me to try to forget it all, to be happy. But do you know, mother, all the time, since she's known my married name, she's looked at me queerly when she has thought I wasn't noticing; as if she were considering something; as if she felt she were doing me an injury and wanted to atone. You know, mother—a kind of sorry look."

"It is a funny world," said Mrs. Courage helplessly after thinking this out for a minute or two. "And you have a life like a book, Jewel. You are that sort of girl."

xx

JOHN JEFFREY FLEET was surprised the next morning. He had all at once given orders for his things to be packed; for he had planned—suddenly, sternly, since that evening with Jewel—to be on the Continent by Christmas. There he would stay, going perhaps to the Italian Riviera, looking up old cosmopolitan friends, until—until the winter melted away in England; and from the magic of spring in Italy his thoughts would fly irresistibly—he knew they would—to the magic of spring at home. April and bluebell time; long white roads dried by sunshine, a swift car, a little coppice just off a quiet lane, a girl with her hat off and the wind playing through her short mad hair; his head upon her knees. That would bring him home in April.

He was going to tell his florists to send her a very big gilt basket of white roses at Christmas. But he would not write to her. He was going to save all the burning things he would have to say until he saw her with her hat off in the little coppice on an April day. And then? For there was more than one day in April.

"Part again," said John Jeffrey to himself, staring somberly over his solitary breakfast table. She must make no descents through any tempting of his. Above all, she must be proud, she must be strong. He could rejoice just as much in his lady's pride and her strength as he could rejoice in her love.

She was marching splendidly since she had joined the armies of the world, since she had taken her sword and raised her banner bright. And thinking of her, John Jeffrey Fleet was proud too. He was proud that she had not faltered or fallen or fainted or wept or retreated before the battle she had invoked. He loved her high head.

He knew all about the rich male clients who came so frequently to Isolde's. He knew all about the gifts they could bring. And he knew, under the new rules she had set for herself, that she refused all. It wasn't easy, said John Jeffrey tenderly to himself, for such a little girl, who had wanted so desirously all the flowers of life and none of the thorns, who had wanted so desirously to be luxuriously carried rather than walk—it wasn't easy for her to stand up so square, so straight. It wasn't easy even for him; with his fine house, his cars, his Steel Trust, his books, all his appurtenances.

He was somber this morning. So near Christmas, too; he felt joyless. He did not look forward to the southern sun. And then the surprise came. It was a letter from the fat widow woman whom he remembered seeing with Vicary on a fateful night; a letter delivered, thus early, at 9:30 in the morning, by hand, and marked, "Extremely urgent." She wrote:

Dear Mr. Fleet: We are strangers; yet I know you very well by name, and we have a mutual friend in little Jewel Courage. I have something very important to tell you; something very important to yourself, I believe. So will you put aside any engagements you may have made for this evening and dine with me here, at my flat, at seven o'clock? Rather early, but you'll know the reason for that if you'll come. Please telephone me.

John Jeffrey had made no engagement for that evening. Neither did he particularly wish to make one now, and thus. But all the same, as the memory of the fat and foolish lady who had so easily allowed herself to be squired by Vicary rose before him, he felt a recurrence of his old concerned sympathy for her. They hadn't quite played the game with her, he and Vicary—for he implicated himself, although the acquaintance was made before his innocent complicity. And so, wondering what it was she had to say to him, and not much caring, he went to his telephone to accept Mrs. Adolf Heath's invitation to dinner.

And he spent the rest of the day wondering on something more urgent—whether he should not allow himself to see Jewel once before he left for the south; whether they need, indeed, deny themselves so rigidly; whether they must actually wait, according to the stern code they had drawn for themselves, until one spring day when bluebells waved in a roadside copse.

He wondered what a young man and a young woman were achieving by such vast self-denial; whether they were achieving anything at all. He wondered if surrender to the sweetest temptation mightn't be the most divine thing life could offer; wondered if, with the world so warm, its gifts so enchanting, its opportunities so gracious, they weren't being too Spartan entirely because they did not rush together and cry, "This is forever, and we don't care!"

Because John Jeffrey Fleet, in addition to being a very sober man of business at the right times and places, was also a dreamer of dreams; he dreamed many, fierce and lovely, that day, though evening found him putting them away just the same as ever, while he dressed for dinner at Mrs. Adolf Heath's.

Her voice over the telephone that morning, answering him, had confirmed the urgency of her letter. It was most pressingly necessary, said her voice—which he remembered for its flutters—that he should come. She had understood he was going south. Yes, he was going south. Mrs. Adolf Heath had murmured indistinctly about the likelihood of his changing his plans.

In the limousine he always thought of Jewel. She seemed, somehow, part of the car, and she was missing. He came lonely, in state, out of the environs of Westminster, rushed through the quiet way into the blaze of lights circled about Hyde Park Corner toward Knightsbridge. And it seemed to him more like a lifetime than a mere year ago that he had played at changing rôles with Vicary, played earnestly and ridiculously with the wish to give the under dog a chance to be top dog and see how it felt; and then—all this had happened!

And his chauffeur drew up before the portico of Bridge Mansions, and the very same commissionaire who had received Vicary so respectfully received now John Jeffrey out of the very same car. But a year was too long a time for even the commissionaire to remember a car exactly, though to be sure he gave the brown limousine a long and thoughtful look.

John Jeffrey went up and into the rather overfurnished hall of the handsome flat, and while a maid was taking his hat and coat a door opened and Mrs. Adolf Heath came out to him.

"This is charming!" she said, offering her plump hand.

"Very charming of you," responded John Jeffrey.

"I wasn't sure if you had already gone, you know. When I sent that note by special messenger I was quite anxious. But now it is I," Mrs. Heath told him, "who will be going south and you who will be staying at home."

"Really," said John Jeffrey, with a laugh, "this gets mysteriouser and mysteriouser." And again he could not help liking this poor plump lady who had been too susceptible this time last year.

Just as she did last year, she twinkled with diamonds. Her eyes were kind, very soft and quiet. He had thought somehow that they would have been harder, more opaque, a little stony. But they were the eyes of a person who has suffered, surrendered, and is happy in the doing of it. She led him to the open door of the room she had just left. And following her in, he saw, very straight, small and slim among the decorations of Mrs. Heath's expansive drawing-room, Jewel. She stood on the hearth, looking into a great leaping red fire, with her back to the room.

It needed Mrs. Heath's voice saying, "Look, my dear, here is another guest," to rouse her from her abstractions.

And then she turned about—as if surprised at the fact of another guest; and still abstracted—and saw John Jeffrey Fleet also checked in surprise, in reluctance, and yet in eagerness too!

Mrs. Adolf Heath might not have existed, so marvelously did she fade out into the background of all her decorations. She stood back; she drew aside; she looked from her distance at their faces, and what she saw made her glad, made her sorry, made her envious, made her wistful—made her smile. Her smile was tender, triumphant, secret. She had never been a mother, for her Thomas hadn't wished for children; but yet she might have been a mother now about to produce gifts of mystery and delight. She listened avidly.

"You!" said Jewel, paling and sighing.

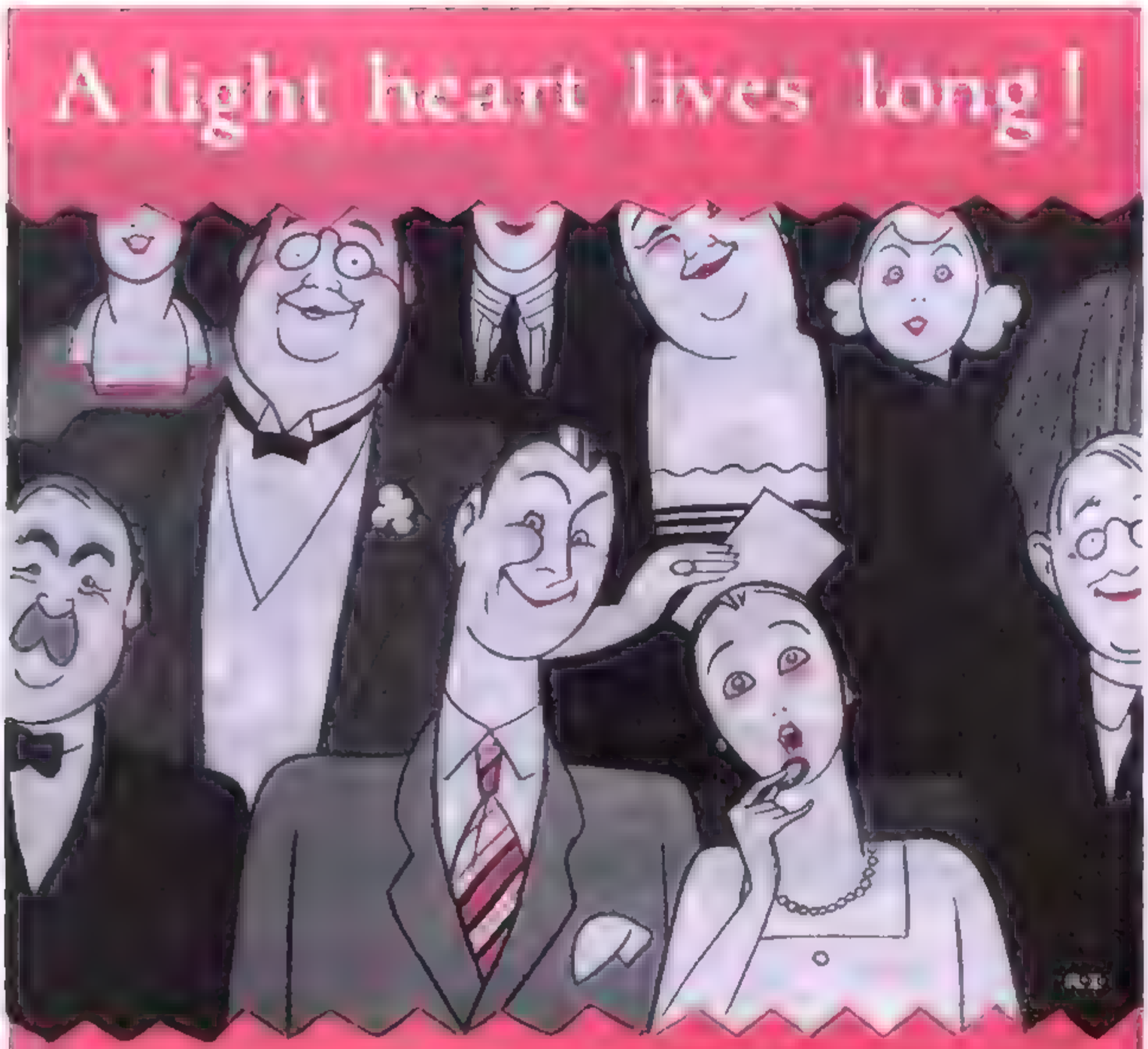
"You!" said John Jeffrey, now taking her hand.

"You didn't tell me ——" Jewel murmured, turning toward the vague presence of Mrs. Heath.

"Nor me," said John Jeffrey.

"You know, I told you," said Jewel a little incoherently, still toward the vague presence—"I told you, when you asked me

(Continued on Page 45)



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THE CAMPUS FLIRT	Starring BEBE DANIELS.	Clarence Badger	
YOU'D BE SURPRISED	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH.	Arthur Rosson	
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THE QUARTERBACK	Starring RICHARD DIX. With Esther Ralston.	Fred Newmeyer	
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EVERYBODY'S ACTING	BETTY BRONSON, Ford Sterling, Louise Dresser, Lawrence Gray, Henry Walthall and Raymond Hitchcock	Marshall Neilan	
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THE CANADIAN	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN	William Beaudine	
LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM	Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, Lawrence Gray.	Frank Tuttle	
STRANDED IN PARIS	Starring BEBE DANIELS. With James Hall and Ford Sterling	Arthur Rosson	
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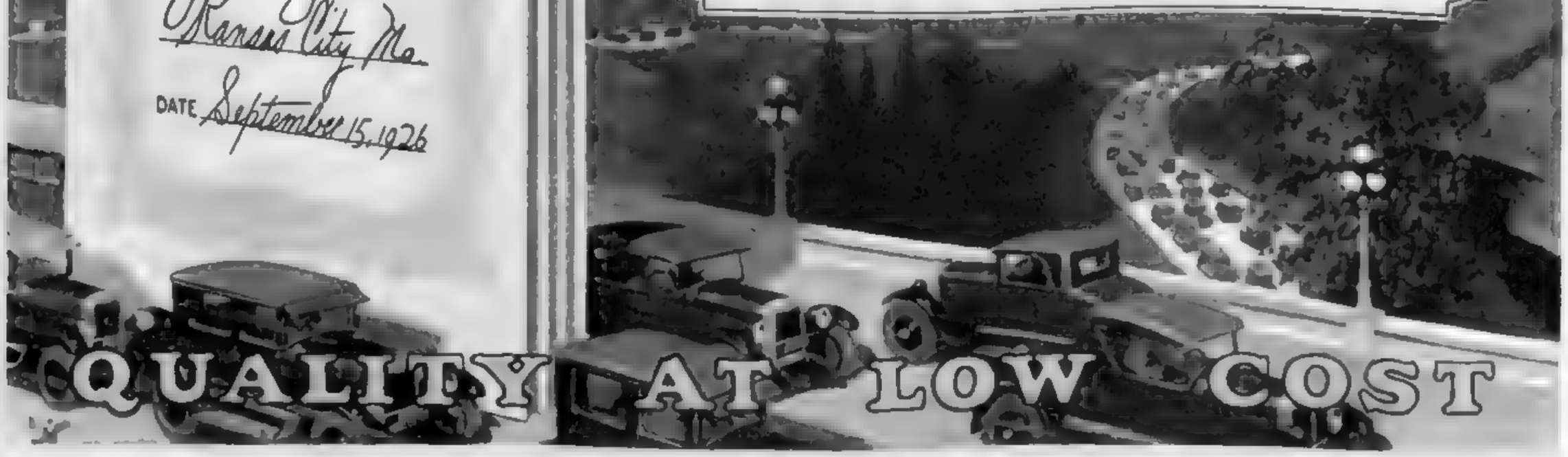

QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 42)

all about Mr. Fleet and myself, that—that—we didn't intend to see each other again for months."

"It seemed a pity," explained Mrs. Heath.

"A pity?" John Jeffrey echoed.

"It is a pity not to be happy when one can," Mrs. Heath explained. And her eyes, very soft and bright and quiet, were on their two enchanted faces. "I always mix my own cocktails," she added. "Excuse me." And the door closed behind her, and they were alone.

She might have imagined them—she did, hoping it was true—flying to each other's arms for a brief and rapturous embrace, but they did no such thing. They stood apart, their eyes falling before each other's.

"I wouldn't have come if I'd known," said Jewel steadily.

"Nor I. You do believe me, don't you?"

"I'm afraid I do."

"Jewel ——"

"But now we're here ——"

"Let us make the best of it," said John Jeffrey, smiling as steadily as Jewel had spoken.

Still, they did not advance a step toward each other across the dividing hearthrug.

"I came," said Jewel, "because she said she had something most important to tell me about."

"I too."

"As if anything could be important again!"

"Isn't life important then, Jewel? Isn't it, after your year's fighting and winning?"

"Somehow—no, nothing seems to matter very much. The new flat, the shop, the hats, all Isolde says and people say—somehow nothing matters, John Jeffrey."

"No." He knew it too. He turned his eyes from Jewel, lest they should tell her too plainly all the things he had been thinking all day. "Jewel," he asked her, "shall I stay away longer? Shall I stay away for a whole year? The firm has interests abroad, you know. I could make a hundred business reasons for staying away. Shall I go, Jewel, till ——"

"Till?"

"I don't know," said John Jeffrey.

After a long pause, she whispered, "If you were away and he came back!"

"I know! I know!" said John Jeffrey. "I can't leave you; somehow I can't. And yet, if I stay, I can't have you. What are we to do, Jewel?"

"I don't know either."

"I love you so."

In the pantry Mrs. Adolf Heath very slowly mixed cocktails. She was a long time selecting and then measuring the ingredients, and then she was extremely conscientious over the icing and shaking. She must have been in the pantry for nearly ten minutes making cocktails for three people; and all the while her eyes had that soft quiet bright look, and her mouth set in lines of decision and accomplishment. And she felt warm and satisfied, after a restless and miserable and humiliating year, in thinking, "Now we shall all be happy; we will all start fair."

So in this humor, warm and satisfied, she carried the cocktails into the drawing-room, and found the two younger people still on opposite sides of the hearth. And she smiled at them, thinking, "In just a little while—no more heartaches."

She seated them at dinner, one on either side of her, at a round table. And they talked of many things—from their divided hearts—all through the meal. Still she had not disclosed her gifts.

But at last, when dessert was on the table and the parlor maid had left the room, she said, "Now!"

She said it so briskly, so bravely, that the two younger people could not have guessed how her heart was beating, her pulses quivering, for fear of their condemnation. It might well be that they would hotly resent her months of silence. Fearing this, she leaned a little toward Jewel: "It isn't very long, after all, since I first heard your married name. I've not had very long to think matters over, so if you feel disposed to blame me, either of you, please remember that." Turning to John Jeffrey she insisted: "For quite a while I didn't know whom this child here had married."

"Need we talk of it?" said John Jeffrey.

"That," Mrs. Heath answered, "is to be our topic of conversation tonight."

Jewel remembered: "It was the night I first dined with you here."

"I asked you, and you told me," said Mrs. Heath. "I said nothing. But now the time has come when I will say everything. I knew Arthur Vicary, my dear."

"I know you did," John Jeffrey remarked.

And Jewel confirmed: "He knew you did."

"Yes," said Mrs. Heath, smiling slightly; "but there's one important fact, the most critical of all, which neither of you know. You're going to know tonight." And then the poor plump lady seemed to take her courage in both her bediamonded hands. With an intake of breath like a gasp, she continued: "When I came up to London to live about a year and a half ago, I wanted to see what I thought was life. I'd been very much married, you know, to a pretty hard man, closefisted; and a man who expected his wife to stay at home and mind the house, no matter how many servants he hired to mind it too. I was a provincial; I am a provincial now; and I know it, my dears. After a year of widowhood in the country, I got that restlessness all women get in these days who are circumstanced like me. Lots of money, freedom for the first time when you're getting on for fifty; all this modern way of slimming and cosmetics, and the dressmakers are so clever! All this modern dancing and these dancing partners to be hired, and looking almost like gentlemen! At least they look like gentlemen to innocent old fools like me! Oh, you see lots of women like me about in the dance clubs, don't you, Mr. Fleet?"

"Not nearly so nice as you," replied John Jeffrey sincerely.

"You're a dear young man," she said, smiling. "I never caught anything like you for a partner anyway. But—but women do love attention and being taken about and feeling smart, don't they, my dear?"

And this time she appealed to Jewel, who nodded and stroked her hand, and sighed, "They do."

"They do, young and old," said Mrs. Heath. "I'm telling you all this just so that you may understand me and excuse me, my dears."

"But what in the world," asked John Jeffrey gently, "have we to excuse you?"

"Wait and hear!"

The poor fat lady actually paled as she cried that. And in her nervous contrition she clutched at a hand of each. They held her hands, willing to console her for any torments she might be suffering on their behalf.

"The dressmakers got me," faltered Mrs. Heath.

"Yes, yes," Jewel nodded in sympathy.

"The b-b-beauty specialists got me."

"We know."

"The—the dancing partners got me."

"Foreign-looking men with patent-leather hair and all the parlor tricks—I know," John Jeffrey assured her.

"And novels from the circulating libraries. . . . In so many of them there was a heroine nearly as old as I and all the men mad about her."

Her hearers nodded, sympathetic, unsmiling. She tried to laugh at herself.

"Do you know, my dears, for a time I quite sort of saw myself as Cleopatra."

The laugh against herself died. "The funniest thing in the world for onlookers and the—the biggest tragedy for the fool of a performer!" She looked at the young people sitting on either side of her.

"You can't quite understand—now. But when you are my age you'll still feel young; still want all there is to have, and more. It won't occur to you that you really ought to stop playing. I came up to London, where I knew a few business acquaintances of my late husband's, and their wives. I took this flat. One's circle of acquaintances quickly enlarges if one can pay. I always paid for the kind of friends I got. I paid for the house-boat parties on the river and the dinner parties at restaurants, and everything. They were a cheap crowd, I suppose. But they knew all the things I didn't know, and they fascinated me. They all played up and made me feel one of them. It was through two or three of them that I first went to the Tree Top Club."

John Jeffrey remembered clearly the picture of her parting from one or two raffish friends at the club's portals; coming toward the car, with Vicary, in the cloak of ermine, with her ruddy face, so excited, above the royalty of the white fur. He could remember her explaining to Vicary that she really must go home. She had been coy, naïve and triumphant.

"She is going to talk of Vicary," he thought, stiffening. "She is going to talk and talk. She doesn't know when to drop a thing, to leave it out."

Indeed, it was so. "There I met Arthur Vicary," said Mrs. Adolf Heath. And now she turned to Jewel, with a little smile. "He was different from the little dancing men I was with; really, really, he seemed better than that, didn't he now?" She defended herself even against their absent criticism.

Jewel remembered Vicary, sitting lonely at a table across a shining floor; Vicary, trim and well set up in dinner clothes; so large and blond and imperturbable. "Yes, he was different," she owned.

John Jeffrey looked, frowning, at his port, his fingers twiddling about the stem of the glass tensely, as if they might at any minute snap it.

"He looked like a man," said Mrs. Heath.

Her eyes misted over; she gazed before her. She saw Vicary. And John Jeffrey, glancing up under his down-bent brows, thought: "She still hankers for him; she would still come if he called—if he would make just sufficient explanation to appease vanity. Poor woman!"

He knew, of course, that there had been a bitter quarrel between the two that evening when Vicary came out alone, with a suffocated look, from Bridge Mansions. And that, as far as John Jeffrey knew, was the last encounter, for there he had dropped that rather regrettable part of the masquerade.

"Yes, he was a man," said Mrs. Heath, with an exultant little crow in her voice; "a fine big man. Women like big men. Perhaps he was a rascal, but—women forgive so much." She repeated, smiling, retrospective, indulgent, a little angry, but not wholly so: "A rascal!"

She said it with a loving note as of forgiveness for whatever the sins of Vicary toward her might be.

John Jeffrey sighed, "You women amaze me."

And just then the clock on the mantelpiece struck eight. "My heavens!" Mrs. Adolf Heath exclaimed. "The rest of this story must go into the next minute or two. Because in half an hour I must be at Victoria Station to catch the boat train to Dover."

"You, too, are going to France for Christmas?" said Jewel, and she also sighed, at even the brief loss of another friend.

"He's staying," answered Mrs. Heath, indicating John Jeffrey, on her right.

"I? Why?"

"Listen, both of you," said Mrs. Heath. "I met Arthur often after that first evening. He knew I was wealthy. He made love to me. I loved it. I thought he was a man in a good social position, anyway—moneyed or not, I didn't care—with a desirable lot of friends and relations, moving in just the society I thought I'd always longed for. I was still fool enough not to know that I'd never have fitted in, if that were true. You see, I'd had my head turned. I married Arthur!"

(Continued on Page 47)

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(Continued from Page 45)

She held on tightly to their two hands, which had started and twitched in her clasp.

"I was glad to have it secret and quiet; I didn't want all my relations from the Midlands blowing along; I imagined he'd be so ashamed of them! He, for his part—well, I knew men hate fuss. It seemed quite natural to have a quiet wedding, and so romantic!" she sighed. "So romantic!"

With a cry John Jeffrey leaped to his feet.

"Keep calm now," Mrs. Adolf Heath begged, her arm about Jewel. "This child is all bewildered—doesn't quite know what it means to her yet. You're not married to Arthur, dear; never were."

"Not married?"

"No, not married. He married me first. I'm his wife."

"There's an ugly name for this sort of thing in law," said John Jeffrey violently. "And this man is liable to ——"

Mrs. Adolf Heath hushed him again with a strangely dignified, grieved, authoritative little gesture.

"Give me another minute or two, Mr. Fleet. What you say is right; but—please! No harm has been done. I want to explain to both of you why I haven't told before. When I found out on our wedding day that he hadn't any fine friends, that he was just a chauffeur, just a fraud victimizing a woman, I was so furious I turned him out of my flat and told him he'd never have a penny from me." Again John Jeffrey recalled that rageful exit.

"Much as he treated you, my dear," she said, turning to the silent Jewel, "I treated him. I promise you he didn't want to stay when he heard what I had to say! And I was so ashamed of myself! So bitterly humiliated! I didn't want anyone to know, specially my friends and relations in the Midlands, who had sneered at me for coming up to London at all. They would have enjoyed it so! And so, when he went out that night and never came back—he knew I meant what I said—for days and weeks I held my breath, thinking he'd begin to worry me, to try to get round me, to blackmail me even. But no. He said nothing, and I said nothing. I was only too thankful for the silence. Then I heard he'd suddenly left his employment here and gone abroad. How did I know? I rang up your house one day, Mr. Fleet, because I couldn't bear the suspense any longer. I wanted to settle something safe. That was last January. And a servant answered that he had left and gone abroad. My thankfulness! It seemed too good to be true! I didn't seem to deserve such luck!"

"I'm not married!" Jewel repeated.

"You soon will be," said Mrs. Adolf Heath.

"You soon will be," said John Jeffrey.

"Later," said Mrs. Heath, "I knew he'd married Jewel and deserted her, and I had a fight with myself. I tried to tell myself she was quite happy as she was, succeeding in business, and that if he ever worried her, why, I—I would perhaps do something then. I tell you both—and please believe it—sometimes I've been in hell trying to excuse myself to myself for my part in the affair. And now I've told; I've shown you the old fool as she is, and I'm glad."

Then she rose and rang a bell and said to a maid, "Is the car there and is my bag packed? Is everything ready?" And the maid brought a fur coat and put it over the black satin dress she was wearing, and a hat which Mrs. Heath commenced to adjust before a mirror, one of Isolde's hats. All this while the two at the table did not speak.

Her back to them, at the mirror, Mrs. Heath said unsteadily: "I know why I've been so miserable all this year. Not only hurt vanity, not only anger—I—I love Arthur. And when this morning this came ——"

She turned and laid on the table before John Jeffrey Fleet a telegram, sent from Cannes. Vicary wired:

I am desperately ill here. Won't you help me? ARTHUR.

"When I read that, early this morning, I knew instantly what I would do," said Mrs. Heath, her voice steady again. "I wired that I was coming. I set my few affairs in order, asked you two to dine here and hear this; and I'm crossing by the night boat. I'm going to my husband, and he's going to be my husband and I'm going to be his wife. I can put him into another position with my money. We're going to weather it all quite all right, if ——"

John Jeffrey looked up under his downbent brows, from his reading and rereading of the telegram. "If?"

"—— if you don't talk any more about—ugly legal names for what's been done; if you two will let well enough alone. We shall live abroad a lot, I expect, if"—she said it with an imploring smile—"you'll let us."

Jewel got up and threw her arms about this fat, foolish woman's neck. "We want you to be happy, both of us."

"We have no reason to say anything," said John Jeffrey Fleet slowly. "I suppose silence suits us all."

First, Mrs. Adolf Heath hugged and kissed Jewel; then, determinedly, with tears, she hugged and kissed John Jeffrey. Then, with surprising speed, she was finally gone.

And Jewel and John Jeffrey stood looking at each other. They moved together without a word and were in each other's arms. And resting there, at length she murmured, the joy of all release and surcease in her eyes, "Oh, what a year it's been! What a year!"

"And, oh," said John Jeffrey Fleet, "what years will come! What years! What years!"

(THE END)

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 34)

Who's She?—Lucy Stone Terrill

I certainly do not believe that the present youthful generation is as alarming as it is advertised to be. But neither do symbols of our sex-subordination, such as wedding rings and the prefix "Mrs." excite me belligerently. The most emancipated wives of my acquaintance have found Love to be Liberty enough, if leavened with the spice of humor and the salt of common sense.

2. How did you get your war material?

A. I went overseas with one of our best-maligned welfare organizations, and was stationed in France and Luxemburg. What I learned of war and the men who fight it, I gained from personal observation, from the honest and often startling confidences of all classes of combatants, and from the lips of fine foreign women, peasant and aristocrat, who gave their gallant laughter and gay words to others and kept their grief to themselves.

3. Have you ever really lived in Wyoming?

A. Oh, yes, very really. And before Wyoming was summerized. The state and I were children together. I got away as soon as I could, but no more inspiring vision ever flashes across "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude" than my memory of the great blue Big Horn Mountains, snow-capped and beautiful, close to the stars.

4. Where is your home?

A. If one's home is where the heart is, then my home, for the greater part, has been the Highway, my camp-fire's smoke most nearly touching heaven from the hills of Honolulu and of Southern California. I have "stopped over" in many states, and for brief intervals in Europe and the Orient. Just now I am "stopping over," and very actively, on a farm in Southwest Florida. I am convinced that the avocation of farming is too strong a mate for the vocation of writing, and my husband and I are agreed that farmers are born and not initiated, but farming is a habit which, if contracted late in life, has the hope-holding death grip of opium. Our farm was not an inspiration of the recent boom, but was a pre-boom acquisition of honorable horticultural intentions to which we have been faithful, despite last year's advancing subdivisions where now the noiseless feet of boom-ghosts dance down the silent cement sidewalks that run to the very gates of our small orange grove.

George Agnew Chamberlain

Bahia, having sent me out to corner the educational book market in 1901, when I was fresh from specializing in English literature and the romance languages at Princeton.

Before graduating from Lawrenceville in 1898, I attended schools in Brooklyn, New York; Greenwich, Connecticut; Media, Pennsylvania; and Northfield, Massachusetts, where I ran foul of the blizzard of 1888. For a long time I considered that this greatest of all recorded snowstorms had been especially arranged to pay me back for my rage at learning that snow does not come down in snowballs, ready to throw, but in microscopic flakes. I had made this tragic discovery during the previous winter from a window in a large house in Ten Broeck Street, Albany, where I had just arrived from South America on a visit to my grandmother, seven years and eight months after having been born in São Paulo, Brazil.

Watch This Column

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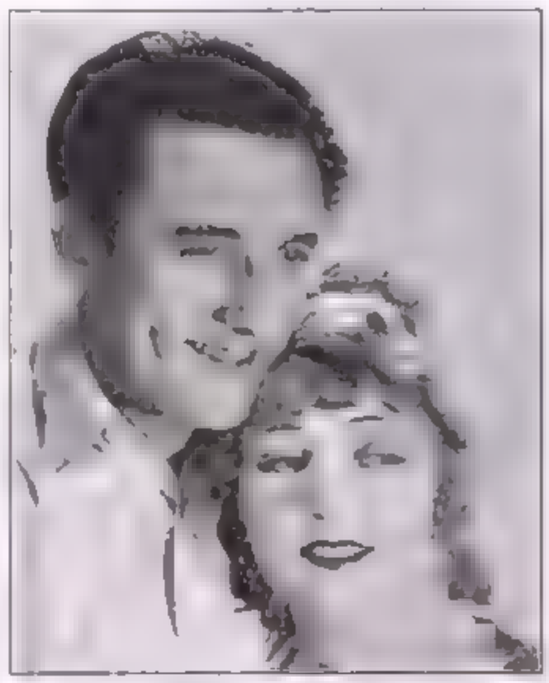

BELLE BENNETT and HENRY VICTOR
in "The Fourth Commandment"

If you enjoy a real American home-drama, as I am sure you do, you will be delighted with Universal's *"The Fourth Commandment,"* and the star, BELLE BENNETT, whose ability to enact emotional rôles, has made her one of the most popular of the screen celebrities.

In *"The Fourth Commandment,"* an Emory Johnson production, she is called upon for a wide range of talent. She begins as a young girl in her twenties and runs the cycle of human emotions. The gradual transformation is a work of art, and my personal tribute is offered after seeing the picture.

The story, by Emilie Johnson, deals with a young husband who brought his mother to live with him after his marriage. His wife, young, impulsive, jealous, conceives the idea that he loves his mother more than he does his wife. And herein lies the tragedy which has happened in many homes and will happen in many more homes as the world moves on.

BELLE BENNETT is the wife. MARY CARR is the mother. Yet, JUNE MARLOWE, HENRY VICTOR and KATHLEEN MYERS are highly important to the plot, and acquit themselves with unusual credit. When you see it, please write me your personal comments.

If you want to give the kiddies—and YOURSELF—a real treat next week, ask your theater manager today if he has arranged to show the special two reel comedy release, *"Snookums' Merry Christmas."* Of course, it has the usual rollicking comedy that you expect from this lovable baby in *"The Newlyweds and Their Baby"* series from the George McManus cartoons, but Stern Brothers, the producers, also had the happy idea of giving it a Yuletide touch that I know will delight you.

You'll have to speak to your theater manager about it, if he has not already announced the showing, because it is a new subject available just in time for Santa Claus' arrival.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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Good Hunting Without a Gun

By RAYMOND S. SPEARS

"I DON'T take a gun with me when I look for fur country," an old trapper said, explaining his craft, "for I don't learn anything from dead game. When I'm barehanded I see the tracks of animals, hear their voices and watch their ways. A hunter is satisfied if he plants a bullet home in his victim, and figures the hide, horns or meat is his booty. But my work is to find where game goes and whence the fur is coming.

"The trapper doesn't care to shoot fur. Shot and bullet holes spoil the pelts and cut their value probably 10 to 50 per cent. A hole through a silver fox neck or head might knock a hundred dollars off the price. But a lot of woodsmen mistake hunting for trapping. They forget that the essence of trapping is silence with knowledge. Tracks in the snow, gunshots and passing humans alarm and drive away foxes and add no mink or otter to a man's catch. I set traps in the autumn to catch otter in the spring sometimes. A man, to do this, has to know the difference between autumnal and vernal wild-life conditions."

Through the Eye of a Hunter

"Some people regard hunting as merely walking through the woods, looking to right and left for game. If game is plenty one may see deer, grouse, moose and even bears by chance in this way. But one should know where game sleeps by day and by night, where it drinks in the morning and feeds after the sun is out, and it means all the difference between failure and success if it is a nut year or not, if there is an old burning with chokecherries or a swale with succulent roots where deer and bear are to be found in the hunting open season.

"If raspberries, blueberries, lily pads and other spring and summer feed are plenty, it will make a difference in the autumn of an hour or so in the time deer come out in the afternoon from their hidden beds. Bright moonlight nights will change animal habits during the period. And I am obliged to watch the beech trees and take note of the spring frosts and flower-killing rains in order to figure out where the pekan, marten, ermine, foxes and other beasts of prey are going to be when the fur comes prime six months later.

"A forest fire whose ashes leach with rain into brooks and creeks will kill the fish in the streams and this will drive the mink and otter from their usual runways, perhaps for two or three years. But when an old burning begins to grow up and it becomes alive with mice, chipmunks, nesting birds and other prey of foxes, I know where to skirt along to find the red pelts, and sometimes the inbred cross-fox, silver or black fox.

"Now that beaver are returning into the forests of the Eastern states, they are changing conditions markedly where their ponds are overflowed. Wild birds like to nest in the dead stubs and in the islands of the shallow ponds. The water harbors many muskrats as well as beaver. More fish can live in a beaver pond than down the stony creek bed which has been dammed. Not only do I catch a few beaver but I find more animals live in the same region, especially mink and otter.

"Otter fight beaver. This is a hunting weasel against a wise and courageous rodent. An old otter is not so anxious to fight a beaver as a young one. I find evidences of discretion among the creatures as they grow older. A young fox will take more chances than an old one. An old black bear is, I suppose, the most furtive and cautious animal in the Eastern wilds, though the panther, or cougar, has this reputation.

"By reading the mud bars, the sand banks, the runways and the scratchings of animals where they feed, I take a kind of census of wilderness conditions. I find that every animal has its own range. But there is a great difference in wild creatures, for some are wandering vagabonds and some stay-at-homes. And some animals have streaks of sauntering which take them far from their own dens and ridges. I am obliged to become thoroughly acquainted with the creatures of all my territory. If hunters kill a lot of deer in one locality, this brings into the compass of a ridge or valley the night-prowling devourers of waste—foxes, pekan, marten, ermine all come to the slaughter grounds. After the deer-hunting season closes I visit the hunting country where sports are fed by the good marksmanship of their guides, and pick up a bear or two, or even more valuable animals of beautiful pelage, shooting the one with a rifle and catching the furs with spot sets where the meat eaters have made temporary runways.

"But my good luck follows my care in watching the little things. I one time saw three dark foxes in a litter of seven. This was far back and in a valley no one else trapped and few hunters visited. Two years later I went there and caught all three of the black foxes and two fine reds, which graded Northwesterns because they lived in green timber and did not cover up in holes where sand or dirt rubbed and shortened the fur, spoiling the gloss. The pups were worth only a few dollars, but as adults they were worth nearly a winter's wages—and I drew those wages by studying the fox families when my fellow trappers were busy fishing for trout on the rifts."

A Social Lapse

"When I study fur conditions six weeks in the spring it adds about 25 to 50 per cent the coming winter in actual fur catch. A man sees what he looks for. When I am hunting with my .30-30 carbine I see deer and bear tracks, and when I have my .22 rim-fire automatic, I see grouse, rabbits and baits. I suppose this is something psychological. I know, though, that if I leave my firearms at home I discover flowers I never saw before, birds' nests and trees where marten and pekan have their dens. Probably I should never have seen a yearling fox playing with a two-month-old bear like two puppies if I hadn't left my firearms at home. And the snort of the old mother bear when she discovered her cub's associate looked exactly as though she was sticking up her nose at mighty poor woods society. The old bear had a white ear and I saw her six or seven summers, but never when I had a gun. She was a proud and comical old girl and I used to feel good because I couldn't shoot her. And the last time I saw her she was shambling back into the high green timber in nearly two feet of snow on her way to den up. She looked gray and aged and carried her head low. I could see, too, that she was thin—no beechnuts that autumn—so I guess that was when she stayed denned up for all time."

Amethyst Lake, Tonquin Valley, Jasper National Park, Alberta, Canada

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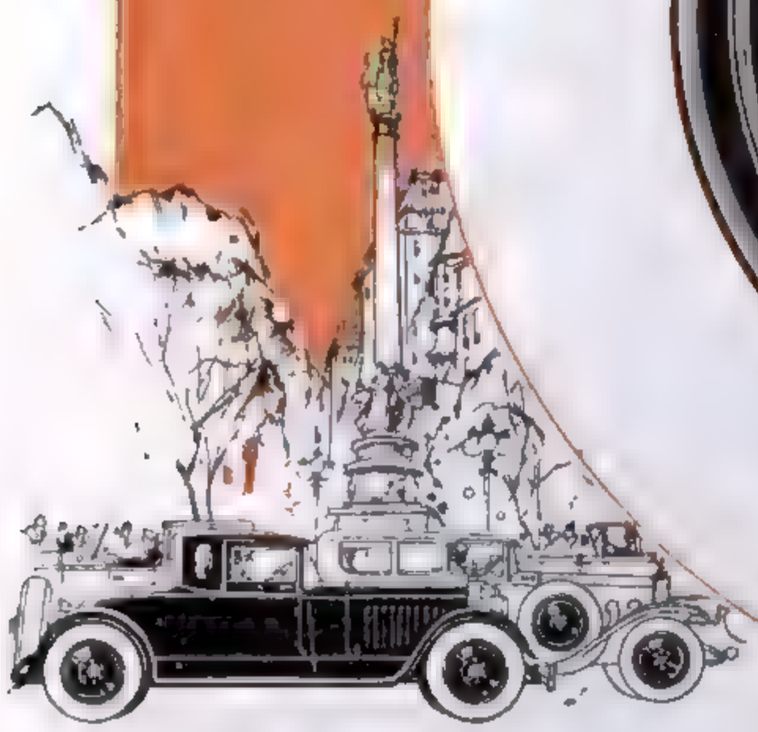

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THE WEAKER SEX

(Continued from Page 11)

bench. And the latter, apparently conscious of that inspection, seemed dun and small and shrunken under the shadow of the more vigorous and vital figure in sweater and plaited flannel.

"There's not a great deal to Hetty," said Cyril with his habitual laugh of conciliation, "but in her way she's quite a character."

"But besides being a maid," observed the robust-bodied girl with the racket, "she looks as if a good wind would blow her away."

"It probably would," agreed Cyril as they continued on their way to the swimming pool.

II

THE swimming pool was a cemented rectangle at the head of the lake cove, rimmed with marble backed in turn by a colonnade of white pillars overgrown with wistaria vines. Most of the swimmers there, Cyril noticed as he waited for Laura to come out from the dressing room behind the Italian grotto, were women—women and girls. And he was conscious, as he sat down and lighted a cigarette, of much color and noise and movement after quietness.

It was the color, most of all, that impressed him—the pallid blue of the pool water deepening in the open lake beyond the slate-green float where a dozen swimmers in variously tinted suits basked like seals in the afternoon sunlight. Above the pergola tops and the gray-timbered diving tower loomed the deeper green of the tree-shadowed lake bank, broken by the lacquered red roof of a Japanese summerhouse. Across the open throat of the pool, as he looked, slowly drifted a vermilion canoe holding a girl in an azure sweater, a rose-colored parasol tilted behind her, and a youth with a blue-and-white blazer trailing a yellow paddle in his hand. Beyond them, sulking away from the commotion, two white swans cruised along the darker green shore line of the open lake. And in a row along the lip of the pool sat half a dozen women in their meager water suits of old rose and beryl green and magenta and flowered satin, their varicolored rubber diving caps making them look like helmeted Minervas and their momentary quietness seeming in strange contrast to the turbulence of the younger set about the pool-end diving board.

But Cyril's gaze the next moment remained fixed on the figure in Pompeian red going up the diving-tower ladder. That, he knew, was Laura. There was no cap on her dark bobbed head, her arms and legs were bare, and the vivid woven fabric that covered the compact torso tended to accentuate a perplexing Diana-like hardness of outline which he had already observed in the figures about the pool's rim.

Yet his glance remained absorbed as he watched Laura mount the tower top and stand poised against the blue sky, assured, impassive, mysteriously detached from the rest of the world. He could see the sun on her firm brown thighs, on her mulatto-dark shoulders, on the columnar tawny neck with something imperial in its sweep. He was proud of her strength. The thought of her vitality had the trick of rather taking his breath. Yet as she backed away from the tower edge and gathered herself together for the short run down the burlaped plank, for the clump of bare firm feet on the springboard that sent her body hurtling up into the air, that pride was succeeded by a wordless vague resentment. He knew, as the lithe brown body did a double turn in the air and straightened out and arrowed headfirst into the pool water, the same faint indefinable tinge of animosity that had overtaken him as he watched her tee off, the day before, with a long screamer that went arching triumphantly over the far-distant bunker.

It wasn't, he inwardly contended while he watched the pool surface and the quick flip of the familiar bobbed head as the swimmer's shoulders emerged again, the expeditious jerk to clear the brown face of its wet fringe—it wasn't that he was in any way jealous of her strength. But it tended, in a ghostly sort of way, to disconcert him, to throw a coloring of disquiet across his new-found pride of possession. And his smile was slightly forced as he returned Laura's careless hand wave from the water.

He continued to watch her, however, as she swam with quiet and easy strokes back to the tower ladder, and as slowly and meditatively mounted the gray-timbered throne. She stood this time on the edge of the springboard, her brown feet close together, the strong-muscled brown legs touching at the knees, the poised shoulders thrown a little back. For a moment or two she stared intently down at the water, absorbed in her own unknown thoughts. Then he saw her body tense, draw in on itself, at the same moment that the tapering brown fingers met in a point above her head. The next moment, obviously, the brain had telegraphed its intention to the taut limbs, for the poised body mounted magically into the air, poised for a brief second or two at the crest of its parabola, then doubled and straightened and went flashing waterward in a down-swooping swan dive that took it below the surface in an eddy of white commotion little bigger than a coffee cup.

She rather startled him, when she came up, by emerging within five feet of where he loitered on the pool lip.

"It's heavenly!" she gasped as she caught at the marble rim so close to his feet. "Won't you try it?"

"That last one was a beauty," he evaded, wondering, as he glanced about the pool sides, if it was the universal brownness of all that bare skin that produced the effect of sexlessness, that seemed to leave such little difference between male and female, that tended to depersonalize the very figures it should have revealed more openly and more individualized.

"But won't you try it?" she persisted, a little drunk with motion and excitement.

"D' you want to see me make a splash that would empty the pool?" he demanded with his protectional mock solemnity.

"I'd rather see you do that than not try," she said after a moment of silence.

"But, darling, I'm not a swimmer," he reminded her.

"But you're a man," she retorted in a tone that deepened his color.

"Merely a two-cylinder one," he amended with his forced laugh.

"Then I'd make myself into a six, or blow up," averred Laura, a curter note in her answering laugh.

"But I don't want to blow up," protested the thin-faced man on the bench. "Life is never more precious, my dear, than when we have one foot in the grave."

She studied him out of a narrowed eye. "I like you least when you joke most about your weakness," she said with unexpected abruptness. And his wince was a perceptible one.

"We can't all be Hercules," he remarked with a coerced calmness that was lost on the brown-shouldered woman in the water. "Just," he added, after taking a deeper breath, "as we can't all be Chesterfields."

"Is that a slam at me?" demanded the muscular dryad clinging to the pool rim.

"It's merely an observation on life in general," was Cyril's quietly spoken reply. He was able to smile again, though there was a touch of wintriness in his effort at fortitude. Yet she knew from his face that she had hurt him. And she wondered in her groping way why she warmed to him least in surroundings like this; why some perverse instinct should flatten out the mounting flame of her young affection.

"Women like strength in a man," she reminded both herself and her companion. "They like to think ——"

But before she could complete that assuaging confession she was interrupted by a blithely hallooing voice from across the pool.

"Let's work out that twister today, Lorry," called a broad-shouldered youth in an overpictorial white-and-blue bathing suit.

"All right," answered the girl as she dropped away from the pool lip. She was swimming, Cyril could see, with an impatient quick crawl stroke that kept her face under the surface of the water for most of the time. Her flashing body, as she traversed the pool, made him think of an amphibian, as much at home in one element as the other. He watched her as she emerged, wet and shimmering like a sea fish, and started her impassive climb to the diving-tower platform. He saw the sunburned Achilles in blue-and-white follow her—the thick-necked, thick-chested, muscular-limbed youth who looked as though he might have stepped out of an Athenian frieze.

The one thing that lightened the tension of envy about Cyril's heart was the discovery that the youth in question, with his bony jaw and his low flat brow, gave more promise of brawn than of brain. As an animal he was incontestably superb—as superb in his own way as the sun-browned body of the girl beside him was superb. But he impressed the older man as one of the newer barbarians considerably more interested in their muscles than in their mental backgrounds. The country was full of them, he remembered—these aggressive adolescent athletes with their empty heads and their beautifully trained bodies; these stadium heroes who seemed to animalize the civilization that made possible their idleness; these sports-loving women with their hardened torsos and their new-fangled cult of the calisthenic.

But Cyril sighed aloud as he stared up at the two figures poised on the tower top; the figures that exploded into sudden action even as he looked, and curved and arrowed down into the ruffled pool water and came up laughing and went lashing past him in an impromptu race to the pool end and back. And Cyril stood thoughtful, watching them. A perfect body, after all, was not to be lightly sneered at. It was the materializing of a racial ideal. The world in the end was the better for such stock. The instinct that abjured the inefficient, that scorned the weakling, was both incontestable and enduring; and no man is happy in the face of scorn.

Cyril's lips were set in a firmer line as he rounded his bench and walked over to where Laura stood sunning her wet body beside the gray-timbered tower. She was still breathing deeper from her struggle in the pool. Cyril could see the full rise and fall of the wet bodice of woven wool stretched tight across the flattened Amazonian breast. And in an effort to escape an abashment that was still inescapable he gestured lightly toward the tower top.

"I'm going to try that tomorrow morning," was his altogether unexpected proclamation. He tried to say it casually. But there was a tremolo of emotion in his voice as he spoke.

The Achilles in blue-and-white stared with indolent curiosity at the older man. He even smiled a little as he folded his overample brown biceps across his overample broad chest.

But there was no laughter in Laura's eyes as she studied the face of the man she had promised to marry. "Honest?"

"Honest," he replied, reminding himself that it was foolish to be vocal before a generation not greatly given to speech.

III

THE morning air was still cool as Cyril Crevier climbed to the top of the diving tower. And Cyril's blanched and bony

(Continued on Page 53)

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(Continued from Page 51)

body felt that coolness as the sunrise breeze played on those meager surfaces so little inured to exposure. It tended to chill his blood and something more. It also chilled that inward mental ardor which had brought him early out of bed and across the empty gardens to the still emptier swimming pool.

He found, in fact, nothing gay about that place of gayety. It impressed him as a silent and sinister arena as placidly awaiting invasion as the Colosseum once awaited its victims. There was an unpleasantly oily look to the water itself, and an equally unpleasant hardness of outline to the white-lipped basin that obviously had a bottom as invulnerable as rock. And he discovered, when he reached the top of the tower, that it stood much higher above the pool surface than he had imagined.

That tower top, in fact, seemed terrifyingly high to him. It made him a trifle dizzy even to look down at the sun-refracting water so far beneath his feet. And the thought of flinging himself into that water, of imperiling the body which every instinct of his being at once prompted him to protect, brought a disagreeable feeling of tightness under his breastbone. He could swim after a fashion, but he had never been one of those cold-water heroes who could break film ice for a morning header. But no one, he remembered, loved a coward. And he had come out to that pool for a purpose that was not to be evaded. He had his scattered legions of manhood to reclaim.

"Here goes!" he said under his breath.

His jaw was shut tight. There was, too, a numb coldness about his hands and feet as he walked cautiously out to the end of the burlap-covered springboard. But he compelled himself to keep moving forward until he stood on the perilous tip of that none too stable perch. He stood there, firmly resisting the impulse to retreat. He held his ground, with his hands clenched, compelling his gaze towards the sickly blue surface that seemed to lie as far beneath him as though he were gazing down at it from the top of the Eiffel Tower. Yet he repressed the faint shudder that flickered through his chilled body, forlornly telling himself that mind, after all, ineluctably controlled matter, that courage was something rooted in the soul itself, and that the achieved fortitude which came from fear overthrown was not the most negligible form of bravery.

But the body, he discovered—the timorous, shrinking, human body—was not always the willing servant of the spirit. There was no earthly reason, some subliminal voice kept whispering to him, why he couldn't quietly back away from that perilous brink, descend from that empty tower top, and walk sedately home through the pleasant August sunlight and put on his clothes and face a not altogether unpleasant world with a whole skin and an unruptured peritoneum.

But he would face that world, he remembered, with an unquiet mind, with the shamed and frustrate spirit of the quitter, his soul bearing the brand of the weakling. And that implied a sharper pain than any passing pang that could be imposed on the flesh.

Already, he knew, it was too late to draw back. Yet he continued to stand there, staring long and intently down at the pool water below him, small tremors of hesitation still eddying through his body. He even tried shutting his eyes, in the forlorn hope that it might be easier to take it blindly. But that, he concluded, would give him no chance to time and control his dive and would only add to the final danger of his leap. It had to be taken consciously, deliberately, honestly. And it wasn't an easy thing to do, he acknowledged, as a recurring faint wave of nausea went through his body. It seemed, in fact, an impossible thing to do. Yet it must, in some way, be done.

He was still staring inertly down at the water when he heard an echoing contralto shout from the garden slopes beyond the swan pond. It came up to him, fresh and clear and companionable. And he saw, when he guardedly turned and looked down, that it was Laura Conquerall calling out to him.

She was in her bathing suit, with a flowered cerise beach robe thrown over her shoulders, and as she hurried on toward the swimming pool she waved a hand to him. It impressed him as a gayly triumphant gesture; a proclamation of pride which, he ruefully remembered, he in no way merited. She was congratulating him in pantomime for his courage, for something which he did not possess. And that, in his abysmal terror of terrors, left him only one thing to do. He couldn't draw back. Whatever it cost, now he would have to see it through. He hadn't the courage to be a coward; he couldn't be a coward, openly, unequivocally, before the very eyes of the woman he was going to marry.

He swallowed the lump in his throat and took a deep breath, lifting his sweat-moistened hands slowly above his head as he did so. Then with a small whimper of desperation, he let his body go hurtling out into space, diving headforemost toward the pool surface. The water leaped up at him, slapped against his body with an appalling sense of shock, swallowed him up in a tumultuous green torrent that brought a sudden ringing in his ears and an iron band of pain about his air-starved lungs. He went down, down, through incredible strangling green depths which he fought blindly, which refused to release their hold on him. When he found no air where air was the one thing his aching body demanded, he became panicky, and choked and shouted aloud and scarcely knew when he was threshing on the surface and when he was under again.

He knew then that he was drowning. He was drowning, wretchedly and hopelessly, absurdly, on this sun-bathed August morning when the world had seemed so acceptable a place, when life, only the day before, had so openly been recognized as pleasant. He was drowning, he drunkenly repeated to himself as he fought against that fate. And with the instinct of his kind he lay ready to catch and cling to anything that offered support, that would hold him above those stifling green depths, that would give him one precious moment to clear his lungs and collect his thoughts.

His support in this case happened to be a brown-skinned girl who perceived that struggling body and tossed aside her beach robe and took one clean-cut header into the pool water, coming up collected and clear-thoughted beside the churning desperation fighting for the breath denied it.

Cyril had no knowledge of what he was clinging to, of the strong brown fingers that fought to release his clutch. He clawed and clung to her hair, to her arms, to her half-rent bathing suit, to the columnar brown neck that kept so steadily and so courageously above the water. But she realized, as he clung to her, that this sort of thing could not go on, that she could never get him ashore thus hampered. So she forced back her shoulders, straining away from him. She drew back, treading water as she waited for her opening. Then, when his inert face was half turned toward her, she struck him savagely on the temple with her clenched fist. She struck him adroitly, efficiently, stunning him with the blow. And when the fighting body relapsed into quietness she expeditiously towed him to the shallow end of the pool, where a much-flustered undergardener helped her get him up on one of the stone benches and went running to the house for brandy and blankets.

These, however, were not needed, for when Natalie Rader and a handful of her terrified house guests came tumbling down to the pool, shouting and half dressed, they found Cyril propped against a colonnade post steaming in the sun and rather morosely smoking a cigarette. He protested, somewhat curtly, that he was all right and would be obliged if they'd leave him alone for a few minutes. So it was about Laura that the excited small group clustered, demanding details.

"He was diving from the tower," explained the girl in the cerise beach robe, "and when he flattened out before he struck the water it stunned him and I had to go in after him."

"Why, child," gasped Cyril's sister, "you saved his life!"

Laura's color deepened before that intent gaze of admiration, and she seemed none too happy in the clasp—the impulsively affectionate clasp—of the older woman.

"I think it's beautiful," said Natalie, "that it should turn out to be you and Cyril this way, that you should have a bond like this between you."

"He doesn't seem to feel that way," observed Laura as she glanced at the silent and self-immured figure leaning against the colonnade pillar.

"But he's bound to be grateful, dear, when he realizes what you've done for him. It's not every day that a man has his life saved—and saved by the woman he loves. It's beautiful!"

"Cyril doesn't seem to think so," said the still perplexed Laura as she stooped to wring the water out of her dripping jersey rim.

IV

CYRIL surprised those of his family who knew him best, during the days that followed his near drowning, by showing no bodily ill effects from his ordeal. And he surprised them even more, indeed, by an obvious absence of gratitude to the young woman who had saved his life, and an equally obvious tendency to avoid her company. But, as Natalie pointed out, he seemed to be avoiding the company of everybody.

And above everything else he shunned the swimming pool, especially during the hours when it was crowded with its laughing and romping bevy of half-clad young barbarians. Even their voices left him morose and restless. When he accidentally confronted them in their flamboyant robes and bathing suits he abruptly turned aside and headed for another part of the estate. When at dinner they fell to talking about their aquatic feats, about the trudgen stroke and the dead-man's float and the jackknife dive, he drew into himself as completely as a turtle head withdraws into its shell. He seemed to hate those brown-shouldered and strong-limbed amphibians, especially the women, who spent half their days in the water; and on more than one occasion he spoke of them as Amazons.

He formed the habit, in fact, of spending a good deal of his time with his sister Natalie's children. He even trudged after them in the governess' cart and showed them how to make camp fires and a tepee out of birch poles, and insisted that Hetty Barr should be the pale-face captive around whom they danced before their prisoner was summarily dispatched by tomahawk blows on a satisfactorily scalped head. He made a box kite for them and showed them how to catch sunfish from the lily pond, and had a full-rigged sloop, a foot and a half long, sent out from the city, and solemnly played mumble-the-peg with Hetty while the boys piloted their new craft along the pond edge and pretty well ruined two perfectly good white duck sailor suits and voted their Uncle Cyril to full membership in the timeless order of good scouts. And although the quiet-voiced Hetty took no part in that demonstration, her deep-shadowed eyes acquired the habit of resting on Cyril's lean face with a perplexed sort of adoration that brought a touch of his lost faith in his manhood back to him. He could even succeed, now and then, in stirring her into open laughter. And once, when he solemnly though somewhat untruthfully told her she was getting as fat as a seal, he brought an unexpected flush up across the pale face with the overardent eyes.

"Hetty," he said as he drew patterns on the walk gravel, "I'd like to know more about you."

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"I'm your sister's maid," she quietly reminded him.

"That's what I'm trying to get at," he persisted. "What ever made you want to be a range rider for a pair of imps like this?"

"I love 'em," said Hetty.

"But you don't love this sort of life," proclaimed Cyril.

"Why do you say that?"

"I know by the way you act. Or rather by the way you don't act. You're merely waiting for something. You're merely sitting tight and putting in time. And you impress me as being as much out of your element here as I'd be in—in that diving pool over there."

"I'd rather not talk about those things," was Hetty's discouragingly candid reply.

"But I've a hunger—a real hunger—to know," averred the man sitting on the grass bank.

"That's kind of you," acknowledged Hetty; "but wasn't it Wilde who said life was much too important a thing to talk about seriously?"

"It was," acknowledged Cyril. "But you're too intelligent and understanding and too mentally alive not to leave me smelling a rat somewhere; in fact, a whole Hamelin army of rats. And I want to see my suspicions verified."

"What suspicions?" parried the dusky-eyed Hetty.

"That you're not a renegade in some way."

"I wish I could satisfy your appetite for romance," observed the thin-faced girl in the democratizing black service suit. "But I've no dark secret to reveal."

"But before this?" he persisted.

Hetty laughed, and grew suddenly solemn again.

"I was the sixth daughter of a Nova Scotia minister, if you know what that means," said the girl with the abruptly sobering face. "A minister who died of overwork and underpay. So I came down to New York to make my own way in the world. And I thought I was doing it, at library work, until I had a breakdown. They told me then that I'd have to live in the open air, that I'd have to have quietness and nourishing food, that I'd better try some good sanitarium for a year or two. But sanitariums, I found, cost money, and mine was all gone. So when your sister advertised for an English nurse, for someone to look after her two boys out here in the country, I applied for the job. And it seems almost like cheating to take money for it."

Cyril sat silent for several long moments.

"So that's the bodeful skeleton!" he finally observed. "And do you seem to be getting stronger?"

"Who wouldn't, under conditions like these?" demanded Hetty, preferring not to meet his eye. "I'm in the open air all day; I live on the fat of the land; and I've learned to sleep once more. That's why I claim it's almost like cheating."

"Natalie says you're a wonder with the imps," Cyril casually reminded her.

"We have to do something to justify our existence," just as casually observed the girl with the Hosea-like eyebrows.

"But aren't you lonely?" asked Cyril

"Of course," admitted the girl, after one of her quick searching glances up into his face. "But life is a rather lonely affair, don't you think, at the best?"

"It is when we don't manage it right," agreed the idler who had found so few friendships to bridge the abyss of man's essential desolation of spirit.

"But how is one to change it?" asked the thoughtful-eyed girl as she got up to go to her charges.

"Let's talk about that tomorrow," Cyril answered with an achieved lightness of tone that contrasted oddly with the soberness of his scrutiny as he watched her move away down the garden path toward two wildly hallooing boys.

But Cyril, the next day, didn't talk about the loneliness of life with Hetty Barr. He got no glimpse of her, in fact, until late in the afternoon, and then under conditions not primarily favorable to conversation. For while most of the countryside was over at the polo field, watching the Rumson Ramblers outride the visiting team from Westbury, Cyril wandered about an empty world. He tried to tell himself that he liked being alone, that it gave him a chance to work out his own private and particular philosophy of life.

He was thinking mostly of Laura Conquerall, who had been rather curt with him at the country-club dance the night before and had all but fox-trotted her silver-slippered feet off with the brawny-shouldered young Achilles of the swimming pool. Cyril had not been unconscious of a sea change there, even before he saw Laura's lip curl of contempt, or something dangerously close to contempt, when he had waited to slip on his camel's-hair topcoat against the coolness of the midnight air. And on the ride home she had been both sullen and silent.

He knew what it meant of course. But it isn't always easy to make life over on a moment's notice. And although he whistled blithely enough as he wandered between the dahlia beds and the empty tennis court, there was an ache of mingled defeat and desolation about his heart that was not to be juggled away by the most jocund of music-hall tunes. His face brightened perceptibly, however, when he caught the sound of children's voices from the direction of the swimming pool; and he recognized those voices as belonging to Natalie's boys.

He knew, even before he got to the pool side, that they were taking advantage of that deserted basin to sail their new boat in more open waters. He could see the full-rigged sloop as it drifted slowly along the marble-slabbed pool rim and circled leisurely out toward the slate-green float. He could hear the children's cries of resentment as it drifted beyond their reach and Hetty's reassuring laugh as she picked up a broken canoe paddle and leaned out to recover the runaway craft.

Then Cyril's blood ran cold, for at the same moment that he heard the shriller cries of the children he saw that the poised figure in the dark service dress had fallen into the water, was struggling there with half-strangled cries of helplessness.

He tore off his coat as he ran. He neither hesitated nor debated with himself, but, still running, dove headforemost into the bubbling water and reached the strangling figure and brought it to the surface and kept it afloat until he could get one hand clamped over the marble pool lip, and then worked his way along the side until he came to the landing ladder. There, with a strength born of an entirely new resolution, he lifted the limp figure in his arms and carried it to the Japanese summerhouse with the ridiculous lacquered roof, where, when he attempted to put the dripping girl down on one of the coral-red benches, she locked her wet arms about his neck and told him, between watery coughs and sobs of happiness, that he was her hero—her brave, brave hero—who had risked his life, who had saved her from drowning. And Cyril, squaring his shoulders, stoutly inquired if he hadn't better carry her up to the house.

"You're so strong," she murmured contentedly in his ear as he went staggering up past the rhododendron bed. And the slightly breathless Cyril was almost sorry when the house came into view.

It was Sallie Bryson who pulled up at the porte-cochère in her bottle-green canoe roadster the next afternoon and confronted Natalie coming out through the vine-covered loggia doorway.

"How's Cyril?" asked the newcomer, disturbed by the cloud that rested on the older woman's face.

"He seems all right."

"Then why are you worrying?" demanded the other.

"Cyril's all right physically," pursued his sister, "but there seems to be something wrong with his mind."

"Why do you say that?" asked the woman in the roadster seat.

"Because he's just called me into his room and informed me that he intends to marry one of my maids."

The silence was prolonged between the two thoughtful-eyed women.

"Not the one he ——" but the sentence, for some reason, was never completed.

"Yes, the one he fished out of the pool. And he says that as soon as he gets over this cold they're going to Taormina and that if they don't like Sicily they'll go on to Capri for the winter. The poor thing keeps calling him her hero. She's in there now, kneeling at his bedside and giving him quinine and adoration both at once. Sallie, why do men do things like that?"

Yet again the woman in the car seat sat silent a moment.

"I guess," she finally observed, "we've all got to be heroes to somebody!"

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THE STATE KID

(Continued from Page 13)

"Walked!" I exclaimed. "That's near three miles. Why didn't he keep the fish, eat them, give us the basket tomorrow?"

"He 'lowed we might want them," Chet explained.

So we drove the five miles to North Fraternity. Clyde was there, and I saw that he was pleased at our coming. I offered, tentatively, to give him a quarter, but he declined it. I did persuade him to accept a packet of snelled hooks.

"It wasn't nothing," he said, to my protestations. "I just thought maybe you'd want them fish. The fishing ain't been so good this year that a man likes to lose fish he's worked for."

On the way home I said to Chet, "He's a fine boy," and Chet agreed.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, Clyde's a good boy. He's a help to Barslow."

But though I had thus known Clyde of old, I could still understand the fact that Cressey, encountering him for the first time the night before, had been impressed and deeply moved. Cressey and Chet and I had, as has been said, gunned down through the pasture below the bridge, the dogs weaving to and fro among the thin alders. The day was hot, and it had been long, and we were hot and weary-footed; and we came back to the car at dusk and leaned our guns against the machine, glad to be free of their weight.

The boy was there by the woodpile, splitting sticks of birch wood into stove size, and he stopped to speak to us, and Cressey called to him:

"Son, want to earn a dime?"

"Yes," Clyde said. "Yes, I do."

"Go up to the house," Cressey suggested. "Go get a pail of drinking water for us, will you?"

I looked at the youngster and saw him hesitate, but after a moment he said "Sure," and started up the hill. Chet filled his pipe and got the dogs into the car and made them settle there. I stuck my gun in its case. Cressey wiped his brow. And the boy came down the hill again. He had a small lard pail full of water in his hand. He gave the pail to Cressey, and Cressey passed it to Chet and then to me, and we drank and handed it back to him. He drank his fill.

Then he returned the pail to Clyde, and fumbled in his pocket for a coin and extended it to the boy. "Here you are," he said.

The boy shook his head, withdrawing a little. "I don't want your dime," he said. There was nothing surly in his refusal; rather a certain dignity.

Cressey was surprised, a little bewildered. "I said I'd give you a dime if you'd get us a pail of water," he insisted.

"You're welcome to the water," Clyde retorted.

"You said you wanted a dime," Cressey argued.

"You asked if I wanted to earn one," the boy told him gently.

And Cressey looked from the boy to me and from me to Chet, and back to the boy again. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Clyde Call," said the boy.

"How old are you?"

"Thirteen."

Cressey looked around at me. "I thought this was Barslow's farm," he said, not understanding. "Isn't your name Barslow?" he asked the boy.

"I'm a state kid," said Clyde Call.

There was a moment of silence, one of these silences which seem to sing. And I could see that Cressey's eyes were glistening; and his voice, when he spoke, was curious.

"Oh!" he commented. "Oh! You live with Barslow"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Like it, do you?" Cressey asked.

"Yes, sure."

Chet said gravely, "Dell Barslow's a good man."

And Clyde added to this. "Mrs. Barslow's a good woman, too," he explained.

Then none of us spoke for a moment. It was Chet who found an outlet for Cressey's emotion. "How'd you like a pa'tridge for your supper?" he asked the boy.

"I would," Clyde replied.

And there was something almost desperate in the haste with which Cressey dragged the birds out of the car. He tried to press them all on the youngster, but Clyde would only take a single one. He started running toward the house with the bird in his hand as we drove away. The fact that he ran made it easier to remember that he was still a boy, after all. Beside me on the front seat Cressey swore helplessly and brushed his sleeve across his eyes.

This was last night; so tonight I understood why the man wished to gun that cover again.

That, so far as Cressey was concerned, was only the beginning. We saw the state kid next day; and Cressey sat under the apple tree, talking with him while he worked, and left Chet and me to gun the cover alone. A day or two later Cressey and I took our departure, and as we drove the two hundred odd miles back to Boston he spoke repeatedly of the boy.

"He has character," he said in an incredulous tone.

"There's a good deal of character in the men who work these farms up here," I agreed. "It has time to develop, and it must develop if they are to survive."

"I mean, he has self-respect," Cressey insisted. "A decent pride. And he's just a foundling, an orphan, an object of charity." And he thought on that in silence for a while.

Hours later he reached the point of saying, "You know it's a shame someone doesn't give that boy the chance he needs."

I was attentive, but no comment seemed to be required, and Cressey did not ask my opinion. Yet I saw that it lingered in his mind.

After the football season was ended he and Mrs. Cressey went to California for the winter. I had an occasional letter from him, but in them he refrained from mentioning Clyde. It was only through Chet that I knew the boy was still in his mind. Chet wrote that Cressey had sent Clyde some books and a suit of clothes, and had written him once or twice besides.

"Barslow don't know what to make of it," Chet said. "Clyde already had a Sunday suit, so he didn't have no use for the clothes. Dell said Clyde read the books, but they was stories. Clyde's a hand to read. Mrs. Bell that teaches the school over there says Clyde borrows books from her. About history, mostly, he'd rather have."

In April Cressey and Alice came back from California, and they stayed a week-end with us before going to New York. Their winter had, it appeared, been full of interest. "That's a wonderful state out there," Cressey declared, and Mrs. Cressey explained:

"Burt's as wild about the climate as though he invented it. He thinks anyone who doesn't go to California to live is just insane, that's all. I think he'd move everybody out there if he could."

"Well, of course," Cressey conceded, "everyone can't live there. But a man like you can live anywhere. And it'd be an inspiration to you. Meeting so many interesting people ——"

"A moving-picture actress is Burt's idea of an interesting person," Alice explained, and her laughter had an edge.

"They're doing things," Cressey insisted. "And they do a lot of things you don't hear about. A lot of good in the world. . . . Without advertising."

He said later that he wished to go to Fraternity with me to fish that brook below Barslow's. "I've done some fishing in California," he explained. "Of course, Maine can't compare with that, but I'd like to go just the same."

And he took care, while we were there, to see Clyde once or twice. Also I heard him question Chet about Barslow.

"Barslow's a good farmer," Chet told him. "Got a good farm there, and he works it hard. He's got money put away. He's an able man."

Cressy made a gesture faintly impatient. "A few thousand dollars," he suggested.

"Plenty for him," Chet returned.

On the way back to Boston he asked me explosively, after a long silence, "What chance has a boy like that on an eighty-acre farm?"

I might have said that the boy would learn farming, but it seemed to me unlikely that this would have any great weight with Cressey. So I said nothing at all.

The matter, it appeared, stayed in his mind. During the summer I had a letter from the state official in charge of such boys as Clyde was, asking for information about Cressey. And in October I was not surprised to get a wire from him, asking if he and Mrs. Cressey might go with me to Maine. We drove up, and on the way she told me Cressey's plan.

"Burt's just a big boy himself, of course," she explained laughingly. "He'll probably get tired of this scheme before very long. But now nothing will do but I should come up and see this boy. He wants to adopt him. Can you imagine it? A boy off a farm."

"Clyde's a promising youngster," I said.

"I've no doubt of it," she agreed, and laughed again. "Of course if one must have children it's nice to get them ready-made. But I'd rather patronize a different factory!"

I could not forbear asking, "Has he spoken to Clyde?"

"I wouldn't let him," she replied, "till I'd seen the boy. Burt's such a madman I can't trust him at all."

It seemed to me just possible that Clyde might have the same point of view.

The scene itself was staged with a certain pomp, as though Cressey felt its importance and wished to impress this importance upon all of us. At his request we drove over to Barslow's on the morning after our arrival. Barslow and Clyde were picking apples when we arrived, and Mrs. Barslow directed us to the orchard. Clyde, I found, had grown, even during the summer; he had almost the stature of a man and there was in his eyes a mature intelligence. Cressey and Alice spoke with him apart; I wandered off to talk with Barslow.

Barslow was a lean man, past middle life, vigorous and sure in all his movements. He refused to permit these visitors to interfere with his work, and while I talked to him he picked apples, breaking them off with that expert twist which leaves the fruit spur uninjured on the tree, filling his basket, descending the ladder to empty the fruit carefully into the barrel on the ground. At the other side of the orchard I could see Clyde heading the filled barrels, busy with press and hammer and nails while he listened to what Cressey and Alice had to say. And I said to Barslow that these two were much impressed with Clyde, and he nodded his agreement.

"Clyde's a good boy," he agreed.

"Good worker, isn't he?" I suggested

"He's a clever hand to work as I ever see, for a boy," Barslow agreed

"I think they have some thought that they'd like to adopt him," I suggested "At least they re considering it "

"I reckoned so," Barslow commented, and emptied his basket and climbed the light ladder again, poising among the branches above my head.

"What's he going to think of it?" I asked.

Barslow shook his head; and when I saw he would not reply, I suggested, "You'll miss him, won't you?"

"Hard to get a good work hand," he agreed.

"I expect you and Mrs. Barslow have grown fond of him, haven't you?"

He did not answer for a while, and when he did it was to say simply, "He's been here seven year."

Then I saw Cressey coming toward us through the orchard, and when he came to where we were he called to Barslow, in that authoritative voice of his:

"Barslow, I say!"

Barslow looked mildly down at him. "How-do," he replied.

"Will you be at home this evening?" Cressey asked. "Mrs. Cressey and I would like to have a talk with you and Mrs. Barslow."

"Guess we will," Barslow agreed.

Cressey nodded. "Good," he approved. "We'll be over about eight o'clock." He turned to me. "Ready when you are," he said.

I followed passively. Alice Cressey confessed as we drove away that she thought Clyde a fine, manly boy, and Cressey agreed with a proprietary pride.

At supper that night Cressey was full of his project and had much to say about it. Listening to him, I watched Chet and Mrs. Mac. Mrs. Mac said nothing, and Chet spoke only when a word was forced from him.

He was careful, I saw, not to commit himself in any way. Cressey seemed to desire an audience for that which was to come. He asked whether Chet would care to go with us, but Chet pointed out that he had his chores to do, and Mrs. Mac said her dishes must be washed.

"You'll go, of course," Cressey said to me, and I could not refrain from replying:

"I wouldn't think of missing it."

He looked at me with quick suspicion in his eyes, but my own were expressionless, and after a moment he laughed and turned away.

When by and by we left the house, Alice said to me in an undertone, "This is the biggest night in Burt's life. He's like a child with a new toy."

It was better than eight miles to Dell Barslow's farm, and the roads were bad, so that I drove slowly. Burt sat with me, Alice in the seat behind, but his talkative mood had passed. When now and then I looked in his direction, it seemed to me that his lips were moving, as though he rehearsed that which he meant to say. We stopped by and by in Barslow's farmyard. There was a light in the front room, so when we descended from the car we went to the front door instead of to the kitchen, as, if I had been alone, I should have done.

Barslow admitted us. He had made no concessions to the occasion, wore the overalls and the old blue shirt which he had worn that morning in the orchard. Only his thin hair was smoothly combed. He showed us into the front room and Mrs. Barslow came in from the kitchen. I had had in the past an occasional glimpse of her, had now and then exchanged a word or two when we stopped at the farm. She was a woman a little younger than her husband, perhaps fifty years old, small and apple cheeked, and with a scrubbed cleanliness about her. Her snug hair was tightly knotted at the back of her head, and I thought when she greeted us there was a faint and controlled distress lurking in her eyes. She rubbed her hands together as though they were still damp from dish-washing, and when Alice Cressey spoke to her she replied with a grave courtesy.

Cressey looked from one of them to the other and asked in faint surprise, "Isn't Clyde here?"

"He's milking," said Barslow. "He'll be in. I thought you might want to talk to us."

"I do," Cressey agreed. "But I want him to hear what I have to say."

(Continued on Page 61)

It's Summer in the Kitchen the Whole Year 'Round

ON THE coldest winter day, indoor temperatures are too high for *safe* food preservation. Nor are outdoor temperatures safe even if you can utilize them—the coldest days too cold, and the milder days too warm.

With Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration in your home you will be independent of weather and seasons, just as you will be free from the uncertainty and annoyance of outside ice supply. Day and night, and day after day, your foods will be kept at low, even temperatures—fresh, pure and wholesome, retaining all of their original flavor.

But be sure that your electric refrigerator is a *genuine* Frigidaire—product of General Motors. For genuine Frigidaire assures you of greater food space, more ice, finer finish, quieter operation, greater economy and dependability—*and lower prices, size for size, than any other electric refrigerator.*

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You can have immediate delivery of any Frigidaire, whether a complete cabinet model or a mechanical unit for your present ice-box. You can easily have Frigidaire in your home on Christmas Day! Visit the nearest Frigidaire Sales Office today—or write for the Frigidaire Catalog.

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Dept. B-1002, Dayton, Ohio

IMPORTANT PRICE REDUCTIONS, MANY IMPROVEMENTS AND RECORD SALES FOR 1926

Approximately 340,000 Dodge Brothers Motor Cars sold in 1926—an increase of more than 30% over 1925.

More improvements made than during any previous year—a number of these improvements of a very far-reaching and fundamental nature.

Prices materially reduced as increases in production and sales made these reductions possible.

That, as the year draws to a close, is Dodge Brothers record. Fair dealing and progressive engineering have again received the reward they so richly deserve.

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DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

Sedan $895—Special Sedan $945
De Luxe Sedan $1075
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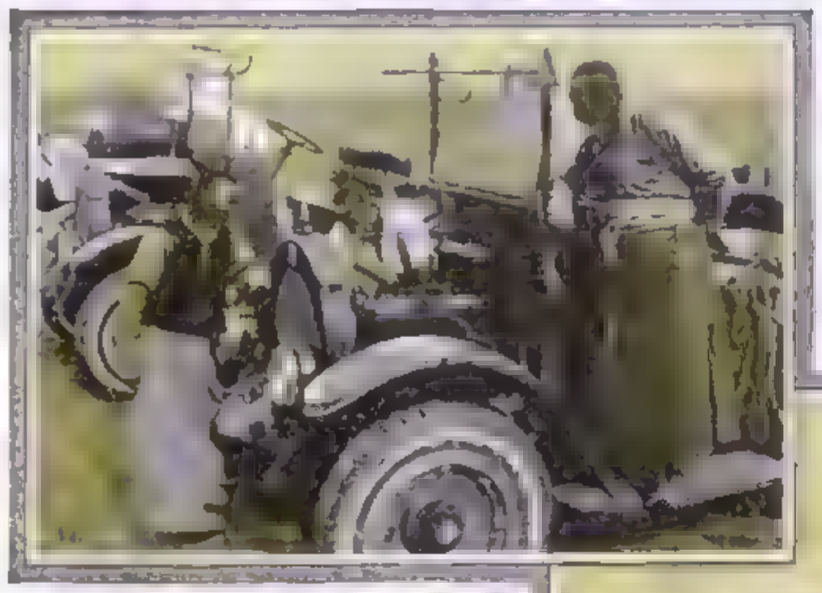
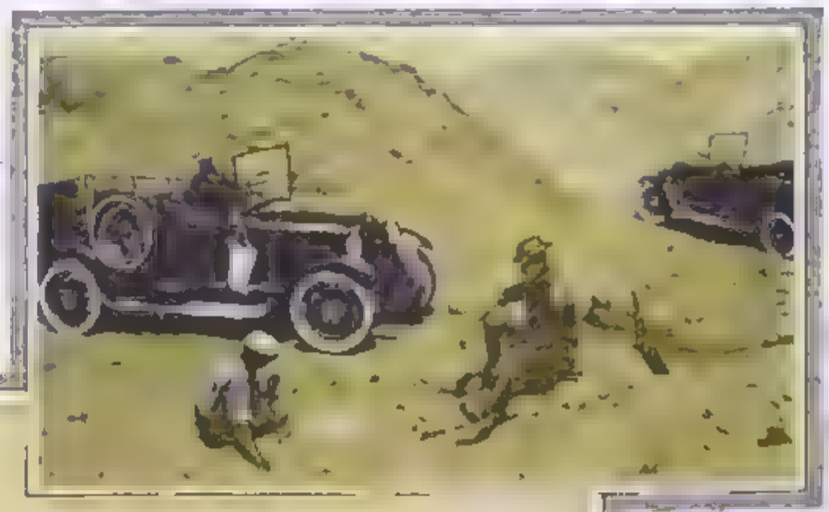
U N I T E D S T A T E S T I R E S A R E G O O D T I R E S

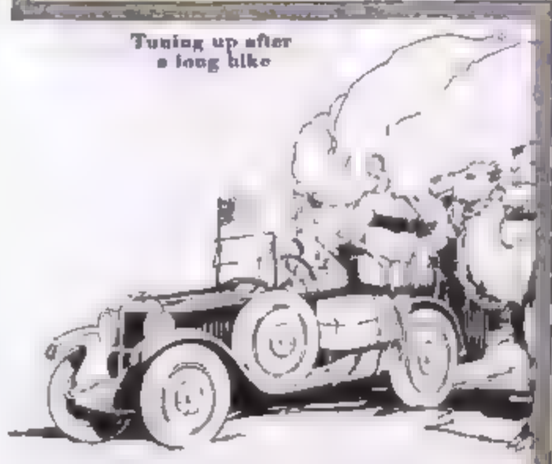


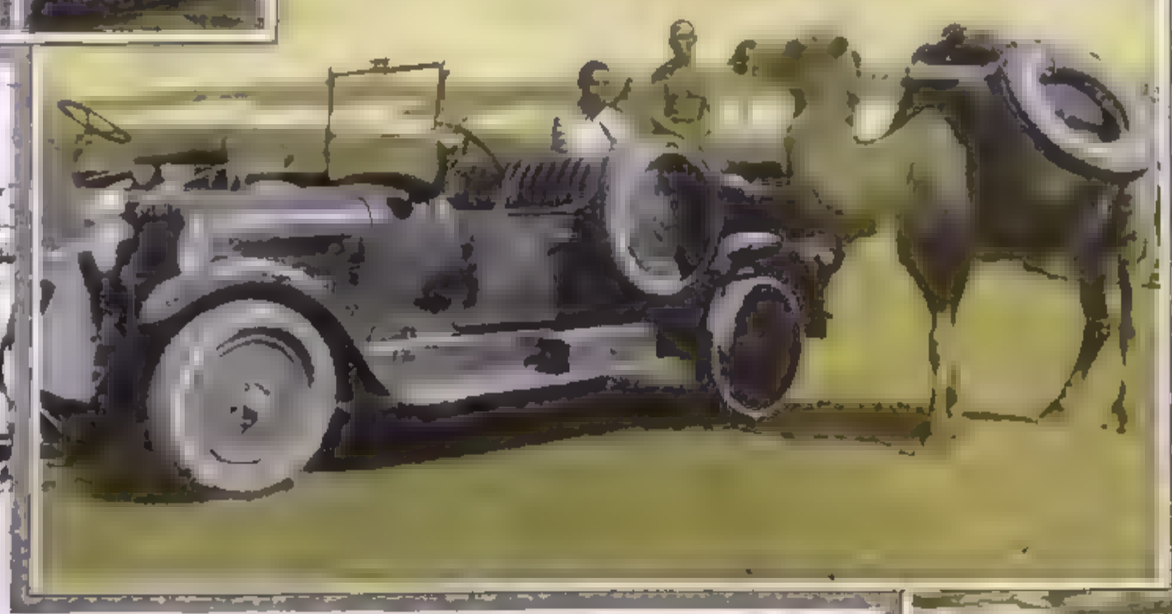


Uncovering Dinosaur Eggs

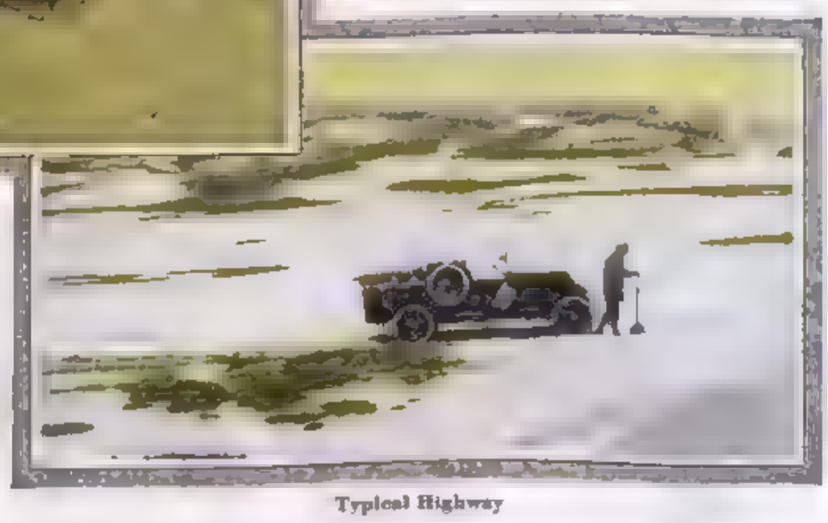
The Third Asiatic Expedition traversed the trackless wastes of Mongolia on United States Tires. Read Mr. Andrews' letter below.

Tuning up after a long hike





A spare camel and a spare tire in the Gobi Desert



Typical Highway

Some Answers to the Question— "What do Users think of United States Tires?"

From Roy Chapman Andrews
(Leader of the Third Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History)

"I am sure you will be interested in knowing of the success with which we used the Royal Cord Tires on the Third Asiatic Expedition in Mongolia. There were few trails, and in many cases the going was exceedingly bad. Sand, ruts, hard woody vegetation and jagged rocks gave the tires a most severe test; nevertheless, they endured the gruelling work splendidly. I offer my congratulations on having produced such a splendid product."

From Edwin Phillips Kohl, New York
(Written Aug. 12, 1926)

"In the fall of 1923, I equipped my Buick sport roadster with United States Royal Cord Tires. Last Sunday, the last one blew out after having run over thirty-one thousand miles. From the fall of 1923 to the spring of 1925, I never had to remove a tire from my car, although I ran 12,240 miles."

From A. B. Pickerill, Long Beach, Calif.
(Written Sept. 4, 1926)

"On Feb. 5, 1924, I purchased a new 1924 model Special Six Studebaker sedan equipped with 4 U. S. Royal Cord Tires 33 x 4½, and I wish to advise you that the tires that were on my front wheels are still running and today my speedometer shows exactly 47,385-4/10 miles. These casings have worn out three tubes each, and they both show about the same wear—no retreading. I have not taken any special care of these tires except have kept them inflated to 75 lbs. It is most likely that I will get 50,000 miles from these tires."

From Walter F. Cherrix
(Pres. Worcester Transit Company, Pocomoke City, Md.)

"I have a 33 x 5 U. S. Royal Cord Tire which has run 38,207 miles. It has never been off the rim until last week."

From D. R. Reside
(Mgr. Highway Emergency Service, Trenton, N. J.)

"On April 8, 1925, I bought a Hudson Coach equipped with four Balloon Tires manufactured by your people. I drove 10,000 miles without a puncture. Then I exchanged my rear tires for front and my front tires for rear and drove another 10,000 miles. In December I bought two tires of another make (because I was in part of the country where I could not get Royal Cords) and I have driven those 9,000 miles on the rear. One of these has had two sections put in due to blowouts and the other has had three sections put in, while the two United States Tires are still running on the front wheels and have a total mileage of very nearly 34,700 and look good for another couple of thousand. The Royal Cords I took off the back, I am still using for spares and they look good for three or four thousand miles."

From William G. Vincent, Patchogue, L. I., New York

"I am using four of your tires on my Liberty Roadster and have driven over 26,000 miles with them. This is a very good advertisement for U. S. Tires as I tell everyone I meet about the good service I got from your tires."

From Theo. Nyquist, Reading, Pa.

"On April 1, 1925, I purchased a Dodge Brothers Commercial Truck, having the original high pressure equipment changed to 30 x 5.77 United States Royal Balloon Tires. The truck is now 14 months old and the six tires have rendered 39,702 miles, all of which are good for more service."

◆ ◆

NOTE:—The letters reproduced above have been selected as typically representative of hundreds of unsolicited testimonials received each season from users of United States Tires. Some of the reported mileages seem quite remarkable.

United States Rubber Company
Trade Mark

(Continued from Page 56)

Barslow nodded heavily. "I'll fetch him," he promised, and went out through the kitchen to the barn.

Mrs. Barslow, standing uncertainly, said, "Take a chair," and Mrs. Cressey sat down. Mrs. Barslow seated herself in a stiff chair against the wall, as though she were to be the spectator at a play.

I heard Barslow and Clyde come into the kitchen; heard the splash of water as Clyde washed his hands; and then the two came into the room, and Barslow said, "Here he is."

Cressey shook Clyde's hand, said, "Good evening, Clyde," and Clyde replied with a word.

"Sit down," Cressey directed. "We have a good many things to talk over."

The boy looked about the room uncertainly, and in the end he and Barslow sat together on the haircloth sofa. Directly above their heads there was a painting on the wall. It represented a lake in the forest, surrounded by hills, and upon the flank of a hill across the water there was a confused blur which might have been the smoke of a forest fire, the coming of a shower, or simply an error on the part of the artist. I found myself studying it with a curious attention, even while I listened to what went forward in the room.

Cressey was a direct and authoritative man, used to stating his wishes, used to seeing them come true. He wasted no words this evening.

"Barslow," he said, "Mrs. Cressey and I are very much attracted to this boy here. The first time I saw him I was struck with his intelligence and with his character. He told me on that occasion that he was a state kid, a foundling, whom you in your charity had taken into your home."

"It wan't charity," said Barslow in a low voice. "The state paid us for it."

Cressey waved a generous hand. "It's fine of you to put it that way, of course," he agreed. "But it was charity just the same. You've been very kind to him, and I am sure he appreciates it. Don't you, Clyde?"

Clyde looked at Cressey in a curious way. "Never thought much about it," he replied. "I just come here to live."

Cressey hesitated, as though he felt himself faintly rebuffed, but then he laughed again. "Well, it doesn't matter," he said brusquely. "What I was coming to is this: I'm a wealthy man, Barslow. I suppose by your standards I'm a very wealthy man. And Mrs. Cressey and I have no children of our own. I've been attracted by this boy. I think he deserves to have a chance to make something of himself, and I want to give it to him. I want to take Clyde to live with us. I want to see to it that he has a proper education and a fair start in the world. I've communicated with the state authorities, and they tell me that they are not disposed to interfere with the present arrangement, unless you, Barslow, and Clyde are willing.

"Of course you have the boy's best interests at heart, and you can see that this is a wonderful chance for him. After he has lived with us for a while, Mrs. Cressey and I will probably want to adopt him, treat him as our own son."

He hesitated, considering, and then continued, "Of course you have a good farm here, and Mr. McAusland tells me that you're a good farmer, but this sort of life is a hard one. No one knows that any better than yourself. Mrs. Cressey and I have come to ask you to let us take Clyde and give him the chance he'd never have here."

He finished, and for the moment no one spoke. Then Mrs. Cressey seemed to feel the silence irksome, for she said in that quick, nervous way of hers, "We have the most wonderful plans for him, Mrs. Barslow. I do want to tell you all about them when we have more time."

Mrs. Barslow looked at her, and opened her mouth as though to speak, but in the end she closed it again without having uttered a word. It was as though she were afraid to trust her own voice. She looked from Mrs. Cressey to her husband, and Barslow caught her eye. And then his own fell to his hands, heavy and hard, clasped across his knees. He unclasped them and shoved them into his overalls, across his breast, and at last he looked at Cressey.

"I dunno what you want me to say," he confessed.

Cressey smiled. "I just want you to let Clyde come with us," he replied.

Barslow nodded. "I don't aim to stand in his way," he told Cressey.

"Good!" said Cressey. "That is a very proper attitude. You're a sensible man. It's what I expected from you."

"But it's for Clyde to say," said Barslow. "He ain't so old when it comes to years, but I guess he knows what he wants to do. I guess you'll have to talk to him."

Cressey looked at Clyde. "I don't think there can be any question as to what he wants to do," he remarked with a smile. "Clyde's an intelligent boy and an ambitious one. You can tell that by looking at him. Isn't that so, Clyde?"

The boy, who thus became the focus of all our eyes, hesitated, and he looked at Barslow there beside him, and across the room at Mrs. Barslow, sitting so still in her straight chair against the wall, and at last at Cressey again.

"It wan't charity when I come here," he said slowly.

Cressey looked faintly bewildered, as though he did not understand the connection, and Barslow hastened to explain.

"The state paid me his keep when he was a little one," he said.

Watching Cressey, I thought a faint color rose in his cheeks. "I understand that," he replied. "It's beside the point in any case. If it were charity in the beginning, you have more than repaid him, Clyde. You've been doing the work of a man around here. That is worth a good deal more to Mr. Barslow than your board."

"He's paid me for that," said Clyde. "Ever since I've done enough work to amount to anything, he's always paid me, same as he would a man."

"Fine!" Cressey applauded. "That showed a splendid spirit on his part. So there is no obligation between you on either side, and you are free to take advantage of this chance. It's the sort of chance that doesn't come to every boy, Clyde."

"I ain't been just a hired man here, either," the boy insisted. He seemed to me to be groping, seeking to put into words his reaction to Cressey's proposal. "They've treated me like I was their own. I've got to feeling as though I was."

"But of course you aren't," Cressey reminded him. "And you know it, and they know it too. Whatever friendship may have developed between you is all the more reason why they want you now to take advantage of this chance. It is a chance that doesn't come to many boys, Clyde."

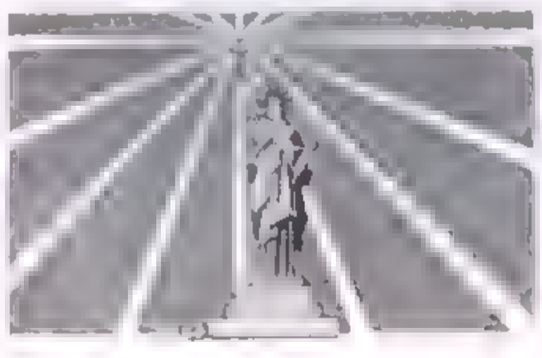
"The thing is," Clyde said uncertainly, "I like being on a farm."

Cressey smiled, and Mrs. Cressey said quickly, "That is perfectly absurd. You've never been anywhere else, Clyde. You don't know what you like."

"I know I do like here," Clyde told her.

"The farm is all right," Cressey agreed. "I'm not saying anything against Mr. Barslow or Mrs. Barslow, or the way they have treated you, or the farm. It's just that I am offering you so much more."

"It's kind of hard to get help around here," Clyde told him thoughtfully. "I don't know where he'd find anyone if I was to go, and there's a pile of apples to be picked still, and more work than he can do, right along."



"He can get someone," Cressey urged.

"I don't know as he can," Clyde reiterated.

Cressey's color heightened. "I didn't expect to have to persuade you," he said a little indignantly. "I thought you and Mr. Barslow would see that this was a chance too good to lose." He turned to the farmer. "Barslow," he said heatedly, "you ought not to stand in his way. Whatever he may have owed you in the past he has repaid by his work. His board has been paid by the state."

Barslow seemed about to speak, but Clyde interrupted. "What the state paid never covered what they've done for me, never covered the victuals, much less clothes and board," he said; and added, with a glance at Mrs. Barslow: "Besides, I like here."

Cressey got abruptly to his feet. It seemed to me that the man's first surprise had been converted into something like an angered shame, that he was not willing now to admit this emotion even to himself.

He said harshly, "I don't propose to argue. Apparently I have made a mistake. I took it for granted, Barslow, that you would be disinterested. . . . Clyde, I expected some intelligence from you. Do you want to come and live with us now, or don't you? And no more words about it."

Clyde hesitated only for a moment, and when he spoke his voice was gentle. But his tone was final too.

"Mr. Cressey," he replied, "I guess I'd ought to stay here."

There was then in the little room for a long moment one of those silences which seem to vibrate like the taut strings of a piano. Then I heard a faint sound, and turned and saw that Mrs. Barslow was crying, sitting still in her chair there against the wall, the tears running down her cheeks. And then Mrs. Cressey came sharply to her feet.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "Well, Burt, I hope you are satisfied!"

She wore, I remember, a fur scarf about her shoulders, and she was adjusting it as she moved swiftly toward the door. Cressey stayed a moment longer, as though even now it were hard for him to believe his ears, but in the end he followed her. Neither Barslow nor Mrs. Barslow had moved from where they sat, but it seemed to me, as I looked at Clyde, that he was a little nearer to the farmer, as though he sought to press against the man's side.

I was unwilling to go without speech, but for a moment I could find no word; did at last say, lamely, "Well, good night."

And as Clyde and Barslow rose and stood there side by side I added, with a smile, to the boy, "I'll probably see you when I fish the brook next spring."

He nodded. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I'll be here right along."

While we drove back to Chet's farm I was silent. Cressey and Alice sat in the seat behind me, and they had a deal to say. I caught an occasional exclamatory word. I heard Alice say, "What frightful ingratitude!" and I heard Cressey angrily agree. Then he laughed, with a little scorn in his tones.

"It's the old story," he declared. "The difference between a successful man and an unsuccessful one. The successful man seizes opportunity, the unsuccessful one doesn't recognize his big chance when it comes along."

They seemed for a while to forget my presence there.

"It's a shame," Cressey said again. "His big chance, and he didn't recognize it. That boy wrote his own biography in that room tonight." And his voice was suddenly full of angry scorn. "Wants to stay just a farmer!" he exclaimed.

Alice laughed lightly. "Well, you don't need to be angry, Burt. I'm just sorry for him."

And she seemed to remember me, asked me to agree. But I pretended not to hear. I was indeed full of pity, but this pity was not for the boy.

Most Precious Christmas Gift, Say Pipe-Smokers

A certain tobacco seems highly appreciated among men who love their pipes

Judging by numerous letters received, the Christmas "gift problem" is no longer any problem at all. At least among pipe-smokers.

These letters disclose that while a pipe-smoker will thank you politely for the pink necktie, fancy garters or useless novelty—what really delights his heart is a jar of good tobacco.

That is why each year, more and more members of the Edgeworth Club make a practice of distributing their favorite tobacco among friends as a Christmas remembrance.

Often, Edgeworth happens to be the recipient's favorite tobacco. In other cases, the gift serves as a happy introduction and a means toward true pipe-enjoyment for the years to come.

The two favorite gift sizes of Edgeworth are the 16-ounce glass humidor jar and the 8-ounce tin. Both are provided at Christmas time with appropriate wrappings. Each size contains Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, and each is packed in a good-looking decorated gift carton printed in colors. Prices—$1.65 for the 16-ounce jar. The 8-ounce tins are 75c each.

Please ask your tobacco dealer for the Edgeworth Christmas packages. If he will not supply you, we gladly offer the following service to you:

Send us $1.65 for each 16-ounce jar, and 75c for each 8-ounce tin to be shipped, also a list of the names and addresses of those you wish to remember, with your personal greeting card for each friend.

We will gladly attend to sending the Christmas Edgeworth to your friends, all delivery charges prepaid.

Personal: Perhaps you yourself are not acquainted with Edgeworth. If so, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company. We shall be glad to send you free samples—generous helpings both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors, holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

For the free samples, kindly address Larus & Brother Company, 1-Z South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

{On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.}

LET THE KOHLER ELECTRIC SINK DO THE DISHES

NOW you will wash the dishes electrically—with a cheer! There is a wonderful new sink—the Kohler Electric Sink—which washes dishes so gleaming clean, and does it so smoothly and easily, that the old, forbidding, thrice-daily drudgery becomes a thrice-daily pleasure.

This is the *modern* sink which you knew was bound to come some day. And the fact that it has come from KOHLER OF KOHLER will tell you that it is beautifully designed and beautifully made—in every detail, from its perfected electrical dishwasher to its snow blanket of immaculately white Kohler enamel.

There is a Kohler Electric Sink for your kitchen, be it large or small. There are right-hand and left-hand models, with or without a drainboard; and there is a separate dishwasher unit, if you prefer, to install alongside your present sink.

Ask your plumbing dealer about the Kohler Electric Sink. And mail the coupon below for a most interesting descriptive booklet.

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KOHLER OF KOHLER
Plumbing Fixtures

CYCLES VERSUS COMMON SENSE

Continued from Page 4

personal nature. Honest differences of opinion may be ironed out or compromised when there are mutual respect and confidence. It is my firm conviction that the majority of men in our public service intend to be fair and have the interests of the nation at heart. This I have found to be true even when the consensus of opinion among business men as to specific legislative proposals for the control of business seemed to be in opposition thereto. Very often such proposals are made in ignorance of actual conditions, or in apprehension of business plans that do not exist.

In urging a closer coöperation between Government and business as one means of reducing and perhaps, eventually, of eliminating periods of depression, I am not advocating the abrogation of rights by the use of a superior power. We did not establish our present standards of confidence by force. Fair dealing, and the expectation of fair dealing, have grown in accordance with the growth of a sense of national responsibility among business men. A quarter of a century ago it was feared both of these things would be destroyed by large combinations of capital.

Instead, our national corporations have encouraged confidence and responsibility for their own protection, and in so doing have become a tremendous influence for stabilization.

Here again history should repeat. If Government and business, each admittedly seeking the same thing—continued prosperity—should agree on the means to be adopted to that end, a joint responsibility would be established which should be far more powerful than the present divided effort. Basing our judgment on what has happened in the past, the effect should be to minimize the danger of encroachment on the rights of anybody. We should be able to work out an entirely new national conception of the function of business. At present we are agreed only on certain elements of this. We say we have ceased to be fearful of mere size, and except in certain fields of public service there seems to be general agreement that monopoly is not a good thing, but there has been no definition of limits beyond which a business should not go.

For the Good of All

This lack of a coöperative vision has been a definite brake on the growth of business and prosperity, and I am not thinking of any single enterprise, but of all industry. Many industrialists have found it the part of wisdom to restrict operations approaching the point of monopoly. This has been a definite policy of the Steel Corporation.

When it was formed in 1901 it controlled in certain lines approximately 65 per cent of the tonnage of the country. Some of our subsidiaries had considerably more than 50 per cent in their own lines.

A great deal of opposition was voiced by public men because of the large capitalization and the preponderance of the corporation in the trade. Accordingly we refrained from expanding and building, as to certain companies, until their positions had drifted down nearer to the 50 per cent. We accepted as reasonable the claim that, from the standpoint of the public interest, no one corporation in any particularly important line of business should have more than half the total, and today the Steel Corporation has about 40 per cent.

From the viewpoint of the business man, looking at his own interests in so far as he is able to consider them apart from those of the public, I still regard this as sound policy. It is a possibility not to be overlooked, however, that some day the public interest may bring about a complete reversal of its original opinion concerning the size to which a business should attain. Instead of compulsion, legal or moral, toward restriction, it may be directed toward expansion.

As a matter of fact, that is now the national policy with respect to such natural monopolies as the telephone and the railroads. A business which is not a monopoly is not subject to the same measure of control, but the difference is in degree and not in principle.

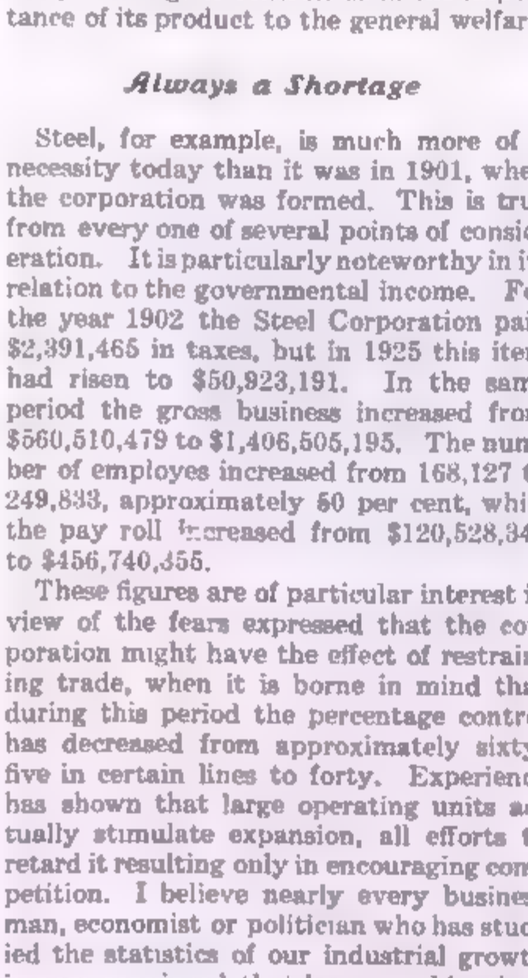
An illustration of this point is furnished by a single sentence from the majority opinion of the United States Supreme Court which, on March 1, 1920, sustained the decision of the lower court in dismissing the dissolution suit of the Government against the United States Steel Corporation.

"We are unable to see," said the court, "that the public interest will be served by yielding to the contention of the Government . . . and we do see in a contrary conclusion a risk of injury to the public interest, including a material disturbance of, and it may be a serious detriment to, the foreign trade." The measure of public interest in a business is not so much in the percentage it controls as in the importance of its product to the general welfare.

Always a Shortage

Steel, for example, is much more of a necessity today than it was in 1901, when the corporation was formed. This is true from every one of several points of consideration. It is particularly noteworthy in its relation to the governmental income. For the year 1902 the Steel Corporation paid $2,391,465 in taxes, but in 1925 this item had risen to $50,923,191. In the same period the gross business increased from $560,510,479 to $1,406,505,195. The number of employes increased from 168,127 to 249,833, approximately 50 per cent, while the pay roll increased from $120,528,343 to $456,740,355.

These figures are of particular interest in view of the fears expressed that the corporation might have the effect of restraining trade, when it is borne in mind that during this period the percentage control has decreased from approximately sixty-five in certain lines to forty. Experience has shown that large operating units actually stimulate expansion, all efforts to retard it resulting only in encouraging competition. I believe nearly every business man, economist or politician who has studied the statistics of our industrial growth is now convinced that large combinations will prove to be the salvation of certain industries which are not up to the national standard of prosperity. Though we should not and probably could not compel such developments until the time is ripe for them, we can and ought to clear the way by closer coöperation between business and Government.



Moonlight Through a Palm—Mirror Lake, St. Petersburg, Florida

We have now a Constitution and a set of laws to which no reasonable man should make objection, as a whole. But we have also a greater opportunity than ever before in history to increase our own prosperity and to continue the influence our country has had on all mankind. In order to grasp and develop this opportunity we must first be able to visualize it nationally. I sometimes think it would be a good idea, when a business man begins to speculate about what is likely to happen when we have supplied all the needs of all our people, to send him on a tour of the country for observation of its requirements and its resources. Most men who take such trips return less impressed with what has been done than with the vast amount of work remaining to be done.

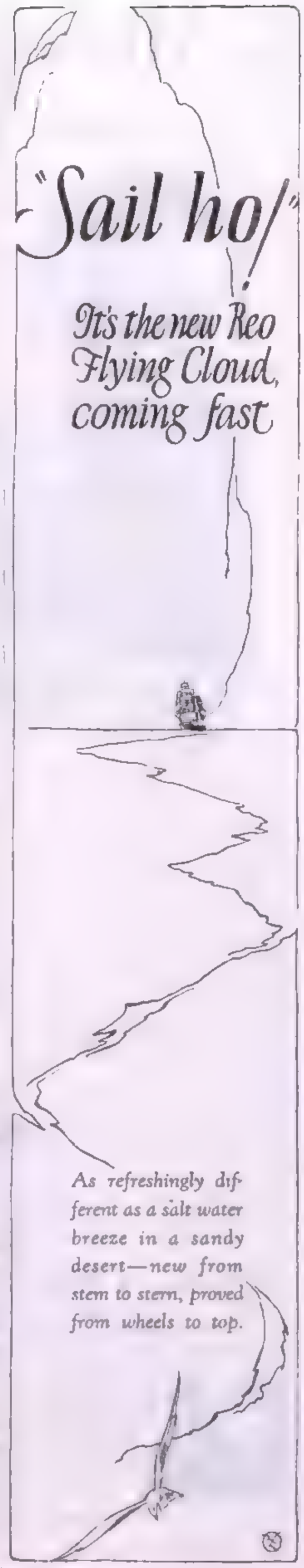
It has never been demonstrated to my satisfaction that the productive capacity of this country is in excess of its power to consume. There is always a shortage somewhere, and the total of all shortages, I am convinced, is far in excess of the aggregate local overproduction. In the past the chief obstacles to an equalized distribution were mental rather than physical. The fear of depressions took the place in our minds that the fear of the machine occupied in the minds of workmen at the beginning of the factory era. But there is no more reason for the one than there was for the other.

Many of the predictions of disaster circulated from time to time are based on experiences in other countries and other periods. One weakness of this kind of thinking is that no other nation, past or present, is comparable to the United States in natural advantages. We are agriculturally and industrially self-sufficient, and the political temper of our people is tuned to prosperity. We are the only single country of any size or consequence without a peasant class. Men who are unfamiliar with the lot of millions in other countries find it hard to realize what this means in opportunity. In other lands poverty is a heritage, inescapable, in the minds of the vast majority of the poor. They regard their condition very much as some of us regarded the inevitability of the business cycle a few years ago.

Prosperity's Golden Rule

One of the miracles of America is that people who would be content to stay poor all their lives abroad are stimulated to throw off that burden after arrival in this country. It is said they come here to seek their fortunes. Actually most of them were driven out by conditions that became intolerable even to those accustomed only to the bare necessities of life. Here they develop increasing desires and discard the old inhibitions. We hear a great deal of praise of minor liberties in other countries, but when these are set against the lack of class restriction in the United States comparison becomes ridiculous.

I do not believe the time has come to say that we have done away with business cycles. But in view of the latent demand for stability existing in this country and the extent to which it has been recognized, I think we have placed our business structure on the soundest foundation it has ever known. I am convinced also that anything more than a local depression in the United States is unnecessary, and that the way to avoid national hard times is for each individual to search his own heart for unfairness before accusing another. Wherever it has been tried, the principle of the golden rule has worked in business.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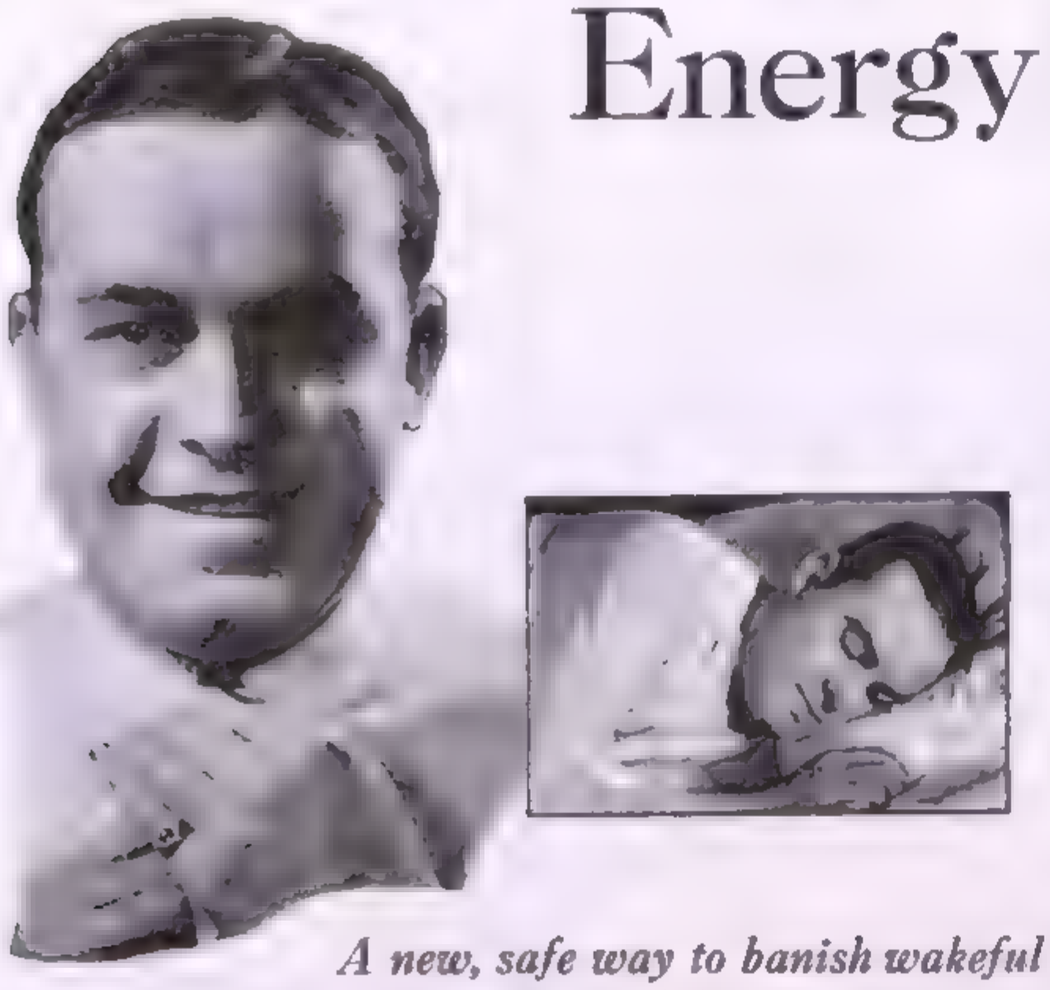
It's the new Reo Flying Cloud, coming fast
As refreshingly different as a salt water breeze in a sandy desert—new from stem to stern, proved from wheels to top.

for All-night Sleep *and* All-day Energy



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Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

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Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

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Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

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You can buy Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use at your druggist's or store. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10c.

OVALTINE

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For brain fag, nervousness ... I find I was able to do a better day's work and was rested after a good night's sleep.

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66 Greenville Ave.
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... may and can now sleep perfectly at night, which I haven't done for months.

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EUROPE'S GROUCH AGAINST AMERICA

(Continued from Page 25

Illuminating instances of how the buck is passed are afforded by France and England. France lays her trouble mainly to our alleged usury. As a matter of indisputable fact, France today is soundly and inherently prosperous. She forgets that the money loaned in Europe came from the people of the United States and not from a billion-bloated Uncle Sam. The collapse of the franc has been due to the selfishness and lack of vision of the politicians who run the country. Selling the franc short became a favorite occupation. There is no more effective method of debasing a currency.

There is another contributory cause. The French people are a sober, honest and industrious folk, but they are the victims of cliques who persist in parliamentary power and who frustrate every honest attempt for adequate national fiscal administration. But for the outpouring of good American dollars by the host of tourists, the situation would have been far worse.

Then there is the case of England. Amid all the turmoil about our Shylockian tactics—and I was in London throughout the whole period—I heard no one making the point that but for the debt settlement with America the pound sterling would never have been put to par or the country able to revert to a gold basis. England's debt action was entirely voluntary and there was ample time for her to consider the details.

Probe beneath the protest and you discover that the funding was made at a time when John Bull thought he was getting the trade world by the tail again and felt particularly cocky. Labor-union tyranny, strikes and the fact that work has in many quarters become a lost art in Britain have changed the picture.

Any diagnosis of European anti-Americanism falls into two sections. One is the attitude of the mass of the people toward the United States and the way it is expressed. It involves what might be called the tourist phase.

The other is the conscious or unconscious effort now being made in reprisal. Largely because of animosity toward the United States, there has developed an economic chauvinism which is as destructive to world-business harmony as blind political nationalism. It represents what is nothing less than commercial bigotry in nation-wide terms.

This chauvinism is manifesting itself in trade combines, discrimination against our products, especially films, efforts at self-sufficiency in the matter of raw materials and propaganda aimed directly at us. The present article will be devoted to the first phase.

A Hard-Working Phrase

Before we go into detail, let us dispose of some of the fundamental reasons behind Europe's feeling about us. They existed long before the debts became a rankling international issue. First and foremost among them is the widespread ignorance of everything American. The average school child anywhere in America knows infinitely more about Europe than the grown-up in Europe knows about the United States. Incredible as it may seem, there are still parts of the Continent where every Yankee is regarded as a millionaire who, figuratively speaking, walks at home on gold-paved streets. The phrase "You are all so rich in America" works overtime.

On the other hand, we are keenly and intimately familiar with the way Europe thinks, lives and works. It grows partly out of the immense flood of immigration which stimulated our acquaintance with alien types and traits. Thousands of Americans go abroad every year. Furthermore, more than 2,000,000 Yankees went over in khaki during the war. Finally, the American press prints far more constructive material about Europe than appears in the Continental press concerning us.

It is no exaggeration to say that Europe gets much of its impression of America from the lower grade of tourists, including the spender who makes a spectacle of himself. Any appreciation of the effort that most Americans put into their money making is lacking. A strongly developed European obsession is that most Americans are born with money. Having so many billions piled up, they wonder why we insist upon the payment of just and lawful debts. Hence the Shylock idea.

Moreover, part of the amazing misconception is due to the peculiar specialization of the European press in American scandals. More space is devoted to a lynching somewhere in the South than to a great industrial movement in some other section of our country. A Hollywood marriage of movie stars is played up at the expense of a scientific discovery of permanent importance. The "horrors of Ellis Island" are emphasized as typical of American treatment of the foreigner. I except, of course, such a farseeing journal as the Times in London, which, through all the mounting anti-Americanism in England, kept the even, unbiased tenor of its editorial way. But in this respect the Times was almost in a class apart.

People With Short Horizons

The persistent provincialism of the European is another factor. Save for the Briton and the German, he travels little. If a Parisian, for example, makes a trip to Lyons, he begins his preparations a month beforehand and starts to tell his friends good-by a fortnight in advance of the date of his departure. What is commonplace to the American is a distinct novelty to the European. Travel is one of the greatest educators. The stay-at-home therefore loses touch with the world and must depend upon secondhand and often biased sources of information. Here you have the key to much Continental ignorance.

The inevitable result of all this lack of knowledge is misunderstanding, both of our motives and of our expenditures. One of the greatest myths of modern times relates to our alleged materialism. There is still no adequate Continental realization of our sound industrial relations, of our high-wage and high-production formula, or of that genius for mass output which is forging us to the front in the world-trade procession.

Europeans cannot conceive that with money we have created a true democracy of opportunity in which the humblest may rise to be the highest. When we pour out our millions for relief we are set down as quixotic, or profiteers with ill-gotten gains that clamor to be spent.

As a direct result of this, Uncle Sam is looked upon as an economic ogre. Putting it another way, we are a sort of octopus whose tentacles are reaching out everywhere. In line with this idea, a German told me in all seriousness that in consequence of what he called our "criminal prosperity," Europe would be driven to organize a "federation of fear" against our encroachments.

Another German loosed this remark: "America has made a great point of European disarmament. What she needs more than anything else is to disarm herself economically." When I asked him to elucidate, he answered, "Your trade and financial aggression have become a menace to the whole world." Coming from a person the middle name of whose nation for years was economic imperialism, the charge was, as the British say, "a bit thick."

(Continued on Page 66

With JEWETT-Style Enters A New Price Field

THOSE strikingly beautiful new Jewetts that you are meeting on the road so frequently these days—take heed lest your impression of their price be erroneous.

Probably you haven't given a second thought to their cost. You have admired them . . . you may have envied them . . . and then unconsciously *supposed* that a car so smart . . . so ultra-exclusive . . . so charmingly equipped and fitted . . . must necessarily cost a great deal more than the car you're driving.

You are the ones we want to see and admire and drive this new Jewett . . . For *we* know that when *you* know what this smart new Jewett gives you . . . *in addition* to a chassis unequaled in its field . . . *smartness* . . . *vogue* . . . and the very latest word in motor car *style* and fashion . . . that's the car you'll buy.

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Complete, too, with fashion's latest in things mechanical—an air cleaner, balanced crankshaft, high-pressure lubrication, bronze-backed bearings, silent chain timing, and, of course, Paige-Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes.

Do visit your nearest Paige-Jewett dealer soon and ask to take the wheel of one of the charming new Jewetts—or any one of the fourteen body types and color combinations that constitute the smart new Paige-Jewett line.

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PAIGE & JEWETT SIXES

(845)

(Continued from Page 64)

Summed up, European hostility to the United States grows mainly out of ignorance of the real America, envy of our prosperity and pique over our refusal to be a continuous cash register. In these few words you have the reason for the latest brand of Americanophobia.

Though there is no real justification for this antagonism save in sporadic outbreaks of tourist tactlessness, the vagaries—I use the mildest phrase—of some Americans have shaken European respect for the institution of Yankee democracy.

These backsliders may be divided into three classes. The first is the apologetic American. By him I mean the individual who immediately begins to apologize for his country the moment he strikes Europe. Listen to him or her and you are led to believe that socially we are still in the Dark Ages and that the Constitution should be supplanted by a book of international etiquette. In other words, we are a vulgar race, not fit to associate with our betters save with the aid of an approved mentor. There is no dearth of bankrupt foreigners willing to bridge the social gap—for a price. The particular sinners are women with a mania for contact with titled personages, and who often provide meal tickets for the impoverished Continental aristocracy.

Foreign Glories

Second comes the growing legion of ribbon hunters. If there is one thing above all others that plays havoc with American equanimity, it is a foreign decoration. It becomes a sort of vice, because the moment a man gets one he is seized with a violent desire to annex a whole collection. I do not mean those bestowed for war valor or conspicuous and genuine service. I refer to the so-called courtesy honor. There are courtesy titles as well.

As you analyze this ribbon business you discover that the bulk of the courtesy insignia is often not voluntary, but sought. The case of a certain American who became a British subject will illustrate the method. He organized a definite selling campaign to get a knighthood. Every countryman of his who had the slightest connection in England was requested to write a glowing testimonial of his war services. This procedure is duplicated by many Americans who move heaven and earth to get a little silk adornment for their buttonholes.

Now if a 100 per cent Englishman is discovered in the act of buying a title, for it amounts to this when an honor is bestowed for a generous party contribution, no one is surprised. So indiscriminate was the handing out of high honors to brewers and kindred folk during the Lloyd George régime that sacrilegious British wits referred to the peerage as the beerage. That Americans should hanker after the baubles of alien favor is, or should be, surprising. Naturally, the French, who have been the objective of much of this American ribbon seeking, wonder just why free-born descendants of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson should be so hotfoot for decorations.

The third type is the victim of a disease which I call kingitis and queenitis. The quest of decorations is bad enough, but the pursuit of a royal handshake is much worse. The extent to which Americans go to get within hat-raising distance of a European monarch is well-nigh unbelievable. I say this in no sense of disrespect, but to emphasize an obvious phase of American hysteria.

We can now examine anti-Americanism in concrete terms, beginning with France, where the worst outbreaks occurred. What precipitated the venomous irritation was the American debt terms—the Mellon-Bérenger agreement—and the collapse of the franc. Nothing could convince the average citizen that they were not interrelated for the good and sufficient reason that the French public was kept in ignorance of the real facts. For a long time the press and the politicians had told the country that America, with England, was responsible for the fall of the currency. This was repeated so often that the public accepted it. It is to his credit that Caillaux was about the only conspicuous figure with the courage to inform his countrymen that they alone were responsible for their troubles because they had lived in a fool's paradise of nontaxation since the war.

If you know the French at all you know that their keenest susceptibilities relate to money. Tickle the pocket nerve, and national St. Vitus develops. A Frenchman will cheerfully and heroically make every sacrifice except that which relates to the expenditure of cash. With a brilliant imagination is combined a sense of avarice. French thrift is almost a vice. Every American who has ever been in France will attest to these facts.

The French expectation that their debt would be canceled by us had a slight basis of justification, and for this reason: In the years immediately after the Armistice, various self-appointed ambassadors went from America to Paris dripping with amity. The French lunched and dined them and listened to their platitudinous hot-air speeches about our sentimental and other obligations to the republic. On their own authority, these self-appointed emissaries promised cancellation of the debt. The French kissed them on both cheeks and pinned medals on their chests. When the day of reckoning came, the one-time hosts thought they were the victims of deception. Of course, few people in France know that we have already forgiven all their debt except the post-Armistice borrowings.

The actual and immediate provocation for the hue and cry against America followed the fall of the franc to the lowest level it had ever known. But what the French did not stop to consider was that coincident with the currency debacle was the worst of the many political crises that had followed thick and fast. This supercrisis grew out of the fact that no premier had been able to put through a drastic taxation program. Every effort to impose it was blocked by parliamentary groups who placed their selfish interests above patriotism.

The French, instead of placing the blame where it belonged, followed the line of least resistance and made America the goat. Thousands of American tourists in France became the victims of a swift and sudden national fury.

The French View

Even Clemenceau, whose long tradition of splendid national service had enshrined him in the affections of all America, joined in. His open letter to President Coolidge was construed in Washington as an indiscretion of the worst sort. Some of his statements constituted a distinct slur upon our entry into the war, and our effort. In referring to the war debt he said, "France is not for sale even to her friends." He expressed the almost unanimous French opinion about our capitalization of war business when he asked, "Should we not have stopped under the shells to summon a council of administration of profiteers who would have decided the question whether we might continue the defense?"

Perhaps the best observation on Clemenceau's letter was made by Senator Borah. When asked for an expression on it he said: "Monsieur Clemenceau's letter is so cruelly misleading in its reference to the sale of independence, so deliberately unjust in its statement about waiting for America to come into the war, and our separate peace, and yet is so pathetic in its manifest love of country revealed, that I prefer not to comment at length."

There is no need of rehashing all the sorry history. Much of it is best forgotten. A few incidents will serve to show how the French vented their anger. The phrase "*ces sales Américains*," which means "those dirty Americans," was heard on all sides. Groups of our tourists in sight-seeing wagons were mobbed in Paris and elsewhere. In many instances it was necessary to invoke police protection. American women were jostled off the sidewalks by natives whose invariable remark was "*Je suis Français*," which is, "I am French." Therefore the sidewalks belonged exclusively to them. To speak English was to draw rebuff and even insult. Yet all the while the American dollar was in active circulation, speaking its own language, and it never failed to be heard.

One demonstration was typical of what went on. It was the parade of the *mutilés*—that is, the mutilated veterans of the World War. Led by their nurses and relatives, they paraded the streets as a protest against the American debt terms. They were followed by deputations of ex-service men carrying banners with ironic inscriptions about the United States. One of these banners showed George Washington on horseback with a bag of dollars in one hand and holding aloft an emblazoned dollar mark with the other.

Asking for Trouble

A provocation of French anger lay in a mistaken idea of the pecuniary advantages that the foreigner got out of the collapse of the franc. So far as the Americans were concerned, this feeling was entirely unwarranted. The average American visiting in France does not ordinarily stint himself. The real trouble was that many middle-class English flocked to France during the high tide of currency depreciation and squeezed all there was out of a franc. The French mistook many of them for Americans. Upon one occasion, when a *char-à-bancs* filled with British tourists was mobbed, the guide had to call out, "These people are not Americans. They are British."

Of course, there is the usual other side of this phase of the story. Some Americans in Paris asked for the trouble they had. While the franc was on the toboggan, they would talk vociferously in public places or in railway carriages about the stability of the American dollar, or loudly say to one another, "Don't buy francs today. They will surely go to forty-five tomorrow."

All this galled the French, and with reason. There was no provocation, so far as I could see or discover, for the widely circulated reports that American tourists lighted cigarettes with fifty-franc notes. They burned money, but in other ways.

Not only did the French annoy and harass Americans personally; but when the going was at its worst, the Paris newspaper L'Œuvre, which is notoriously anti-American, suggested a unique measure of retaliation. It recommended the establishment of a quota system for France such as was set up by our Department of Labor for foreign countries, and the creation of a French equivalent of Ellis Island, where all debarking Americans would be subjected to a rigid once-over.

A further recommendation was for a drastic tax on all foreigners for each day they remained in France. One French paper suggested that foreigners be required to pay dearly for a *permis de séjour*—that is, the right to remain there—and also be prohibited from changing their foreign money into francs while in the country. A ban was put on the taking of foreign currencies out of France. I discovered this on the Franco-Belgian frontier and also on the Franco-Spanish border.

All this tourist baiting was bad business for the French. The wonder is that so practical a people should not have considered the inevitable material, as well as moral, reaction. A look at the figures will show just what the summer transient means to the country.

It is estimated that during the season of 1926 nearly $700,000,000 was spent by Americans in Europe, and the bulk of it went into French tills. It established a new record for spending. If the French persist in their attitude, it will probably never be duplicated.

The financial loss is only one feature. Each year the tide of American tourists has become more variegated. Once it was the rich or the very well-to-do who comprised the majority. Today the humblest schoolteacher and college student take advantage of the tourist-cabin rates and have a fling at Europe. If these people are well treated they return home and spread the gospel of good-will, thus establishing a larger and cumulative interest in things foreign. Those who came back after the last spasm of anti-Americanism will serve no similar purpose. Thus the French have injured themselves in two ways.

As a matter of fact, many Americans curtailed their stay in France as soon as the agitation started. They either returned to America earlier than they expected or went to England, Germany or Italy. So far as England was concerned, they probably preferred to be abused in a language they understood rather than in one they did not. At least they could have what satisfaction there was in being able to answer back.

Such, in brief, is the story of what happened in France during a period which can be recalled only with regret. No effort has been made here to indict a nation. I am convinced that if the real facts about the debt had been brought home to the great mass of the French people they would never have countenanced the antagonism displayed.

Instead, they were fed up with misinformation ladled out by the Paris politicians because it suited their ends.

That we should get in bad with the French on a wholesale scale was no startling surprise to the traveling American. As I have already intimated, we have always more or less irked them. Nor has the language handicap been the only irritant. The best efforts of the real and professional friends of France could not repel the surge of sharp criticism of us.

Continental Similarity

That England should indulge in a distinct anti-American manifestation has some of the elements of shock. I do not mean to say that the British have ever really understood us, and I doubt if they ever will. The infusion of American impulse and English reserve is difficult. A common language and some degree of common ancestry make for a measure of friendship, but no one, of course, has any delusions on the subject. The American doughboy and the British Tommy, for example, often rasped each other in France. The closest of our war kinships overseas was with the Australians.

In this connection let me quote an extract from a letter from an Englishman in British East Africa who took exception to my article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on Europe's mandate burden. The reason for his complaint was my contention that Britain was animated as much by economic self-interest in Mesopotamia as by a desire to aid Arab nationalism. He said:

"I do not make the very common former mistake of supposing that America has any special regard for England, or that Americans are other than as foreign to English people as English people are to the French. Indeed, I think there is far more fundamental similarity of outlook between inhabitants of the same continent, once the language difficulty is overcome, than between any one of them and the inhabitants of another continent." This explains why the British do not always get the American or his point of view.

As you look back you discover that anti-Americanism is no new institution in England. Save for the usual cartoon sniping, there was no serious disparagement of us until acute criticism developed over Woodrow Wilson's hesitancy about declaring war against Germany. In the almost hysterical exultation over our war entry in the supreme hour of Allied need this was temporarily forgotten. It came to life with a bang the moment the debt issue boiled over.

(Continued on Page 70)

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

365 SHOPPING DAYS

No matter how many shopping days before Christmas, there are 365 every year for Coca-Cola ~ a pure drink of natural flavors with that tingling feel-good taste and its delightful after-sense of refreshment

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS ~ 7 MILLION A DAY

America's first truly fine small car

BY G. M. WILLIAMS, PRESIDENT MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

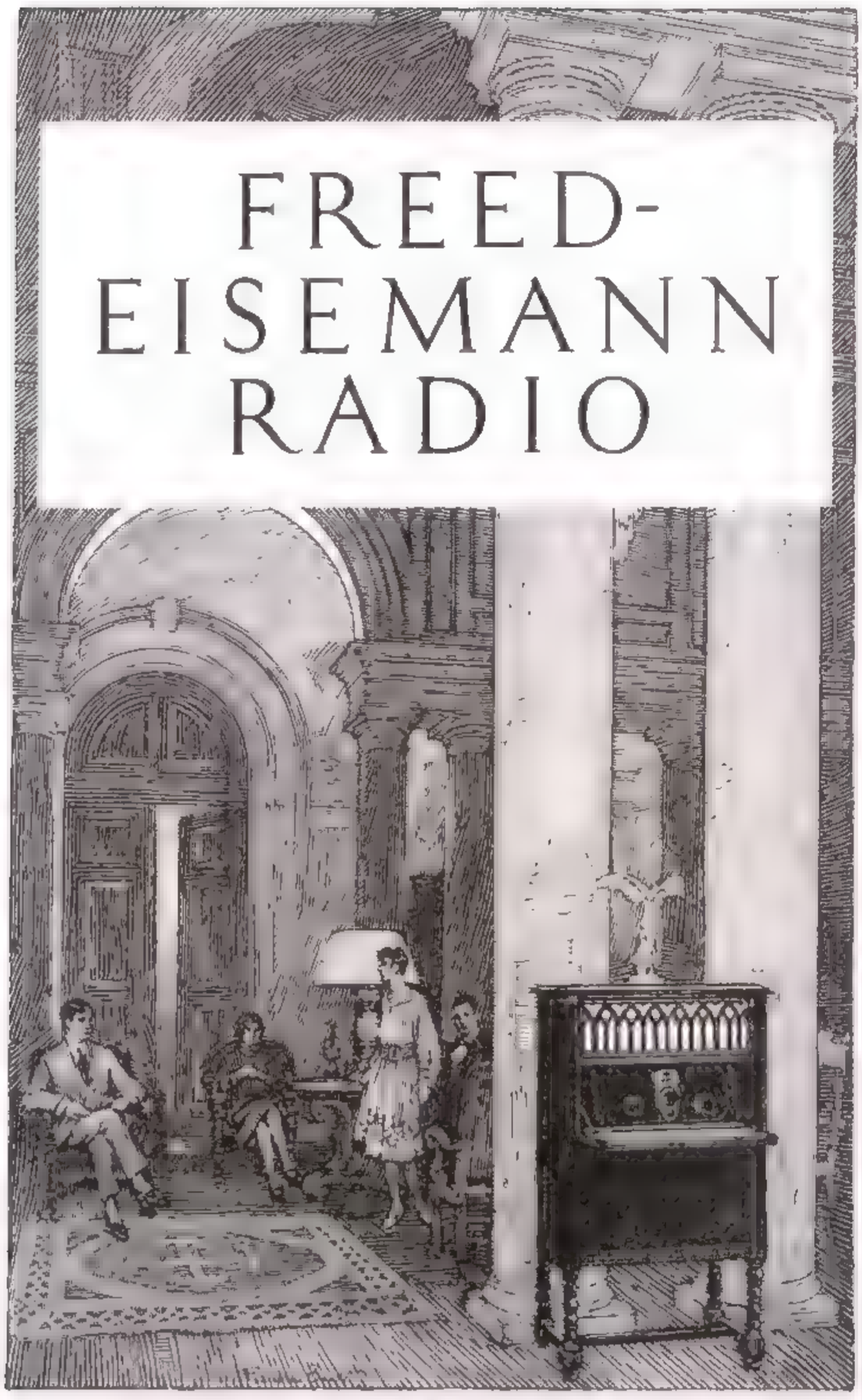
For months rumor has had it that some one of the fine car manufacturers was building a small car — All manner of prophecy has been made as to what manufacturer it was and what the nature of the car would be — This is to announce formally that Marmon is now building such a car — This new product will carry the time-honored Marmon name and, to distinguish it from its parent—the Marmon "75"—it will be known as the Little Marmon — As to what the Little Marmon is like—briefly here are some high points about it:

COMPANION TO THE LARGE MARMON

The little MARMON

Size—ample to tour comfortably in, yet small enough to move in and out of traffic and park in unbelievably small spaces— Appearance—all that we at Marmon have learned in twenty-five years of fine car building, in addition to all we could find out from the Europeans— Performance—70 real miles an hour—with ease; lightning quick at lower speeds; road balance and riding ease which rival that of the large Marmon— Prices and Types—a wide range of standard models, all under $2,000.00, and a limited supply of most unusual custom-built designs— Deliveries—beginning in January— The Little Marmon, we believe, is really unique among automobiles—a most complete and positive answer to the public need and demand for "an automobile which would be small, yet with all the individuality of the most pretentious"— It represents more than two years of research and development, in this country and abroad— It will, of course, be manufactured in Marmon factories—and to the same high precision standards which have always characterized the Marmon establishment, now in its seventy-fifth year— To those who have often wondered why "someone didn't make a small fine car"—may we at least hold the hope that you will find just the car you have been thinking about in—the Little Marmon.

The Little Marmon will be displayed publicly for the first time at the New York Automobile Show, January 8



THE PREFERRED RADIO—
In homes where leaders meet

$60 *and up for table sets* $95 *and up for console sets*

Prices slightly higher in Canada and west of the Rockies

IN the splendid residences of Park Avenue, in New York, Lake Shore Drive, in Chicago, and even distinguished streets of foreign capitals, the radio you will find is FREED-EISEMANN.

That FREED-EISEMANN has brought radio to its utmost refinement is witnessed by the fact that it was selected by government experts for installation on the President's yacht, the Mayflower, and that it was the only American radio ever awarded the gold medal at a European International Radio World's Fair.

A vast new plant has effected startling economies in production and has yet been able to maintain that sterling quality for which its makers have won an envied reputation.

Illustrated above is Model 40 C-30—$135. Table model same set, $85. Licensed under Latour patents.

For free demonstration write your name and full address in margin below

Only in the Freed-Eisemann Radio
will you find all these features at such remarkably low cost

Complete metal shielding from outside interference. One tuning control instead of three. Steel chassis construction. Superb cabinets. All sets can be run from house current with Freed-Eisemann power units

FREED-EISEMANN RADIO
Freed-Eisemann Building, Brooklyn, New York

(Continued from Page 66)

What history will record as the Uncle Shylock era really began with Secretary Hoover's arraignment of British restrictions on rubber exports early in 1926. Although we are by far the largest consumers of the crude product, we remained at the mercy of an inelastic system which brought about a top-heavy price. As most people will recall, rubber became the subject of a congressional investigation and a fierce publicity beat about the Stevenson scheme under which the rubber monopoly operates. Our comments on the scheme and efforts to obtain relief were bitterly criticized in the bulk of the British press. England got into the mood of slamming the Yankee, and the debt question, once it came to the front again, intensified it.

What actually started John Bull on a fresh rampage against us was the widespread feeling that Winston Churchill, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, had been too lenient with the French in the settlement of their debt to the British. This raised the whole Allied-obligation question anew. There was a further irritant in the fact that England was in the economic dumps, largely due to the sapping of productive vitality by the coal strike. Trade shrank and the tax burden oppressed. Every time a Britisher paid his income tax he cursed America. To use their well-known phrase, the British became nervy. As in France, we were made the goat. Again responsibility was laid abroad instead of at home.

About Face

The British anti-Americanism had for its principal voice the Rothermere press, owned by Lord Rothermere, who succeeded his lamented brother, Viscount Northcliffe, as proprietor of some of the most widely circulated London newspapers, including the Daily Mail and the Daily Mirror. The Daily Mail was the creation of Northcliffe and the most characteristic expression of his genius as a publisher. Northcliffe understood America better than any Englishman of his time. He would have turned over in his grave if he had known of the reversal of his long and consistent editorial policy of friendship for us.

The Daily Mail fired the opening gun. It was inspired by Winston Churchill's denunciation of the American debt terms in the House of Commons. Now began a period of abuse almost without precedent in the British press. To use the old wartime expression, we got a daily strafe and got it good.

The outstanding feature of the propaganda was the play on the initials U. S. These were made out to be the abbreviation of the words Uncle Shylock. Of the many cartoons which expressed this idea, the most malicious showed Uncle Sam as Uncle Shylock on the European Rialto, knife in hand, seeking his pound of flesh, which was Europe's debt to him. In a basket he carried an infant labeled the franc. A leading article on alleged American extortion was headed USury. The first two letters were capitalized so that there could be no mistake in the writer's meaning.

The Daily Mail campaign came to a curious and unexpected close. After pounding away at the United States for about ten days, the broadsides suddenly ceased. Soon after, Lord Rothermere, in an astonishing article entitled Britain and the United States, which was published in the Sunday Pictorial, one of his many organs, repudiated the tirades against us with the naïve statement that everything that had appeared in the Daily Mail represented the opinions of the editor and his staff and not his own. He maintained that "the public does not always realize that the proprietor, like myself, of many newspapers is not, and cannot be responsible for every expression of opinion of his papers." He then went on to say that Anglo-American accord is essential to world peace. Furthermore, he laid Britain's plight not to the debt terms but to "the incredible ineptitude of British statesmanship."

As a direct result of this repudiation, Thomas Marlowe, who had been associated with Northcliffe as editor of the Daily Mail from its first issue and continued under the Rothermere régime, resigned his post.

Spiking Their Guns

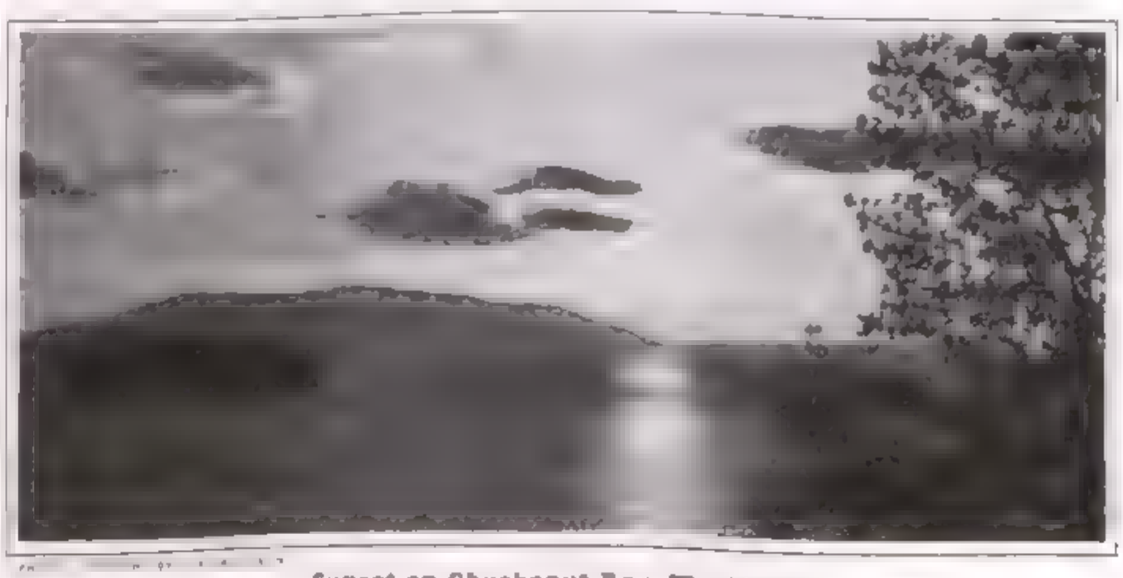
Just why Lord Rothermere stopped America-baiting in his papers remains a mystery. Anyone with a knowledge of how newspapers are conducted knows that an attack such as the Daily Mail made on the United States could not continue more than a day without the owner's knowledge. What brought about the change of heart? The government could not have inspired it, because the Rothermere press is, in the main, hostile to it. Nor could pressure have been brought to bear by the City, as the financial district of London is known, since Rothermere is one of the richest men in England and could therefore submit to no intimidation from this source.

Cessation of fire in the Rothermere press did not end the movement by any means. The agitation continued and took many forms. The American film became one of the first targets.

Shortly before the launching of the anti-American crusade, The Big Parade opened in one of the largest cinema houses in London. It was now berated as a characteristic example of Yankee self-glorification. One of the most caustic comments declared, "This picture shows how the United States won the war—in the films." It is a curious commentary on publicity that The Big Parade enjoyed the longest run ever known by a film in England. I cite the campaign against this picture because it was typical of the attitude toward most things American.

England developed an acute case of anti-Americanism. The blood that was once thicker than water suddenly appeared to be diluted. The debt question was incidental to the fear that the United States was rapidly becoming economic master of the world. Many Britons could not sleep at night for worry over our trade and prestige. Had they concentrated more energy on a drastic solution of their labor

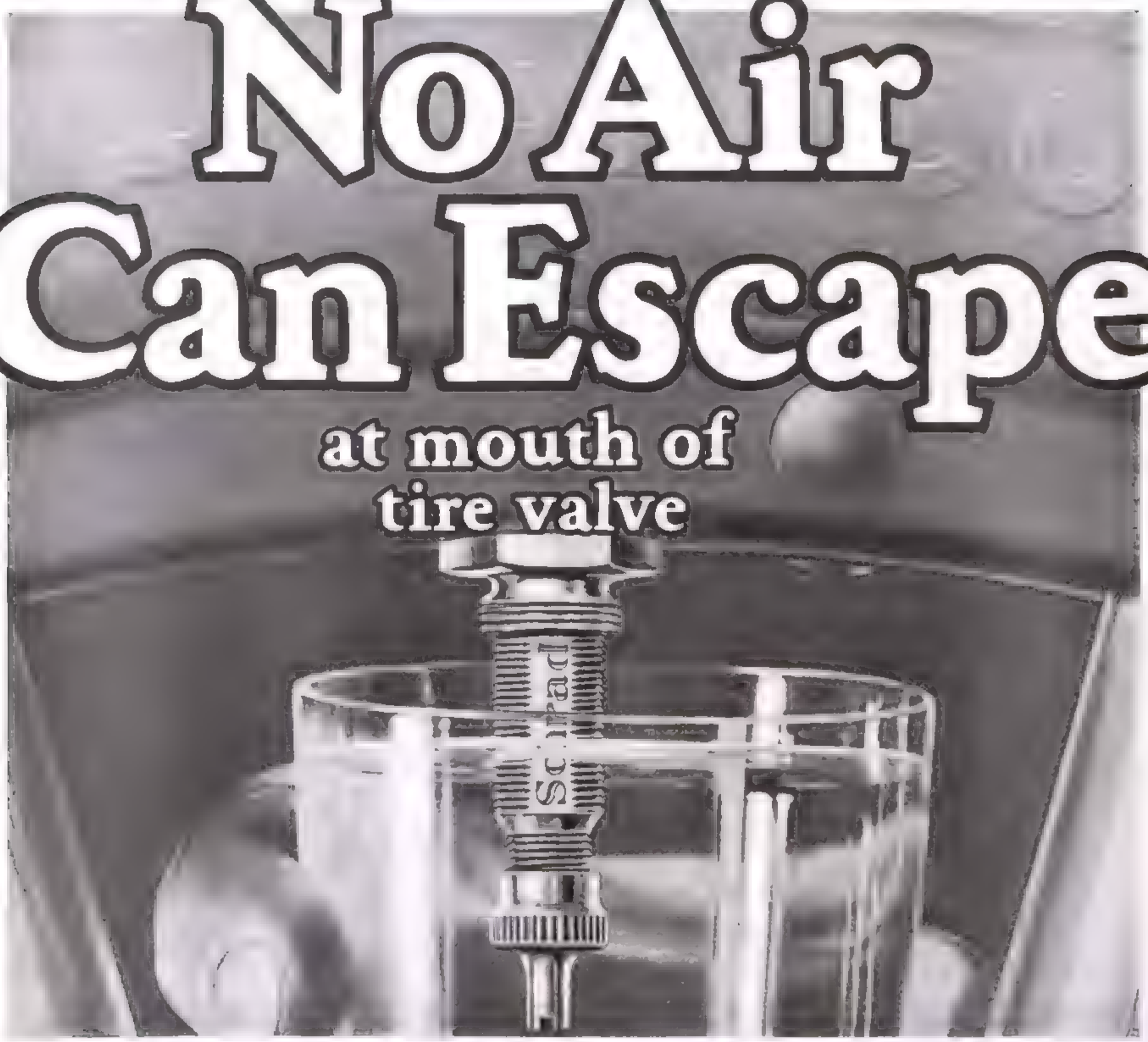
Continued on Page 72



Sunset on Chuckanut Bay, Washington

No Air Can Escape

at mouth of tire valve



Improved valve cap

guaranteed air-tight up to 250 *lbs.*

Make sure that a Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap covers and protects every one of your tire valves, including the spare. No air can escape at the mouth of the valve when this improved valve cap is screwed down tight by hand. It is guaranteed air-tight up to 250 lbs.

Five in the red metal box cost but 30c.

Should the valve inside become worn out or damaged, the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap prevents escape of air at mouth of the valve until you have an opportunity to replace the inside. Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

(Continued from Page 70)

problems and the improvement of production methods, and spent less thought on what became a distinct inferiority complex, they would have fared much better.

Of course, the Volstead Act and the "terrors of Ellis Island" came in for the fullest measure of ridicule. Yet for every British tourist traveling third-class, which made him or her amenable to our immigration laws at a port of entry, there was discrimination against American labor in England.

The British made more than their usual capital out of what they have always termed our fool legislation. In this respect they lived in a glass house. During July a violent agitation arose for the repeal of a law affecting most English seaside towns and summer resorts. It prohibits the sale of ice cream with a biscuit or wafer after ten o'clock on Saturday night and eight o'clock on Sunday. After grave and mature deliberation, a bench of magistrates at Hastings solemnly decided that ice cream "may not legally be supplied in these conditions and after these hours."

All this agitation was food and drink for humorists, cartoonists and columnists, who made hay while the sun of anti-Americanism shone. The following was typical of what was handed out:

SON: May I buy some chocolates, daddy?

FATHER: No, my lad; for the next sixty-two years you must save up to pay the debt to America.

The debt to us has succeeded the suburbanite and the mother-in-law as the basis of the British jest.

The capstone on abuse of America came in Rudyard Kipling's taunt—otherwise his poem, The Vineyard, which appeared in his new book, Debits and Credits. Its burden was what the British call America's eleventh-hour entry into the war and her capitalization of war need.

Replies and parodies were not lacking. Perhaps the best was by H. I. Phillips, originally published in the New York Sun. Some of the verses read:

At the eleventh hour we came,
Late, perhaps, but pretty game;
Up they leap'd with shouts of joy
And lusty cries of "At-a-boy!"

Since our backs had felt no load,
Eagerness in us abode;
And it's only fair to state,
No one said, "Go home; you're late!"

They went home, delivered hence,
Grudging us no recompense.
But—let's tell a truthful story—
They got all the territory.

The British demonstration, however, expended itself in the uttered and printed word. Americans were not subjected to the kind of physical annoyance that obtained in Paris. We still have good friends in England.

The best elements in journalism diagnosed the situation with good sense and refrained from the kind of abuse which appeared in the Rothermere and kindred newspapers.

Moreover, men like Sir Robert Horne, former Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir Alfred Mond, one of the outstanding figures in British business life; Lord Ashfield, chairman of the London Underground and omnibus lines, who got his commercial training in the United States; J. L. Garvin, editor of the Observer; and J. St. Loe Strachey, former editor of the Spectator, emphasized American ideals and flouted the "whining," as Sir Alfred dubbed it.

Friends Rather Than Relatives

The spasm over the debt will serve a constructive purpose in the end. One fundamental trouble between England and America is that too much has been taken for granted. That mutual bond of speech does not mean everything. I know of no better way of rounding out this chapter than to reproduce a comment made by the Evening Standard of London in an editorial which rebuked Kipling for the poem from which I quoted. It points the way to genuine Anglo-American understanding. Here it is:

> These incidents can only arise from a failure to appreciate the real relations between the two countries. So long as we persist in thinking that there is some sort of cousinly link between them, so long will some of us persist in using the language of frank and familiar rebuke which, however mistakenly, is supposed to be proper between relatives. If we could bring ourselves to think of America as a great foreign power with which we were on friendly terms, but which expected to be treated and would treat us just like any other foreign power, then these troubles might be avoided.

Though the sorest spots in Europe were France and England, anti-Americanism flared in practically every other country with war or postwar financial obligations to us. It means that the "bailiff zone," as one observer put it, embraced practically the whole beaten path of the Allies.

Perhaps the biggest surprise of all was afforded by Belgium, which was the particular object of American philanthropic concern during and after the war. Well might the Yankee sojourner have paraphrased Cæsar's dying words and said, "*Et tu*, Belgium!" Physical hostility was absent, to be sure, but we were looked at askance and worse. Just how unwarranted aversion works to the detriment of a country is illustrated by this typical episode:

A certain altruistic American who had recently made a generous contribution to French education motored from Paris to Belgium with his family. He wanted to look over the ground with a view of endowing a chair in the University of Louvain. He arrived at the frontier before noon, but was not allowed to cross for three hours. The reason was that the customs officials had gone to luncheon. In most European countries this is the sacred hour—or rather hours—not to be profaned by business, however urgent. The place was isolated and it was only after much wandering about that a roadside inn was located and food obtained. The inconvenience was aggravated by the fact that a woman member of the party was ill. When the frontier officials finally showed up, they abused the American roundly for making a polite protest because of the trouble to which he and his party had been subjected. He left Belgium without endowing the chair.

Behind the various petty annoyances which Americans experienced in Belgium was a deep-seated irritation over the fall of the currency. Its depreciation was due in no sense to conscious or unconscious effort on our part. The Belgian franc is intimately allied with the fortunes of the French franc. When the latter tumbled, the Belgians were fed up with the usual bunk that we were responsible for the French fiscal mess and therefore for their own plight. During a considerable part of the economic crisis last summer Belgium went back to war bread. This grated on the nerves as well as on the stomach. Belgium had a case of national as well as financial indigestion, and the country, precisely like France, took it out on us.

A different phenomenon was presented by Germany. The one people who, so far as the result of the war was concerned, had good cause for a grouch against us, abstained from any demonstration of anger. This, however, has been the case ever since the Armistice. In maintaining external amiability the Germans showed their good business judgment. They knew that the first aid to their recovery would be the American dollar, and they went out of their way to show that they had no ill feeling for us. Moreover, they got the dollar. Whatever post-war rankle existed has been carefully camouflaged.

All the European anti-Americanism, however, does not express itself in tourist baiting. In the next article you will see how our economic penetration is sniped at from all sides by envious nations, including Germany.

Turkey cherishes anything but love for us, for a variety of reasons, chief of which is our failure to ratify the Treaty of Lausanne. For this coolness we are largely responsible. When Kemal Pasha became dictator of the new Turkey, we could have had any economic privilege for the asking. The Chester concession was only one evidence of Ottoman good will. Such a hash was made of this proposition that the Turks had to turn elsewhere for financial aid and physical reconstruction.

Our Precious Isolation

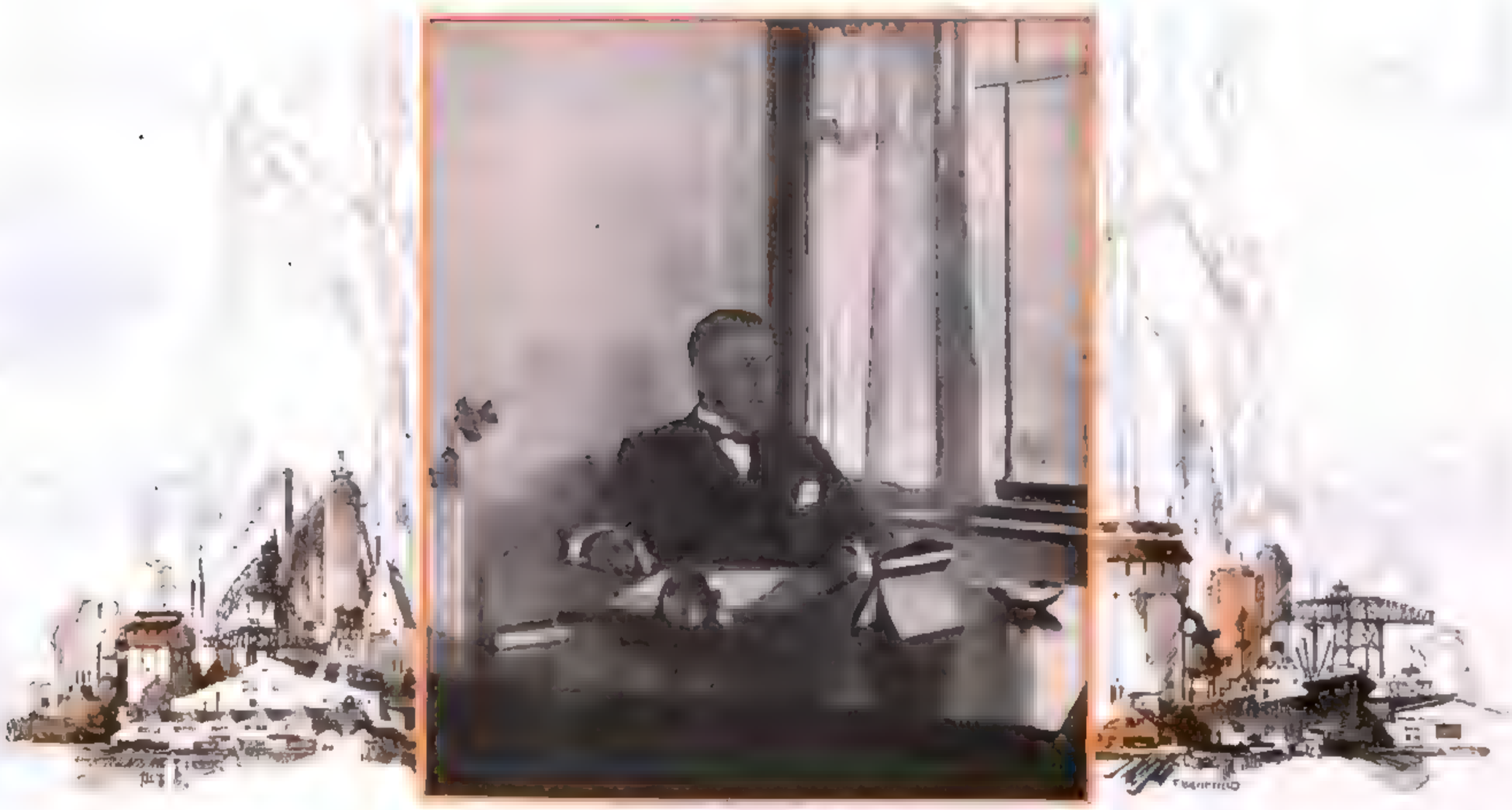
Russia is in a class by herself. Most of the European antagonism that I have indicated was the direct result of loans. The Bolshevik animosity, on the other hand, develops from our failure to come across with cash. Hence, whether we lend or do not lend, we draw the lightning just the same.

Soviet enmity, however, is based on other factors as well. Our consistent and persistent refusal to recognize the Moscow government constitutes perhaps the strongest of all jolts to its scheme of organized world economic destruction. So long as we decline to harbor its representatives, Russian international credit is impaired and the American door closed against red propaganda.

What will be the outcome? At this stage two consequences seem inevitable. One is the stiffening of the official American debt attitude. The other is a tightening of American isolation. We might have made ourselves part and parcel of the European political mess. We can now appreciate what we escaped.

One final observation remains to be recorded. During the past months much has been said and written about the loss of American prestige in Europe. The shoe is on the other foot.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of European articles by Mr. Marcosson. The sixth and last will be devoted to the economic aspects of anti-Americanism.



The man who has "time to think"

The modern executive sheds detail by the use of Printed Forms

THE thing that a progressive business man values most is the opportunity for quiet, constructive thinking.

Printed Forms help, more than anything else, to conserve your time, to delegate details, to prevent interruption by others.

Printed Forms keep you abreast of everything going on in your office, your store, your factory. A pink carbon comes to your desk. You recognize it instantly; your eye goes to the right line; your pencil checks it and it is on its way again—a definite, permanent record that saves endless and vague conversations, prevents blunders, abolishes alibis.

From simple memo blank to intricate inventory sheet, from job ticket to invoice, there are printed forms that will speed up and quiet down every operation in your place of business.

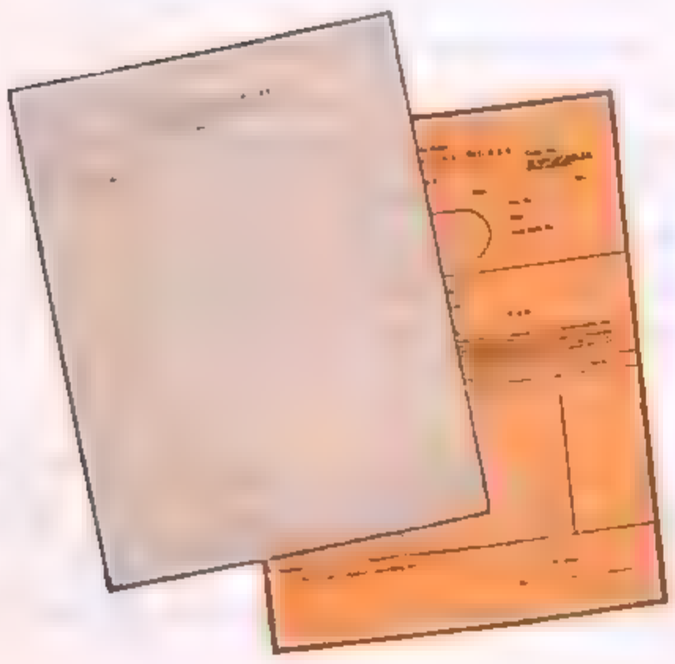
For the sake of economy and highest efficiency, thousands of firms have standardized on Hammermill Bond as the paper for their printed forms and letterheads.

Hammermill Bond offers you twelve colors and white for any kind of "signal system." It is strong, so that it can stand a lot of handling. Its surface is right for all business purposes. It is reasonable in price.

When you specify Hammermill Bond, you know beforehand just what it is going to be like. And you know you can get it—even in a hurry-up emergency—without delay, for printers like to handle it and can supply it promptly.

Write for our Working Kit of printed forms and samples of Hammermill Bond. There is no charge, but please write on your business letterhead.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.



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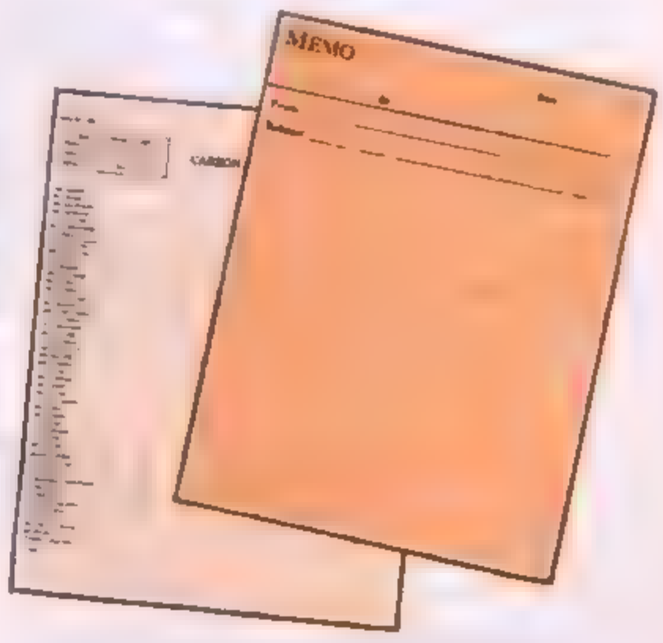
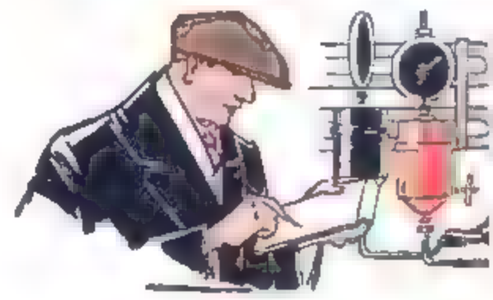
Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

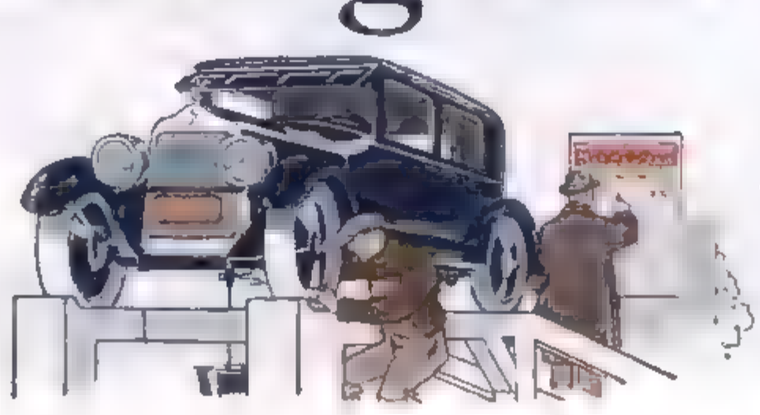


Let Mobiloil prove its cold we

The Vacuum Oil Company was the first company to make special winter recommendations for the lubrication of automobiles



Easier starting and smoother ru



. . . drain off
your present oil

In freezing weather many cars

—winter alters engine operating conditions in a marked way. Starting is more difficult. Oil is more likely to congeal and fail to reach and protect the friction surface.

For these and other reasons it is important that you provide correct winter lubrication as soon as the temperature drops to 32° F. *But do not blindly change to a lighter grade of oil.*

Many cars operate most efficiently the year around, with the same grade of oil. It depends entirely upon the design of the engine—the oil distribution system, the oil piping and other factors.

In some cars a more fluid oil is a necessity. In others lighter oil will fail to meet the lubricating requirements.

The Gargoyle Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations tells you whether or not your car should "change oil in winter." If the winter recommendation for your car is not listed on Chart at right, consult complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

12 months' use instead of 8

By turning to the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil, you obtain, each year, 12 months of trouble-free lubrication service from your engine. Gargoyle Mobiloil banishes winter lubrication difficulties in motoring which formerly caused so many owners to store their cars during the cold months.

Difficult starting — no more. The correct grade of Mobiloil aids prompt, easy starting;

Less strain on battery and starter. This quicker starting minimizes the winter strain on both battery and starter. Thus the correct grade of Mobiloil lowers motoring expenses not customarily associated with lubrication;

Wear reduced. Use of the grade of Mobiloil recommended for your car will assure correct lubrication, from the first turn of the starter. Thus protection of engine parts is assured.

The Gargoyle Mobiloil Chart has long demonstrated its value as a sound guide to winter lubrication. That explains why Mobiloil is selected by a vast majority of automotive engineers for their private cars. And 3 out of every 4 motorists who buy oil by name ask for Mobiloil.

Now is the time for fresh oil

For best results you should have the used oil drained out and your crankcase filled with the correct winter grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil. And be sure it is Gargoyle Mobiloil that goes in. Then you can start winter driving with a free mind and a smoother running engine.

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To ass
operati
service

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAIN BRANCHES:
Detroit, Pittsburg

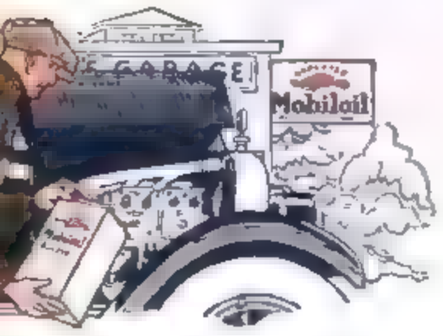
Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout

ather lubricating value.

These winter recommendations have been checked and rechecked by the 42 Mobiloil Engineers. Cold room tests are a special feature of their laboratory research.

These winter recommendations are today approved by 609 manufacturers of automobiles, motor trucks and other automotive equipment.

nning this winter are yours if you-



. . . *refill* with correct winter grade of Mobiloil

. . . *follow* "Cold Weather Driving Tips" printed below

require a change of oil-because

ld weather driving tips

ys push out clutch pedal be-
ting the engine. This relieves
ag" of the transmission on
ter.

ı starting in cold weather,
e only while cranking. Push
part way the instant engine
id fully as soon as possible.

v the engine to warm up be-
npting to drive your car fast.

lcohol or other suitable anti-
mixture in the radiator and
proper strength during cold
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radiator protected by suit-
er during cold weather.

'e you have an adequate sup-
.e correct grade of Mobiloil
case.

re satisfactory cold weather
n have your garage man or
tation attend to the following:

Winter maintenance points

1. See that contact points in distributor are clean and that breaker points are properly adjusted. This will result in easier starting, with less strain on the battery.

2. Be sure that spark plugs are clean and points properly set.

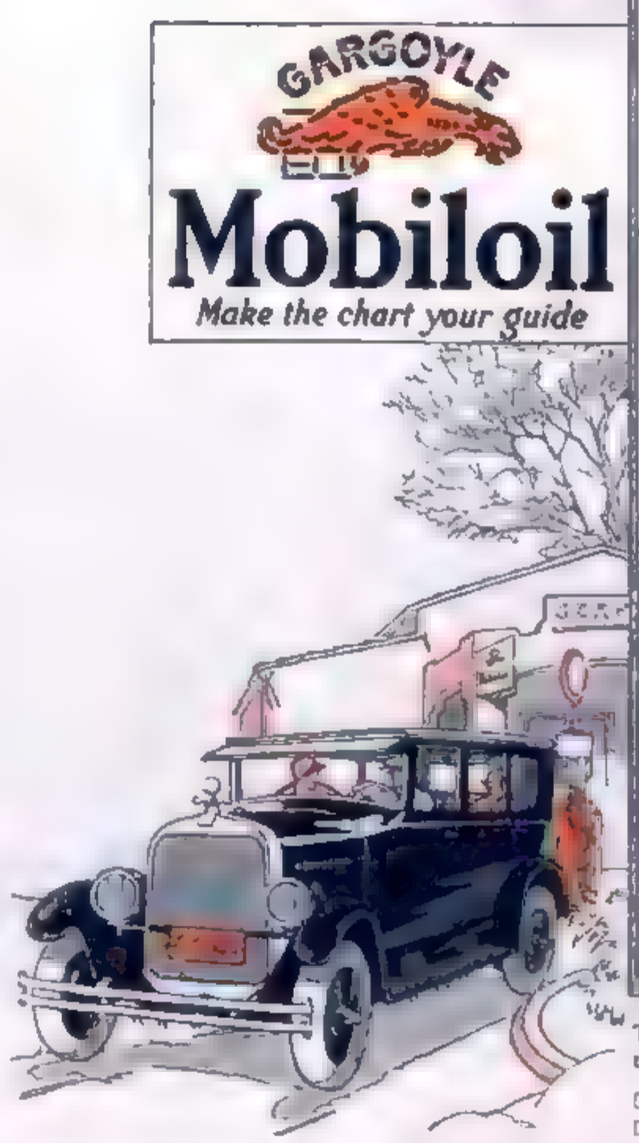
3. Test to see that battery is fully charged. If below 1200 gravity, have recharged.

4. Adjust the carburetor for cold weather.

5. Lubricate all parts of the chassis including the spring leaves. This will protect these parts from rust, wear, and squeaks, and the spring leaves from breakage.

6. Drain the old oil out of the crankcase. Consult the Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations for correct grade for winter driving. Refill with this grade of Mobiloil.

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide



Make this
CHART
your guide

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil, indicated below, are Mobiloil "E," Mobiloil "Arctic," "Arctic," Mobiloil "A," Mobiloil "BB," and Mobiloil "B."

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

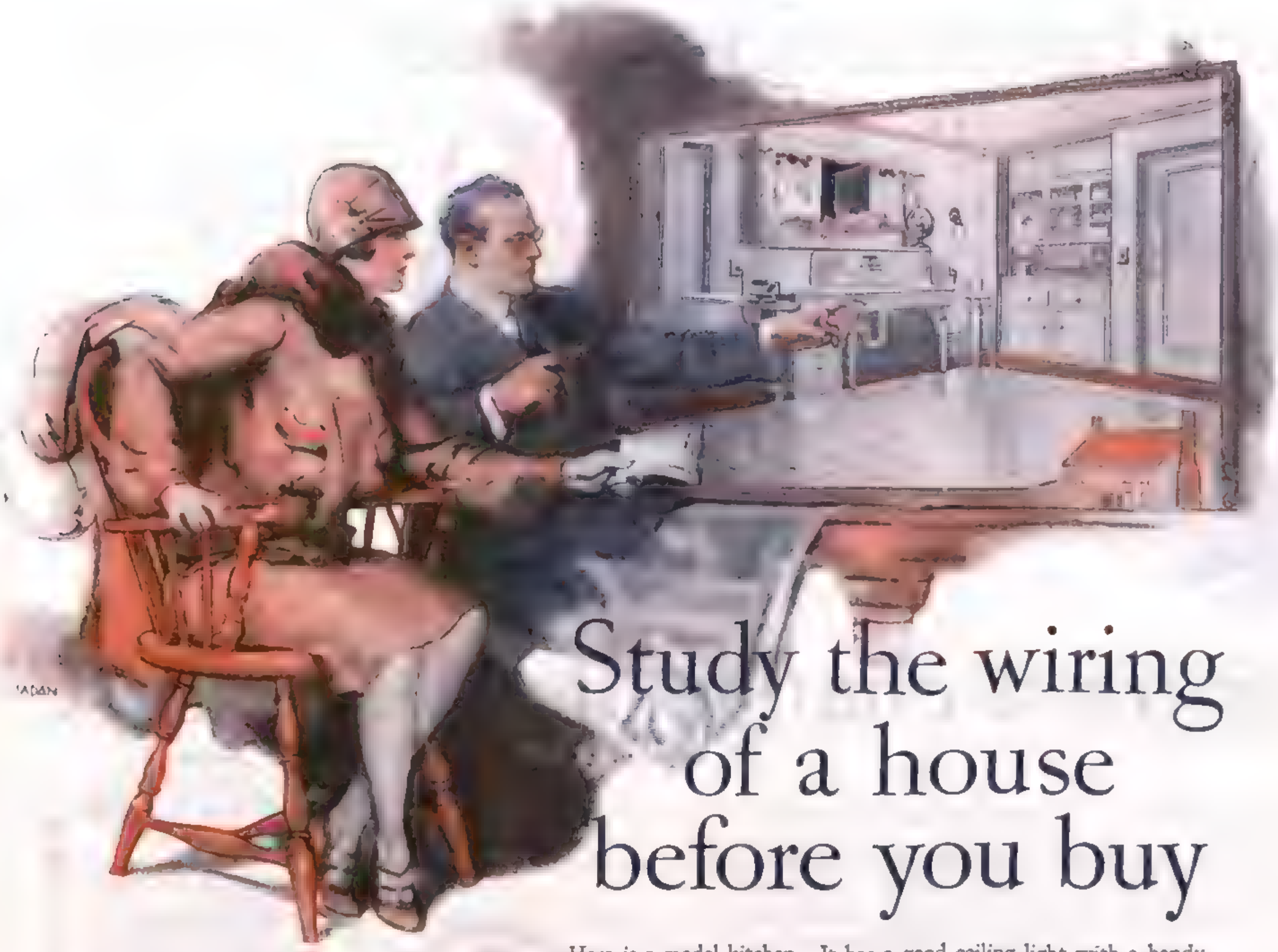
If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 4	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Chrysler 6	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Oldsmobile (4 & 6)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Packard 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc	A	Arc				

Tear out this list. Check what you wish to have the garage man do. Give it to him with your car.

- ☐ Inspect and adjust contact and breaker points.
- ☐ Clean and adjust spark plugs
- ☐ Test and fill battery, or if below 1200 G., recharge.
- ☐ Adjust carburetor
- ☐ Lubricate chassis and spring leaves.
- ☐ Drain oil from crankcase and refill with correct grade of Mobiloil for winter.
- ☐ Full radiator with alcohol or anti-freeze mixture.
- ☐ Supply radiator cover.

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo,
h, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas
he country



Study the wiring of a house before you buy

Here is a model kitchen. It has a good ceiling light with a handy switch. It has side-lights and several convenience outlets for your electrical appliances. Contrast it with the usual kitchen that has just a center light—generally one you have to reach up to turn on. Which would you rather live and work in?

Go through every room of a house with this same thought in mind before you buy it. Look for the adequate wiring that adds so much to comfort, and so little to price. And be sure that inside the walls the house has high quality wiring materials, that give you not only a sense of security, but real economy.

Today, careful builders are paying attention to these important details. You can find houses everywhere with G-E Wiring Systems. And you can have, in the house you *buy*, the comfort—the good lighting—and the quality materials you would demand if you built it yourself, if you just insist on a G-E Wiring System.

The G-E Wiring System is a system of house wiring embodying adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and using G-E materials throughout.

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

WIRING SYSTEM

—for lifetime service

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE WORLD'S MADDEST AND MERRIEST MARKET

(Continued from Page 9

the amount at 10 per cent of the retail price. And, while this may very properly be regarded as rather high, it must be considered in connection with another factor—namely, that only about 5 per cent of the perishables received spoil or rot in the hands of the dealers. This is considered rather remarkable.

So here we have a picture of blatant disorder and obviously wasteful methods producing at the same time a measure of efficiency adequate to challenge anyone who tries to tamper with the present arrangements in an effort to improve them. This statement of the case is not offered as evidence that all such efforts must fail; it merely serves to illustrate how complicated the problem is. At least partial decentralization is possible, and efforts to achieve it will no doubt continue.

From time to time some slight progress toward decentralization is accomplished, but it usually results from new economic factors rather than scientific study. For example, there are certain well-organized agencies representing shippers which owe the major portion of their success to the care with which they grade and pack their goods; they can open a dozen crates for examination and then ask for bids on thousands of crates which have not yet crossed the Hudson River. Because these agencies are known to be reliable the buyers are entirely satisfied to purchase by sample.

If all of the fruits and vegetables could be sold that way there would be no congestion whatever. But they are not, and probably never will be. Only the highly organized producing districts develop such agencies, while the whole world sells in the New York market. According to a monograph prepared by W. P. Hedden, research agent for the Port of New York Authority, the average length of haul of fruit-and-vegetable receipts for New York City is 1500 miles.

A Charge of Grape

Spain, Italy and South America are nearly always represented on the piers. Mexico and South Africa come seasonally. California sends about 40,000 carloads a year; and needless to say, they come all the way across the continent. Central America furnishes bananas by the shipload. Farms close to New York City supply less than 10 per cent of the perishable produce consumed there. Exclusive of bananas nearly one-third of the total volume comes from Florida and California.

The once familiar slogan about getting the producer and the consumer together has about as much relation to the problem in New York City as a dissertation on Japanese art. Even fluid milk comes, for the most part, from areas about 200 miles distant from the city. The average haul for dairy products, other than milk, is approximately 1000 miles. Obviously producers and consumers are not going to become well enough acquainted under those circumstances to call one another by their first names. It is a situation that simply demands middlemen; but, in addition to that fact, the situation is never static, not even for a few months. Always someone has just struck gold or drilled a dry hole, and in either case there is much milling around to an accompaniment of shrill bidding, raucous cries of truck drivers and snorting of tugboats.

The latest sensation was furnished by grapes. Not many years ago the normal annual receipts varied between 3000 and 4000 cars. Then, suddenly, something happened. Many persons said it was prohibition, and it may have been; I don't know. Anyway the 1921 receipts of grapes were 7000 cars. That was considered thrilling, but it turned out to be just a good start; in 1924 the receipts totaled 14,503 cars, and the railroads had to declare embargoes in order to clear their lines so that other traffic could be handled.

The grape movement became such a jumble that big profits and total losses were recorded on the same pages of many ledgers. But, as long as big profits are possible, there is no chance for shipments to decline. In 1925 the total receipts bounced up from 14,503 to 17,180 carloads. These figures are from the files of the United States Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

The Railroad Puzzle

Gradually the dealers and the railroads have been bringing order out of this chaos; but it still remains a difficult problem, partly because the receipts go on increasing at the same dizzy rate and partly because two-thirds of the whole annual movement comes during October and November. For instance during June of 1925 only nine cars of grapes were received, while October brought 8422, or, roughly, half the annual shipment. And nearly all these had to go through the same narrow funnel of space that accommodates the rest of the produce.

At such hectic times the part played by the railroads is nothing less than heroic. It was my intention when I set out to gather the data for this article to pay them the tribute that is their due; but, not being very clever at solving puzzles, I had to abandon the effort to explain in detail just what it is they do. Briefly, however, it amounts to this: With space that will accommodate, let us say, 1000 cars, they handle four or five times that many, and somehow manage to prevent the outgoing empties from getting in the way of the inbound trains, although an ordinary person, looking at the tracks, can see quite clearly that this is impossible.

After listening attentively to the technical explanation of a traffic expert only one detail registered with absolute clarity—and that was a photograph. It shows a giant negro walking off with a barrel of apples. What those trained crews of freight handlers do with a carload of produce in five minutes would make even a Dutch housewife open her eyes. They score a clean-up with amazing promptness.

However, without detracting from the importance of transportation, the more interesting wizardry in this gigantic daily task of distribution is performed by the dealers, who spread ownership until finally one melon or one tomato cools itself in the family ice box. More than one method is used in this process. Business first becomes active in the switching yards over on the Jersey side of the Hudson River at about midnight. Sales begin shortly thereafter on the Pennsylvania Railroad piers. At certain seasons of the year, when vegetables are brought to New York by coastwise steamers, business becomes active on their piers at about two o'clock in the morning. At close to the same hour sales will be under way on the New York Central piers.

A part of the produce dealt in at all these places will move to Washington Market and other centers in Manhattan and Brooklyn where comparatively small lots are sold. Meanwhile, on the water front, the center of activity has moved to the Erie piers. There is no particular reason why this should be the order of the day, but it is. When the Erie tugboats and barges are busiest the dealers engage in auctions, because much of the produce that comes over that railway is sold by auction. A considerable proportion of the cars will have been consigned to companies whose sole function is to conduct auctions, and this system is so well recognized that the railway company maintains auction rooms on the piers as part of the mechanism of its terminal facilities.

These rooms are about as bleak and bare as rooms could possibly be, but they serve their purpose, because at one end of each of them there is a rostrum for the auctioneer and his clerks, and that is just about all the traders require. First they look at the produce to be sold; then they go upstairs, directly over it, and the sale opens. In the assemblage of buyers will be jobbers, representatives of chain stores, representatives of syndicates of pushcart peddlers, representatives of chains of hotels, restaurants and greengrocers. All are in a great hurry, and so is the auctioneer, who goads everyone present to his utmost speed by trying to appear hysterical.

Speeding Up the Bids

These gentlemen are often masters of the histrionic art; their eyes bulge, their voices rage and their arms wave; but observe them closely and you may come to share my opinion, which is that they overlook no bets. I recall watching one master of this form of merchandising who appeared to be at the very point of spontaneous combustion superinduced by excessive blood pressure. Five minutes was my estimate of his probable future in this vale of tears, considering the rate at which he was living. At intervals of less than a minute he would sway far to the right, and each time I said to myself, "Well, there he goes"; but he would sway back again without interrupting his machine-gun monologue.

After ten or fifteen minutes I noticed that on each list to starboard he seemed to be looking at something very intently; and after another five minutes I discovered what it was. He was watching the clerk's tally sheet to see that no mistakes were made; in other words he was no more excited than the night watchman in an ice house. Speed was the object of that fellow's facial contortions, and what's more, he was getting it.

Lost in the Big City

He and his clan are numerous along the water front. They go to their stations on the firing line long before the fog lifts and they leave before the sun is warm. The scene is like some weird ritual, because nearly all the buyers wear gray canvas aprons that resemble Mother Hubbards. These skirted men with battered straw hats or shiny derbies scarcely look real, nor is it easy to understand their speech. Although their bargaining is conducted in English they bring every accent known to this polyglot continent. They are the knights of the lettuce-and-tomato district, and the auctioneer pronounces the incantation that ushers in dawn and salad. A strange crew; but whatever else one may think of them, brave, and not lazy.

Several æons ago, by which I mean shortly before the World War began, I was an official of the Southern Texas Truck Growers' Association. In the heyday of its success this was one of the largest—if not the very largest—coöperative marketing agencies in the world. Upward of 5000 carloads of produce were shipped annually by its sales manager. Twenty thousand bushels of onions for New York City was by no means an unusual day's shipment.

When I first met this cooperative agency it was still young; but according to its veterans, there was an unsolved mystery about the New York market. Our accounting system was rigid and almost foolproof, but in spite of that fact we never seemed to have on the Manhattan piers as many bushels of onions as we had shipped from Texas. The missing bushels could not have been lost or consumed en route, we thought, so this led us to the conclusion that they were stolen on the piers where auctions were held.

With this clew we began investigating, and soon found out that a considerable number of the persons to whom we sold loaded their trucks, wagons and pushcarts regardless of their purchases. To be specific, if a sales slip called for six bushels, the buyer might continue to load crates of onions until his vehicle would carry no more. Our crates were piled up by the thousand, and we, having grown up among ranchmen, were somewhat less than 100 per cent efficient in our checking system.

However, as soon as our eyes were opened to the facts, better methods were inaugurated; but even these failed of complete success, because, to our astonishment, we found that a small but ever present minority of the persons we were dealing with seemed to be devoid of inhibitions or embarrassment. If caught red-handed on Tuesday they tried the same game again on Wednesday, not to mention Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Neither police nor private watchmen, expensive as the latter were, seemed adequate against that small minority which honestly believed that anything they could get away with was theirs by some rule of reason higher than the common law.

These losses were naturally very embarrassing to a cooperative agency whose officials had to be elected by the shippers. We could account for commissions, brokerage, telegrams, icing, transportation and

A Poultry Dealer Who Does His Killing at the Pier

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half a dozen other charges with unassailable documents; but stealage, as it was currently called, left us with no receipted bills and consequently with nothing to prove whether we or persons unknown to us had committed the thefts.

Obviously something had to be done about this. On our staff at the time was a young man who shall be designated here as Joe, not because that wasn't his first name but because it was. If a jollier, squarer good fellow ever walked in shoe leather I have failed to meet him; but the quality that most interested us in Joe during this crisis was the fact that he weighed at least 200 pounds and had hands with about the same dimensions as tennis rackets, except for a thickness more closely resembling that of a side of bacon.

"Joe," we said, "you are to go to New York and inspect the deliveries; when the auctioneers give a sales slip, you are to see that the exact number of crates or bushels named therein is carted away."

He Knew His Onions

Joe grinned and remarked "Fair enough; looks to me like a soft berth." And so it was to Joe, but I doubt that it would have been to anyone else. His attitude toward the job was strictly sporting; whatever they could get away with was O. K. with him, but whatever he did by way of reprisal should be O. K. with them; and, strangely enough, they accepted his conception of his job.

This phenomenon, I think, was largely due to the fact that Joe was incapable of malice or hatred no matter whether such sentiments were justified by the facts or not. Joe remained under all conditions a happy-hearted boy. On the first day of his service as checker of sales slips a buyer whose paper called for six crates was caught in the act of loading the tenth. Joe fetched up a neat swing with his right foot that landed squarely on the seating capacity of the offender, producing an almost perfect double somersault.

That was a busy and a happy morning for Joe; his victims bounced around over the pier like tennis balls. If they swore or threatened, he laughed; and if not too busy, he assisted them in brushing the dust from their clothes. To him it was just a game, and in the playing of it Joe proved himself an artist; he never broke an arm or leg or drowned anyone, but his victims usually recovered their equilibrium within two feet of cold water. Bill Tilden has accomplished on the tennis courts no better shots than Joe achieved on the piers of Manhattan. His one regret, after long and successful service, seemed to be that the utmost he could achieve was a double somersault, even with nice rotund victims. After the second revolution, he said, they showed a perverse and wicked tendency to sprawl horizontally either on their stomach or back no matter how carefully he bent them double before delivering his terrific service shot on the bosom of their trousers. Joe was seldom arrested in spite of his primitive methods, and still more seldom convicted. Before many weeks had elapsed, his work rated 100 per cent in efficiency, and we were able to account for every crate of produce delivered on the Manhattan piers.

If conditions had been reversed and we had cheated the buyers I think there is no doubt that business would still have gone on just the same. A way would probably have been found to absorb the loss and pass it on to the ultimate consumer. This is the maddest and merriest market in the world; there is only one thing it cannot do, and that is to stop. The trade must go on. If banks had to do business in the face of such obstacles they would probably give up in despair; but somehow the lettuce-and-tomato district can triumph even under these conditions.

Beyond the water front that tremendous market jingles its gold; and regardless of all difficulties it must be supplied, because always it is almost bare.

Incidentally no other perishable produce except watermelons undergoes such elaborate distribution as onions. Some of the pushcart peddlers finally sell their larger onions by the slice; watermelons are sold in the metropolitan district by the same unit; even down to two cents for portions that the ultimate consumer can literally see through. Onions are a staple article of diet, ranking with meat in more than one metropolitan market, and are consequently subjected to much thievery in transit; but no other vegetable, fruit, melon or single article of commerce, unless perhaps diamonds, is so continuously the object of predatory attention as watermelons. Men whose honor resists all other temptations suddenly develop acute moral turpitude when confronted by a carload of watermelons.

Another near approach to this article of commerce, so far as the hazards of transportation are concerned, is dressed poultry. Recently I discussed this subject with a dealer who has achieved the aristocratic distinction of car-lot receiver, and he disclosed some of the uncertainties of his business. The man in question subscribes to the dese-dose-and-dem school of English as she is spoke, and he was discussing freight handlers and truck drivers.

"Some o' dem guys," he said, "is a' right, but dere's a lot o' dem dat ain't—see? Dey like chicken and chicken is good to eat—see? So dey take it; what da hell? Y' gotta put up wid 'em—see?"

Piracy and pilferage along the water front of Manhattan run into large sums annually, and even in spite of this, added to all the other difficulties, the fact remains that fresh fruits, vegetables, melons, poultry, fish and meats, both live and dressed, are delivered in astounding quantities day by day with amazing promptness and efficiency. No difficulty seems too great for this market to overcome.

Though probably less than one per cent of the dealers in perishable produce understand how the New York Cotton Exchange functions, they have, nevertheless, evolved something comparable to that system, for they also deal in futures. This takes the form of buying whole crops while they are still growing in the fields or contracting for carloads of chickens that have not yet been hatched.

From the Seven Seas

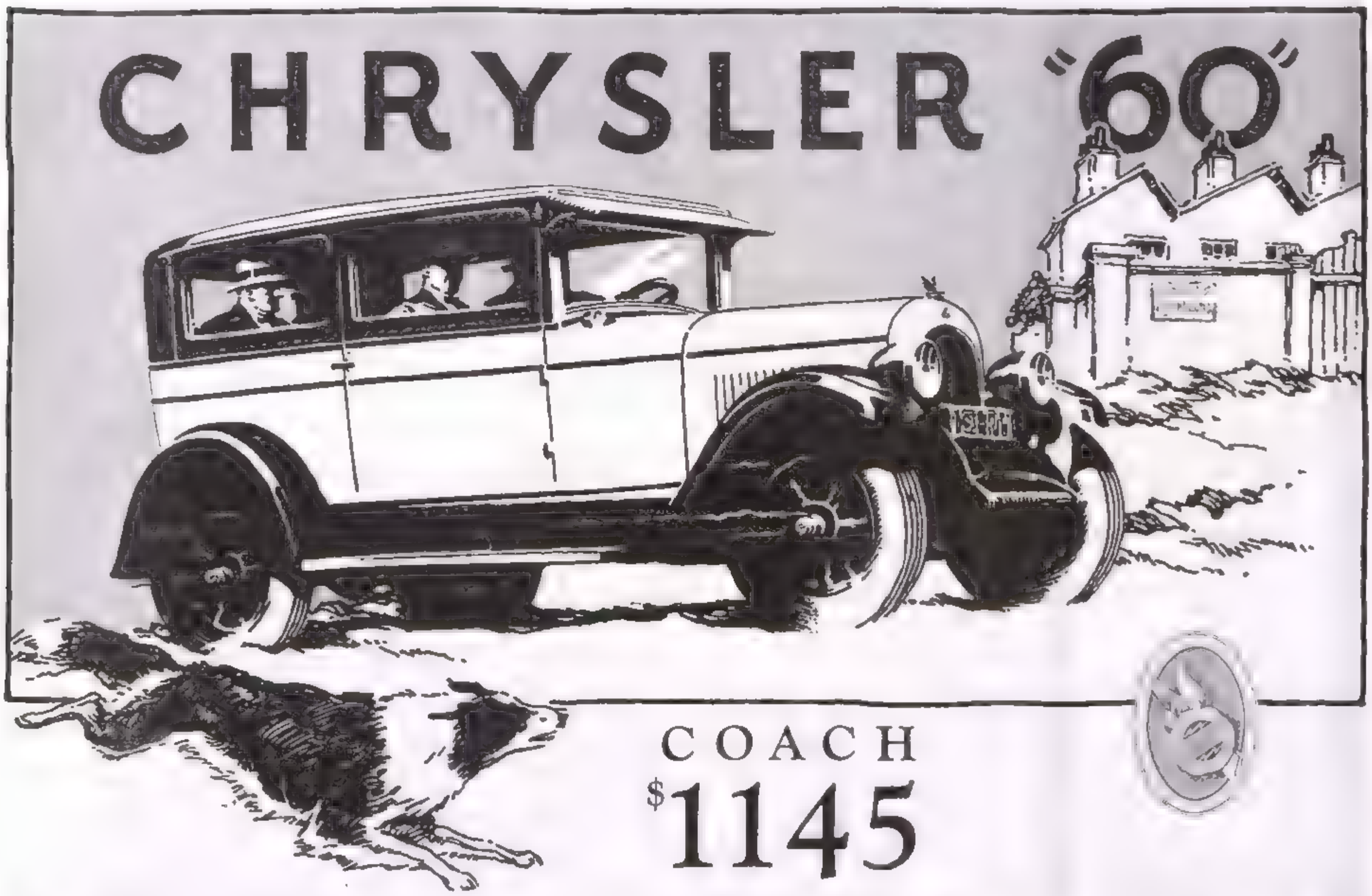
In a previous paragraph I traced the distribution of a carload of lettuce that still belonged to the farmer when it reached the Hudson River, but there are many thousands of carloads of produce that belong to the dealers before they are harvested. Agents representing car-lot receivers go to all parts of the country making these contracts. If they specialize in certain lines, and most of them do, they must be absolutely certain of their supplies, every month in the year.

The New York market knows no seasons; it has everything all the time. The season for each article is extremely brief in each producing district, but as soon as one territory is drained, another comes to market. To cite some specific examples: There are a few days in the year when South Carolina dominates the lettuce market; then back goes the crown to California. There are a few weeks, early in the spring, when Webb County, Texas, dominates the onion market; but if that crop were to fail or prove insufficient, as it has done on a few occasions, Egypt can fill the void until the Bermuda crop is ready. The moment prices rise, due to shortage, distance becomes less important. Just let the price go high enough and Manhattan would reach to the opposite side of the earth for the exact sort of green leaf it wants.

Certainty of supply is the primary purpose of future contracts with farmers, but the car-lot receivers who make these deals are always hopeful that on the day when the goods arrive they may be able to dominate the market. As the time for shipment

(Continued on Page 80)

FEATURES PLUS—*the reason why the Chrysler "60" stands out so unmistakably alone and in contrast with other values in the light-six field.*



COACH
$1145

WHEN you place the Chrysler "60" alongside of the ordinary six you will instantly recognize why any attempt to compare it "feature" against "feature" is in vain.

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All Chrysler models—"50," "60" "70" and Imperial "80"—will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows, at the annual special model display at the Commodore Hotel during the New York Show, Jan. 8-15, and at the Ballroom Room of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, Jan. 29-Feb. 5

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It was a definite recognition of the economies of mechanical figuring.

And further—recognition that Marchant is so constructed as to meet the rigid requirements of the experts of the United States Navy, with acceptance of Marchant operating features.

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You merely press a key—clearance is automatic—no handle "cranking."

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Press another key—again automatic—result comes faster than you can see.

15 operating differences that speed your work—save your time—and reduce operator fatigue. Marchant—a different type.

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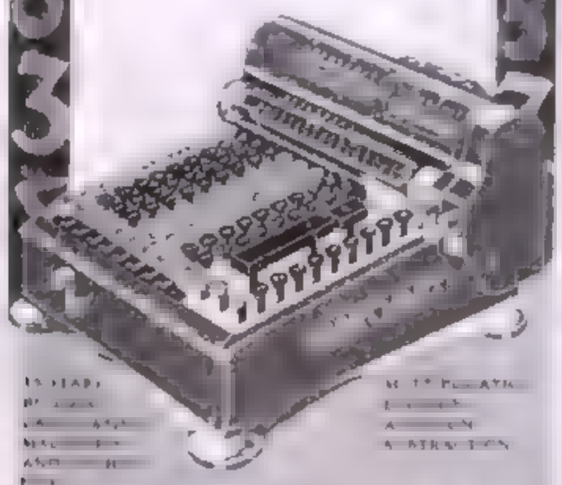


MARCHANT
SUPER-AUTOMATIC

(Continued from Page 78)

draws near they maintain close telegraphic communication with their field agents. In many instances these agents and not the farmers direct the harvesting.

Up to the danger line of excessive ripeness the goods have perfect storage in the fields where they are still growing, so they can be left there without cost and without deterioration until market conditions on the Manhattan water front indicate that the zero hour has arrived. Then a telegram sputters on its way, and at dawn an army of harvesters charges into the field like firemen responding to a three-alarm fire. Motor trucks, refrigerator cars and switch engines are mobilized with the utmost speed. Incidentally at the close of the day the farm often looks as though an earthquake had struck it.

Upward of 80 per cent of the produce consumed in New York comes by rail, and no inconsiderable portion of it travels on special express trains with schedules comparable to those of the fastest extra-fare passenger trains. A difference of twelve hours in the time of delivery is absolutely certain to affect the price, and it may mean loss instead of profit. That is why comparatively little of the perishable produce is shipped by water. If the dealer's planning and forecasting works out as he has hoped, the arrival of his produce will be so timed that for a few glorious hours of some foggy dawn he has the best there is of that article. Then his year in that particular producing district is a complete success, and on the morrow, or at the latest within a month, he will test his skill and luck somewhere else, perhaps 2000 miles away, where he has another gamble pending.

The Huddle System

The nature of these operations shows clearly why all the dealers huddle together. On the day when one is lucky he sells not only to his regular customers, the jobbers, but to his competitors as well. On the day when he is not lucky he must go to his competitors, because, win or lose, he must play his part in the game. Sometimes he buys in the open market on the water front, when he already owns thousands of bushels of the article in question in some distant state where the crop is being fed to hogs or permitted to rot in the fields because the price has gone too low to justify transportation charges. It is no game for a man with a weak heart.

The dressed-poultry market also deals in futures; however, its system includes not only contracting in advance but storage as well. The poultry market huddles along the water front, extending north and south from the foot of Fourteenth Street, so that it is just a little spot in the produce district. Near by are packing plants and storage facilities. Speculation here reaches back to the producing districts in the form of contracts for future deliveries, and forward from the period of delivery to some hoped-for day when stored goods can be hauled out of refrigeration and sold at a profit.

Trading on this market becomes active at midnight and is highly dramatic. The contending forces are like soldiers upon whom night has descended far out in No Man's Land, where each individual hiding in his shell hole wonders whether the adjoining shell hole is occupied by friend or enemy. Everyone is subjected to cross fire and flank attack. The objective of one group of traders is to bring in poultry for which they have contracted in advance and sell it at the highest possible price for immediate consumption. But, no matter how favorable conditions may be for their operations, they are flanked by the storage dealers, who can open up with a barrage of competitive selling whenever the spot dealers are doing too well.

On the other hand those whose objective it is to buy at the lowest possible prices are flanked by the packers and storage speculators, who may, if the price becomes invitingly low, swoop down upon them and almost clean the market. Meanwhile the storage men are in continuous danger of too even and regular a flow of supply and demand that might make them wait longer than they can afford before unloading. But, if this should happen, they would finally be forced to unload regardless of price and then the spot dealers would get an awful wallop. There are three armies in this war, and no alliances.

The combined effect of haste, crowding, terrific competition and the usual poisonous streak of sharp practice resulted a few years ago in more or less open warfare; but, though the pistol toting and the shooting were considerable, there were very few casualties. Most of the fighting was conversational, and meanwhile business went on without a moment of interruption. Time presses along the water front, and chickens no less than tomatoes must be delivered before the morning-rush hours if they are to be delivered at all.

But while all this activity roars and rumbles along the poultry mart on the west side of Manhattan, there is another and quieter one on the lower East Side, where live chickens are delivered by the carload, each containing 2000, and promptly sold. This market is maintained primarily for the kosher trade, and the slaughtering has to be done according to ancient Jewish rites under the supervision of rabbis. Live cattle also are brought there for the same reason.

There are no trunk-line railroads to that market, but its receipts are so large that they justify the railroad companies in maintaining special barges to float the birds and beasts from their freight terminals to the market place. The New York Central has such a terminal on the water front near Sixtieth Street, not very far from Riverside Drive. Here, in the early hours of the morning or during the night, live cattle and poultry are transferred from freight cars to big steel barges and floated down the North River to the Battery, then around the end of the island and a short distance up the East River to the place of delivery.

The kosher trade also demands live fish, which is not a very easy order to fill, as any fisherman, professional or amateur, can testify; but the customers are willing to pay the price, so they get what they want. Special tank cars have been constructed to handle this business, and the fish arrive still swimming. The final detail of delivery is the pulling of a plug in the bottom of the car and out come the fish along with some tons of splashing water.

Anything You Want

About 200 carloads a year are delivered in this way on Manhattan. It calls for ingenuity, but probably not for a great deal more than is displayed in supplying the Italian trade with their favorite holiday dish. No, it isn't spaghetti. It's eels, by the carload, still wriggling.

But more puzzling to the casual onlooker than any of these picturesque little details is the fact that such enormous volumes of trade can be handled with so little space. In addition to its 203,561 cars of fruits and vegetables received during 1925, there was distributed in the New York market about 200,000,000 pounds of fresh fish, about 8,000,000 cases of eggs and daily about 5,000,000 quarts of milk. All the terminal space and market places incident to this business would not make what an Indiana corn farmer would consider a large farm. As for the peculiar tastes and odd demands of an enormous population drawn from everywhere the most appropriate comment that I have yet heard came from a produce dealer who, on the day I interviewed him, had just made a clean-up in eggplants.

"I'll tell you about this town," he said. "It's a funny kind of a place. Now I've got a friend who had a part interest in some kind of a show or amusement place at Coney Island, and one day he got the notion into his head that he needed three elephants right away—wanted them that night. Well, he got 'em. You can get anything here. All you got to do is pay for it."

OF, BY AND FOR THE PEOPLE—YES OR NO?

(Continued from Page 15)

a revolt against that party monarch; and the people put him off his throne and set up the more popular rule of the convention, in which the people could take some part.

In this connection we must bear in mind that the old-time party caucus came to be run by party leaders of the same stripe as our modern party bosses, albeit the ancient caucus leaders were not venal and were well informed on public questions. But the party caucus was controlled by cliques, and thus it was still further removed from the people. Sometimes as few as two or three strong and adroit manipulators would, in the name of the party caucus, really nominate the party's candidate for governor, or even President.

We see, then, that at bottom the party caucus was abolished and the convention adopted because the people wanted to have some part in party affairs and in the people's government which, in practical effect, some party ran. Indeed, the nonpopular nature of the party caucus was the sole cause of the overthrow of it. No other objection to it existed or was made. At a later period, when mighty corporations and financial interests grew up and sought unjust and nonpublic special privileges, those immense and resourceful forces would have made bargains with masters of the party caucus if it had still existed, just as they really did make such bargains with masters of the party convention.

But such concerns had not yet developed when the party caucus flourished. They were just beginning to appear, but they had not then reached even infancy when contrasted with the vast stature and strength into which they finally grew. At any rate, no charge was made against the party caucus that it was the tool of great wealth seeking to become still greater by wrongful privileges at public expense.

We cannot have too firmly in mind the fact that the party caucus, with all its excellent features, was cast aside because it was too far removed from the people, and for that reason alone. The party caucus was representative in the sense and manner described, but it was not directly representative of the party voters. The sole reason that those party voters insisted on the party convention instead of the party caucus was that the party convention was more representative of the party voters; albeit the politicians found it to be a fine scheme to maintain party discipline and keep party voters in line.

So when the party convention finally was established it worked fairly well for several years. Some party voters actually did take part in naming delegates to the party convention—a large number of them while the convention was still new and not wholly controlled by manipulators. Still, at the best, the convention did not produce notably good results, except by accident two or three times.

For instance, the admittedly ablest men usually were refused nominations for the Presidency, and admittedly inferior men nominated as party candidates, solely because of availability. The strong party leaders had said or done things for the public good which, nevertheless, had offended this or that group of voters, whereas the

(Continued on Page 83)

"Sometime" *you say* "she'll have things easier"

. . . make "sometime" *come* NOW . . . *in* 1927

Have you ever done *one thing* over and over—three times a day, year in, year out? That's what *she* does! Cooking meals . . . washing dishes . . . miles of steps in a treadmill . . . standing, standing for hours. Endless grinding routine that exhausts the body and numbs the spirit!

* * *

As you watch her working in the kitchen, you look forward to the time when you can make things easier for her.

You realize she works long, hard hours every day—but do you really appreciate how long, how hard they are?

Steps, steps, uncounted steps to get the meals you enjoy so much. Standing, stooping, reaching, darting here and there—yes, actually doing two things at once!

Perhaps you are thinking of help for her in terms of a maid. That will be fine when it comes. But what about help *now*? She needs it *now*.

And you can give her help now! Without pinching, without being extravagant!

You can give her the help that every woman is entitled to in her kitchen—a kitchen cabinet. A Hoosier!

Every kitchen needs a working center

In your office your desk is your working center. And that is just what the Hoosier is in the kitchen.

It's a combination of work table, pantry and cupboard in which all the things you want to work with are assembled right at hand!

Saves 1,000 steps a day!

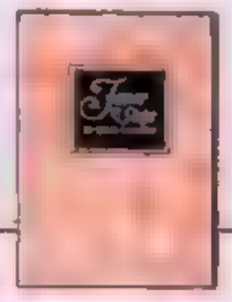
Think of the time and steps this saves—40% of the time spent in the kitchen and 1,000 steps a day! No running from the table into the pantry, from pantry over to cupboard, then back to the table again. They're all right here together, *concentrated!*

The Hoosier has storage room for staple cooking supplies and utensils, for the dishes you use every day. It has a wonderful expanse of work table and a dozen working accessories. Conveniences you can never have with makeshift built-in cupboards.

Think it over—wouldn't it be fine to have a Hoosier in her kitchen Christmas morning? You can do it—Hoosier prices are not extravagant. And it's such an easy way to buy—just a small down payment and the balance on terms to suit.

FREE—THIS HELPFUL BOOK ON MODERN KITCHENS

This is an interesting book of real help on kitchen planning, furnishing and decoration. It gives practical suggestions you can apply in your own kitchen without extravagance. Send for it—it's free



The Hoosier Manufacturing Co.
1226 Sydney Street, Newcastle, Indiana
British Address: Louis Matthews,
Hoosier Store, 3/5 Preston St., Liverpool
Please send me, free, your new booklet
"Fewer Steps in Your Kitchen".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

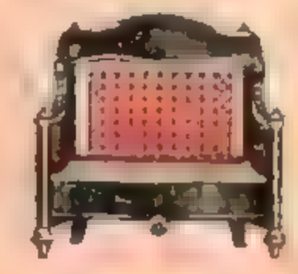
© 1926, The Hoosier Manufacturing Company

For Christmas—and 1927

Make the mythical "sometime" come now—give her the help a Hoosier means, now. Fewer steps, fewer hours in the kitchen. More time to rest and play in 1927! Working at a Hoosier is as easy as working at a desk or sewing at a sewing machine. And its beauty brings new cheer to the old work room.

HOOSIER

THE WORKING CENTER IN 2,000,000 KITCHENS



Radiates Christmas Cheer

The Humphrey Radiantfire fits into the Holiday picture as snugly as it rests in your fireplace. It is an ideal Christmas present for the whole family and has the hearty endorsement of the Patron Saint himself. For St. Nicholas believes in radiating good cheer and there is nothing that will add so much to the Holiday spirit as this comforting and attractive auxiliary gas heater.

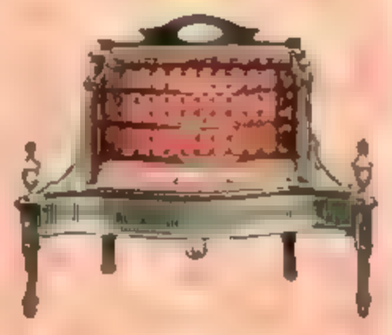
The Humphrey Radiantfire operates on the exclusive principle of the Humphrey Burner and Radiants that penetrate every cool corner of the room with an odorless heat as healthful as sunshine.

There are many beautiful period models that add much to the attractiveness of any room, and new low prices to assure extra value. If you act promptly your gas company or dealer will make an installation for Christmas.

Models range in price from $15.00 up. Write us for illustrated booklet.

GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

New York - 44 West Broadway Pittsburgh Buffalo San Francisco - 135 Bluxome Street Cincinnati



The HUMPHREY

Radiantfire

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 80)

colorless man had said and done nothing to which anyone could object.

Thus availability denatured the party convention almost from the beginning, and this availability was determined by the professional politician who appeared just at the time that the party convention came into being. In this fashion men like Webster, Clay, Cass and Douglas were beaten in convention by comparatively small and unknown men.

Nevertheless, the convention had admirable qualities. For one thing it brought political parties closer to the people, as we have seen. Then, too, the convention was at first disinterested and actually sought to turn out good candidates and, whenever the politicians with the availability did not prevent, often did so. Moreover, the theory of the convention was sound; and it was only because that theory came to be ignored in practice that the primary took the place of the convention. In fact, the primary was an attempt to restore the convention theory.

That convention theory was that the party voters would really elect delegates to the party convention; that those delegates would thus be representative of the party voters and responsive and responsible to them; that these popular party delegates would meet and deliberate on party measures for the public good, and choose as the party candidates the very best men to be found in the party who were willing to take the job.

Thus the theory of the party convention was closely analogous to that of the Electoral College provided in the Constitution to choose our Presidents. That constitutional plan was that the states should select the wisest and purest men they had for the purpose of picking out a President of the whole United States—a President of all the people. Those electors were to meet and select the outstanding character in the entire country to be its Chief Magistrate—the man who the majority of the presidential electors agreed had more ability, experience, courage and honesty combined than any other man in the republic.

Men Behind the Convention

The party system which sprang up soon after our Government was established changed that plan which The Fathers had so carefully devised and placed in the fundamental law of the nation. In fact, the party system repealed that provision of our Constitution so far as the practical working of it went; and today, and for many decades past, a presidential elector is nothing but a party registering machine. He must vote for the presidential candidate of his party no matter how poor an Executive the elector thinks that candidate to be. If a presidential elector today should do as the Constitution requires him to do, and cast his ballot in the Electoral College for the man he believes to be the best qualified for the place, and such a man was not the party candidate, that presidential elector would be denounced as a traitor to his party.

To the same extent, but in unlike manner and for different reasons, the convention theory was also reversed. This negative on the convention theory came suddenly, historically speaking. After the Civil War the country entered a period of industrial expansion such as the world never had seen. Great railroads, which made those of the prewar period seem trivial, were built; tremendous corporations, which in bulk and power were without precedent, sprang up; mighty cities were erected as if by magic; combinations of capital unheard and undreamed of before were formed; the trust appeared.

All this was a perfectly natural and necessary evolution; all was good for the country; all was required to serve the wants of our multiplying and far-flung population. But some of these prodigious interests wanted special privileges and special exemptions, sought them, got them—land grants, peculiar franchises, relief from the common burden of taxation borne by all the people and all other property, unrestrained control of markets and unlimited power to raise or lower charges for transportation and the like.

Such things could not be had on their merits. So the strong and resourceful men at the head of these giant enterprises—and big, able, fearless men they were; real empire builders, most of them—got what they wanted in another way. They had to get it through government, and so they had to control government. That meant that officials in charge of the Government should be men who would do what the powerful men at the head of these vast private interests told those public officials to do.

Thus laws were passed or defeated, laws administered or neglected, as the captains of industry directed. But the only way this could be done was by having the right men nominated for office by party conventions. To accomplish this the party manager must be had, and he usually was had. So he developed into the party boss. Then came the alliance between this party boss and those interests which wanted nonpublic advantages.

The Mailed Fist

At first this arrangement was not so bad in practical results, however indefensible it was in theory. Those interests ought to have had many things which they might not have secured in any other way; and they surely deserved to be protected from the schemes of dishonest legislators with open hands behind their backs, or from the wild and destructive proposals of ignorant and reckless demagogues. In fact, the partnership between the great corporations and the party bosses may have begun in that very way.

But however that may be, the fact is that a desire speedily grew up in the hearts of the powerful builders of mighty industries and managers of vast aggregations of capital to exploit the public and to get, through laws and the execution of them, or through the defeat of bills and the ignoring of statutes, what no man or corporation ought to have. So came about the corrupt control of party conventions by party bosses in the employ of nonpublic interests.

Party nominations were bought outright. It has not been so very many years ago that cash was paid on the spot to delegates in conventions. Cases were well known where delegates meant to nominate a certain man for the state legislature, but the night before the convention met, agents of a senatorial candidate appeared with grips full of bills, saw the man who was to go to the legislature, and demanded a pledge to support the senatorial candidate, and when he refused, saw the delegates to the convention. Next morning another was nominated for the legislature.

Such things were kept out of the newspapers by the simple device of the rich man's buying public journals, and by the organization's saying to party papers that any notice of such doings would hurt the party. If the opposition party press said anything about it, it was denounced as partisan mud slinging and no attention was paid to it

In general, however, practices of this kind were not necessary. The party boss and his organization looked after party nominations far in advance. So we had corruptly sustained party machines in many states that cared no more for the Constitution and representative government than they cared for common honesty. The party boss and his organization were as autocratic and ruled with as iron a hand as the Russian Czar, his nobility and secret police ever did.

Sometimes two men of exorbitant wealth who lived in the same state who wanted to round out their careers by going to the United States Senate, got into a political fight over their ambition for the same office. Both made use of the convention system; both built personal machines; both hired bosses to run those machines. The result was a debauch of corruption and crime well-nigh unbelievable today. Not only were nominations bought, but men were bribed, judges corrupted, even women were made use of, and once or twice there were killings. The extreme radicalism in certain sections at the present time is the result of a popular reaction to such foulness in the past generation.

But let us put aside entirely examples of direct action by rich office hunters in the old days and take the convention as it actually functioned then and functions now, even where corrupt interests did and do not interfere. How was the convention run then? How is it run today? Were and are delegates really chosen by party voters? Did and do they meet, deliberate and select party candidates as the result of mature thought and independent judgment?

They did not. They do not. At least they did not and do not in many, many cases. The delegates were and are hand picked; they were and are elected by a tiny fraction of the party voters. For under the convention system nobody voted for convention delegates except a few members of the clique. Under the convention the largest number who voted for convention delegates was less than 8 per cent of the party voters, and usually not more than 5 per cent of them. Under the primary from 25 per cent to 95 per cent of the party voters go to the polls.

After the delegates to a convention were thus selected, what happened when they reached the city where the convention was to be held? Did they consult and confer about candidates, honestly trying to find men best fitted for the offices? Did they register the consensus of their independent conclusions thus arrived at? Not much.

Take a state convention as the best illustration. Two or three party leaders sat in a room at the hotel, smoked cigars, and did the consulting, conferring, and concluding for the delegates; and when they had decided, passed out the word as to whom the delegates should nominate. And generally speaking, the delegates did as they were told. They had little or nothing to say or do, except to vote for those for whom they were told to vote. "Theirs not to reason why." To a great extent—a very great extent—this is done today.

Convention Horse Trading

Suppose the bosses were easy bosses and did not hold the reins too tightly or show the mailed fist, and clever managers seldom are openly rough, seldom crack the whip, seldom take the chance of needlessly starting revolt. On the contrary such men allow as much leeway as they safely can. So the subleaders—the smaller bosses in charge of county or district delegations—were and are given a free hand in the selection of all candidates except the big ones, and even are gravely consulted about those.

Then what takes place? The convention meets. The band plays. The crowd assembles in the gallery, women nervous and in a flutter. The party war horses, oldtimers and their wives, sit on the platform, images of fidelity. Party notables gravely walk on the stage, expecting, and often receiving, applause, albeit wholly perfunctory applause. The roll is called; great men make party speeches; more handclapping, unless the speech is too dull even for those whose business it is to approve with noise; finally the work of nominating candidates begins.

Any candidate always can get some votes at first—his county and district must stand by him as a matter of custom and party good manners. But such demonstration of local favor does not mean anything unless the candidate has made his peace—his deal—with the subleaders and, if the office is important, with the ruling boss or bosses. Finally the nominations are made, always with meaningless cheering. But meanwhile—from the moment the convention is called to order, and before—the county and district leaders are making their bargains.

Says one of them to another, "You want your man for state auditor, and I want my man for state treasurer. I'll give you so many votes for your man, if you'll give me so many votes for my man."

"That's reasonable," says the other county or district leader. "Just wait a minute till I see the boys; but don't worry, for it'll be all right."

Presently the two confer again for an instant. "I agree," says the one. "Done," says the other; and the nomination is made according to the bargain.

This is ordinary convention procedure at its best. I am assuming a case where no money passes and where there is no corruption, no dishonesty of any kind—not in law, at least. But it is what actually is done in the convention under the most favorable conditions; and it is done at the present moment. Within the past few months I was told by a district leader that he made such a deal with a brother leader of another district, and the two got their men nominated. The nominees were good men too.

The Pennsylvania Revolt

Such methods may turn out fine candidates and excellent officials, but they are not chosen by the representative principle. On the other hand such methods may produce candidates who are mere tools of local bosses, and if elected are no more than the hired men of those whose agents the local bosses really are. In either case the candidates and officials are not the fruit of our representative form of government.

That was the main reason, at the beginning of the reform, that the convention was discarded and the primary adopted; just as the old-time party caucus gave way to the convention.

The time came when—even at its best, be it repeated—the convention was no longer representative of the party voters. So it had to go. The change began in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, nearly seventy years ago. For the same reason that it started there, the primary idea spread all over the country. But this growth of the primary was very slow. Professional politicians and the nonpublic interests that flourished in—indeed, dominated—political parties for several decades after the Civil War, fought the primary as hard as they could.

Also many others resisted the primary for the same reasons that Webster and Calhoun opposed the convention. It gave the rag, tag and bobtail too much power, they said—and these honorable and intelligent foes of the primary made use of the very same words, in stating their opposition to that popular advance, that the big men of bygone days had made use of when stating their objection to the convention.

To be sure we want to keep our representative form of government; of course, we want our parties to function on the representative principle. But representative of what? Representative of whom? Representative in what way? Representative of the people or of nonpublic interests? Representative of the party voters—of the women and men who make up the party and must elect its candidates—or representative of party bosses, party rings, personal machines? In short, do we want government of, by and for the people, or government by our modern American ruling class—the professional politicians?

I ask this question in good spirit and on the assumption that these professional politicians are both straight and sensible, as, indeed, most of them are. I am taking it for granted that they, or the most of them, are fairly good men who have at heart the party welfare and the public interest. They wish, of course, to get through this and that scheme of their own, but such personal plans are not important generally and do not hurt the public very much.

But granting all this for the sake of argument, is the convention, run by these men, representative of the party voters, representative of the people? If it is in any

(Continued on Page 86)

Victor offers

Two great instruments in a single cabinet

The gift that gives doubly—

HERE is a musical instrument such as you have always wanted for your home—an instrument of reasonable price and beautiful appearance, which combines in one cabinet the wonderful Orthophonic Victrola with the best radio that money can buy!

These Victrola-Radiola combinations are the most versatile instruments in the world. There is no music or entertainment that they will not give you. All the classics. All the latest dance music, as recorded or broadcast by the leading orchestras Sporting events, play by play. Notable addresses, as though you were there yourself. These are yours, whenever you wish, as often as you desire!

And this flood of entertainment comes to you with a lifelike realism, a beauty and depth of tone that has never before been equaled. That is because *both the Victrola and the Radiola* reproduce through the famous Orthophonic Tone-Chamber—*a feature which is exclusively controlled by Victor!*

Thus Victor is able to offer music reproduced both from records and by radio, of a quality which cannot be equaled. All in one cabinet! You have the advantages of both, without being dependent upon either.

If you are fond of music—and who is not?—this is the ideal way to provide it. In music, only the best is good enough. Here you have the best talking-machine and the best radio in the world, combined in one superb instrument!

These great instruments are the outstanding values of the year. The supply, while ample, is not unlimited. Go *now* to the nearest Victor dealer and see them. You will agree that they offer all that good taste and discrimination could desire!

A Remarkable Musical Value

Orthophonic Victrola and Radiola Number Seven-three. List Price $375

Semi-wall type cabinet in Spanish style, finished in mahogany, veneered, blended

Batteries operating Radiola in special compartment accessible from front of cabinet Complete set Radiotrons furnished. . . . Lever-operated control valve permitting instantaneous change from Orthophonic Victrola music to radio reception. . . . Controls forward—easy to operate. . . . Snap switch, positive battery control. . . . Outdoor or indoor antenna, with ground. Separate lids for Victrola and Radiola compartments. . . . Spring or electric motor, speed indicator and regulator. (Electric motor $35 additional.) . . . Non-set automatic eccentric groove brake Record stops automatically without pre-setting. . . . Equipped with Victor Record albums Capacity for forty Victor Records. . . . See this great instrument at your dealer's!

The Outstanding Musical Event of the Season

On Saturday evening, January 1st, Victor will broadcast one of the greatest concerts ever presented

Those who will be heard on this memorable occasion are among the most famous living artists

The names of the artists and the program they will sing or play will be announced in the newspapers or may be procured from your local Victor dealer

This will be the first of a distinguished series of radio concerts under Victor auspices

—*the* Orthophonic Victrola *and the* Radiola *and keeps on giving!*

The Most Versatile Musical Instrument in the World

Orthophonic Victrola—Orthophonic Electrola and Radiola Borgia II. Number Nine-forty. Last Price $1000

Orthophonic Victrola and Orthophonic Electrola in their highest development, combined with Eight-tube Radiola Super-Heterodyne. Exceptional radio reception through Orthophonic system. Cabinet in Italian Renaissance style, walnut veneered, blended finish. A credit to any home or any surroundings.

Operates from electric light socket . . . no batteries needed. . . . Plays all Victor Records on Orthophonic Victrola or gives electrical reproduction of records on Orthophonic Electrola. . . . Radiola tunes with one hand Built-in loop antenna in cabinet. . . . Equipped with coupler for outside antenna. . . . Volume can be regulated to suit large or small room. . . . Reproduces all that can be had on records or from the air!

The Electrola Presented in its Highest Development

Number Twelve-twenty-five. Last Price $625

Where strong, clear music is desired—at home dances, in restaurants, concert halls, etc., the Electrola is the ideal instrument. The volume of music may be regulated from a whisper of sound to full band volume!

Cabinet mahogany veneered, blended finish. Operates from electric light socket; no batteries needed . . . Volume can be regulated to suit big hall or small room. . . . It is a most remarkable loud speaker for an independent radio set, if desired—jack provided for this purpose

The New Orthophonic Victrola *with Radiola*

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

"Sail ho!"
It's the new Reo Flying Cloud, watch for it
As fast as you'll care to travel, more power than you're likely ever to need, more comfortable than any car you've ever been in, be sure to try one out.

(Continued from Page 83)

degree, is it as much representative of the party voters and the people as the primary is representative of them? If not, the representative-principle argument is all on the side of the primary and against the convention, is it not?

But take into consideration the fact that the convention is the easiest and cheapest way for dishonest wealth and venal men to work their will upon the public through the enactment of bad laws and the defeat of good laws, through the maladministration of good laws and the enforcement of bad laws, and we have a reason against the convention that is far stronger than any that has been urged against the primary. With all its defects, it is a great deal harder to manipulate the primary than it was and is to manipulate a convention; and the primary costs rich men and corporations infinitely more to get results than the convention cost them.

But we are told that the party platforms of both parties in many states have declared against the primary; and that these platform declarations bind members of legislatures to carry out such party pledges. This brings us to an examination of this device—the party platform—by which the professional politicians, nonpublic interests, and also many able, sincere and disinterested men, hope to get rid of the primary.

What, then, is the party platform; how is it framed and adopted; how are such exceptional planks as the ones against the primary got into it? What figure does the party platform cut in elections and how far are minor planks issues in campaigns or made note of at all by the voters?

With his amazing honesty and his curiously lucid mind—a lucidity which amounted to genius—Abraham Lincoln answered these questions more clearly, perhaps, than anyone else ever answered them. He was speaking of forcing a presidential candidate to state his position on every question—a practice out of which the party platform grew.

Abraham Lincoln's Analysis

"By means of it," said Lincoln, "measures are adopted or rejected contrary to the wishes of the whole of one party and often nearly half of the other.

"Three or four or half a dozen questions are prominent at a given time. The party selects its candidate, and he takes his position on each of these questions.

"On all but one his positions have already been indorsed at former elections and his party fully committed to them, but that one is new, and a large portion of them are against it.

"But what are they to do? The whole was strung together, and they must take all or reject all. They cannot take what they like and leave the rest. So what they are already committed to being the majority, they shut their eyes and gulp the whole.

"Next election still another—party proposal—is introduced in the same way. . . . Now this is a process which we think is wrong."

Such was Lincoln's analysis of the trickery by which political parties are committed on public questions without the approval or even knowledge of party voters. And he never got over his distrust of such party pronouncements. Even when, finally, he joined the Republican Party, long after all other eminent leaders had rallied to its colors, Lincoln was suspicious of what might be done in its first national platform, framed at Philadelphia. He did not want Fremont nominated for President, but said that, since he—Lincoln—was in one party, he would support even Fremont unless the Republican convention *platformed* Lincoln out of the party by putting in planks that he thought wrong—italics are Lincoln's.

Lincoln was an experienced and an able politician as well as an honest man, and he knew how schemes were smuggled into party platforms in an effort to commit the party to those schemes.

All of us know that this is done today, even more than it was done in Lincoln's time. Just what is the process? A committee on resolutions is appointed to draft and report the party platform. On all questions vividly before the people that committee states with fair accuracy the opinion of the rank and file of the party voters. But on new subjects in which the people are not interested the committee puts in all kinds of proposals. Usually these are innocent and are meant to placate noisy groups of voters. But often a very few determined men force into the party platform a pledge of which the party voters know nothing and which they would object to if they did know.

However, that splinter is in the party platform, and if the party wins at the election, up bob those behind the trick and say that the people have demanded that the scheme be put through. Yet the campaign has been carried on and the election won on the big and immediate questions about which the voters were intensely concerned; not a word has been said by party speakers or newspapers about the new or the small matter which was inserted into the party platform in the manner described.

Slippery Platform Planks

No wonder Lincoln disliked such platform manipulation. When things of that kind, for which there is no party demand, are made a part of party platforms and nothing is said about them by party candidates or anyone else during the campaign—the party voters casting their ballots only on big questions—the honest and intelligent thing to do is to ignore such platform pledges just as the people ignored them at the ballot box, just as the party press and party orators and especially party candidates ignored them when appealing for votes during the campaign.

Otherwise all kinds of schemes can be promoted and put through Congress or state legislatures. The promoters have only to say—and they do say to party members of such bodies—"Why, it's in the party platform, and you're bound to support it as a matter of party loyalty."

Of course there must be party platforms, but they should be brief, simple and representative of the settled thought of the decided majority of party voters. To go beyond that is to make party platforms the political tools of little groups intent on some particular idea which those small groups think important, but which the great body of the party voters do not think about at all, or if they do, are against it.

A great outcry is made against political blocs, a clamor not wholly justified or altogether informed. On the whole these blocs are bad things for the general good, although sometimes they are right. But the practice of putting into platforms the demands made by little groups for particular things that the party as a whole does not ask for and may object to—such a practice is the greatest nourisher of political blocs that anybody can think of. Lincoln saw that long before blocs developed, and said that it was senseless and wrong.

Now let us go back to the convention which adopted the platform, or which is in theory supposed to adopt it. The platform committee brings it in. The delegates have no idea what is in it, except that it will set out party principles and the main features of the party program in accordance with the general sentiment of party voters. Some member of the committee reads the platform. Not many delegates hear what he reads, except those passages upon which he knows there is agreement among the delegates and which the reader knows will be greeted with applause. These planks he reads loudly and distinctly, other parts are not read clearly, and some, which managers know to be unpopular, are often read hurriedly in an undertone, and even mumbled.

The delegates have no idea what those parts of the platform are, and besides they are becoming impatient to get to the nominations, or at least the county and district leaders are in a hurry, if their deals have been made. So the platform reader gravely moves that the platform be adopted, and it is done, always without roll call. Nobody objects—there is no chance to object, even if a delegate had the nerve to do so. He would only make himself unpleasantly conspicuous if he could and did object, and he would be turned down anyway, for he would be resisting the leaders.

But he cannot protest, at least he cannot make effective objection. That has been attended to. The rules carefully provide that all proposals shall be referred to the platform committee without debate—a necessary procedure, no doubt, since it prevents disorder and delay.

But it also prevents objection to the platform in the convention; indeed, it closes the door to any inquiry into the platform. No matter what the theory, that is the way it works.

In this fashion many proposals and pledges are smuggled into party platforms without convention delegates knowing what they are, much less party voters. Cases have occurred within very recent years where such a thing was formally done by party conventions, and the first that the delegates learned about it was when they read the evening papers. Even indorsement of a favorite son of a state as its presidential candidate has been jammed into a party platform in this fashion. The indorsement was read so quietly and the convention was so noisy that only those on the inside were aware what was going on.

It was in such a manner that many platform declarations have been made against the primary. At best the proposed repeal or mangling of that great popular reform was jumbled up with a mass of other questions of more or less importance; and be it repeated, party speakers, party newspapers and party candidates were careful to say nothing about it during the campaign. Yet it proposes one of the biggest changes ever made in the history of political parties; and demand is made of members of legislatures to put the scheme through because it is in the party platform.

Would it not be fairer to submit so important a question to the people by itself? We who favor the primary would welcome such a test and abide by the result of it. If the primary is bad on the whole and the convention good on the whole, why not let the voters say so directly? Why not give them a chance to choose between the two systems, and choose without cluttering up their minds with other questions?

When a Gun is Needed

If it is said that not many vote at party primaries, the answer is that from five to ten times as many party voters get to the polls on primary day as the number who used to vote for convention delegates. A further answer is that at most times there is no reason for great interest, but sometimes there is the gravest reason for intense interest, and at such times the party voters throng to the polls. It is like the old saying about not often needing a pistol in Texas in former days, but when it was needed it was needed badly and at once.

In the limited space of a magazine article it is not possible to deal with all phases of so big a subject as the mode of choosing candidates for office. Many must be left untouched; only the more pressing ones can be taken up. Other aspects of the primary and convention are almost as weighty as those I have tried to examine; some may think them of greater moment. For example, the effect of primary or convention on women—in practical effect the convention disfranchises women; or on workingmen—the convention gags them, and, still worse, gives the venal labor leader his chance; or on school-teachers—the convention ignores them entirely.

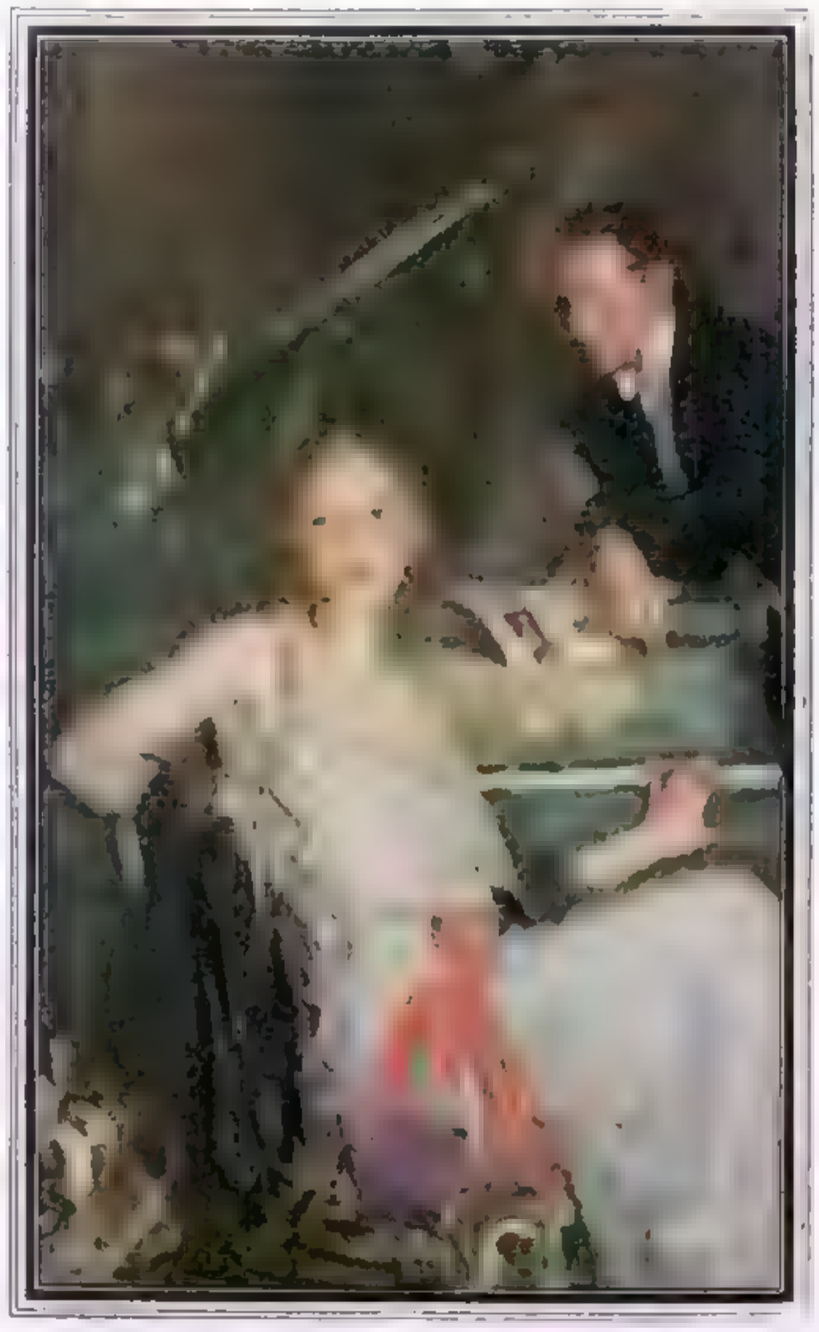
To sum up, the heart of the question is: Do we want a government of, by and for the people? Yes or no!

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Beveridge.

FILM-FREE TEETH ARE HEALTHY WHITE TEETH

ACCORDING TO PRESENT-DAY DENTAL FINDINGS

—daily freed of the dangerous film on teeth to which science attributes many tooth and gum disorders. What many authorities now suggest doing for it.



The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic properties, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

THAT clear teeth and firm healthy gums are largely the result of daily removal of film from teeth is largely the dental opinion of today.

As a result, thinking people—largely on dental advice—are adopting a new way of tooth cleansing, a way embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent. Old-time brushing you may find a failure in successfully fighting film.

Can be felt with tongue—
a danger to teeth and gums

Film can be felt by running the tongue across the teeth—a slippery sort of coating that clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays, forming a breeding place for bacteria.

By holding in contact with teeth food particles which ferment and cause acid, film fosters tooth decay.

By being the basis of tartar, film with millions of germs it breeds is a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disturbances.

By absorbing discolorations from food, smoking, etc., film makes otherwise clear teeth look dull and lustreless.

Clear teeth and firm gums are invited, according to high dental opinion, only when film is removed regularly (*every day*) from the teeth.

Now an effective combatant removes film, firms gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today.

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those in Pepsodent.

Please accept Pepsodent test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then

for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent provides the utmost science has discovered for better tooth and gum protection.

FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 839, 1104 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name .....

Address .....

Canadian Office and Laboratories 191 George St., Toronto, Canada London Office, 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co (Australia), Ltd., 127 Clarence St Sydney, N S W

2211

AT 2:42 A.M.

(Continued from Page 17)

moved to let him get in. The cubby glimmered with the dull light from the instrument board in the open cockpit above. Captain Metcalf was sitting at the wheel, feeling tentatively for the rudder bar with his feet, as if he were an organist about to commence an overture. Smith pulled up through the trap and crawled to one side. The soles of Hoskins' feet disappeared in the gloom as he crawled forward through the tiny door that led into the forward gun turret.

The sergeant's head came through the trap in the flooring. He waved a hand to Smith to move backward into the bomb chamber next to the petrol tanks. The noise from the simmering engines blasted all thought of speech. Smith crouched on the thin boards of the runway and waited. Mr. McKenzie's head came up through the trap into the dim light. His pipe was gone from his mouth and he had his helmet on. He crawled upward into the control cockpit beside Captain Metcalf.

The gunnery sergeant leaned forward on his hands and knees and snapped the hatch into place. There was a moment's pause.

Smith wished he could see something. He felt along the trembling side fabric until his fingers touched a strut. No seam. No eyelet. Nothing. Rat in a hole. Stupid. He moved his feet impatiently. If he could only stand up in the control cockpit beside the pilot!

The sergeant crawled aft along the runway planking. His hand touched Smith's shoulder and pushed him down on his haunches. Then he held up the radium face of his wrist watch and pointed to the time. His finger nail traveled down the dial to two o'clock and on to forty-two minutes after. His face came close to Smith's ear and he screamed against the engine roar, "Myke 'self com'table!"

Smith nodded and they sat down together to wait. Inane, this. Crouched in the darkness, in a tiny hole, with the bomb racks on the right, the first petrol tanks behind and a wall of fabric rippling stiffly in the back draft of the engines on the left. In front, over the gunnery sergeant's head, Captain Metcalf's feet showed in the faint glow. McKenzie had taken his place at the controls. Maddening not to be able to see. Smith fumed silently and strained his eyes forward. The gunnery sergeant settled down on the runway planking and hugged his knees. Nothing to do but wait. Absurd.

Above, in the control cockpit, Captain Metcalf stared into the darkness ahead. A pocket flash winked on the ground below. Mr. McKenzie's feet stiffened on the rudder bar. He took one hand from the wheel and slowly pushed the throttles forward. The engines whined quickly on a rising note until they reached their full pitch—a tremendous screaming monotone that thrust once fiercely into ear drums and stayed with such insistence that presently it was as if there was no sound. Forty —— shivered for a moment and settled into a continuous rippling tremor of wire and strut and fabric.

The boards of the runway chattered and trembled against Smith's heels. His ears itched under his helmet. The engines were warm now. They whined slowly down to their old note and sighed gently at six hundred revolutions a minute.

The light on the ground winked again for the chocks to be pulled out from in front of the huge wheels of the landing gear. Again Mr. McKenzie's hand touched the throttle. This time Forty —— lurched forward stubbornly and settled into an ambling waddle out toward the center of the airdrome. The wheels bumped on the uneven ground and the cockpit rocked in short pushes and thrusts. Presently the big bomber stopped again to wait for the rest of the formation. Through the darkness, Captain Metcalf watched the flame tatters from the exhausts of the other ships as they wabbled into line. His hand rested on Mr. McKenzie's shoulder. A long saber of light leaped out from the blackness behind and lashed across the airdrome in a broad white pathway. Metcalf's fingers bit into McKenzie's shoulder. The throttle came forward in a swift movement, full on. Forty —— jumped in amazement, tottered for a second and then started on a slow trot along the light path—a trot that increased to a run—a run that became a gallop. Like a fat old lady, she was—an old lady with her skirts gathered up—scampering away in fright.

Young McKenzie's hands tightened on the huge wheel. Metcalf bent suddenly and snapped on the navigating lights—a little white light at the tail, and red and green dots on the wing tips. Then slowly the control wheel came backward under McKenzie's hands. The undercarriage bumped, bumped, the cockpit lurched gently and the saber of light was gone. Darkness—yawning, cavernous darkness, broken only by the faint shaded glow of the instruments. It was as if a closet door had been slammed in their faces. Rushing headlong, they were, at a hundred and some odd miles an hour, into black nothingness.

Mr. McKenzie sat stiffly at the wheel, with the muscles of his jaw drawn into tight cords, staring straight ahead. Metcalf, with his chin on the cowling, stared backward to catch the faint silhouette of the other machines as they rose against the lighter darkness of the night sky. He pulled his dead pipe from his pocket and stuck it between his teeth. Down the long, smooth fabric surface of the fuselage, he could see a dark blotch—the head and shoulders of one of the after cockpit gunners. He turned around again and read the story of the instrument board—air speed, registered by the Pitot tubes. Right! Engine revolutions. Right! Altitude, twelve hundred. Cross bubble. Center of tube. Longitudinal bubble. Slightly forward. Right for climbing. Then he squatted calmly on the step, leaned his head against the edge of the seat, yawned and closed his eyes as if he had just finished a boring book in his hut and was about to catch forty winks.

Seven men, streaking through space with a cargo of bombs weighing hundreds of pounds. Seven men about to blast daylight into the factories of Mannheim. Seven men unable to do a thing but read the story of the instrument board. Fighting by dictation. Cavalry charging in a treadmill. So many minutes on the synchronized chronometer, such-and-such a compass bearing at such-and-such a speed. A wave of the hand, a pull on the bomb toggles and home. From take-off to landing—nothing to see but the instruments or perhaps a river glint in the darkness below.

Old Smith had known when they left the ground. The runway from slanting upward to the door of the forward gunnery turret had come slowly down to level. That was all—that and the fact that the wheels no longer bumped and the lurching of the cockpit was longer and fuller and less frequent.

He crouched in stubborn silence, disappointment gnawing at his heart. Fighting? Humph! It was all worked out beforehand. Six little glass dials did the whole thing. Stupid.

His legs were cramped and his neck ached from the infernal throbbing of the engines. After an eternity, the gunnery sergeant stirred and crawled forward on hands and knees. Captain Metcalf crouched beside him, and Smith knew by their cupped hands that they were shouting into each other's ears. Not a word reached him, and they were only four feet away. Presently the sergeant came back and Captain Metcalf's feet disappeared in the open cockpit above. Other feet took their place—Mr. McKenzie's. They were like children playing hide and seek in an attic—moving about slowly, awkwardly, noiselessly, lest they be caught.

Hours ago, it must have been, since they left the ground—hours. Old Smith was frantic from cramp. He stretched out his legs and rubbed them. He flexed his arms. He cursed luridly and settled back again against the strut that seared into his back.

When he opened his eyes, the sergeant was gone and a sharp scythe of wind cut at his lungs. He stared and shivered with the biting cold. The sergeant's body was half in and half out of the door to the forward cockpit. Slowly he crawled backward and shut the door. Smith pulled off his glove and looked at his watch. Thirty-four minutes after two. He rose to his haunches.

The sergeant stopped at the control cockpit. He and Mr. McKenzie had a map on their knees. Presently Mr. McKenzie nodded gravely and his head and shoulders disappeared above. There was a moment's pause, then the engines cut suddenly and the silence howled in Smith's ears—howled so loudly that it was several seconds before he heard the wild scream of wind in the flying wires as the nose dipped forward into the dive. The sergeant crawled up the sloping planking to him and yelled into his ear: "We're on! 'Arf a mo' now! Let go the after toggles when I slap you!"

The wire scream rose to a wild shriek and suddenly two quick "Pomps!" sounded far above and to the right. The sergeant grinned. "Archie!" he yelled.

Mr. McKenzie's face appeared again in the passage. He was staring upward into the control cockpit. He raised his hands on a level with his chin, palms downward and fingers pointed aft to the two crouching figures in the toggle chamber. The wire scream rose to a vicious shriek and died suddenly in a long banshee wail. The runway planking became almost level again, and the motors coughed and whined into life. Smith's hands were on the toggles, touching gingerly, trembling with the cold.

Suddenly Mr. McKenzie's jaw clamped shut and his hands snapped down to the level of his knees. The gunnery sergeant's hand shot out and slapped Smith's shoulders. Four times Smith's wrists jerked and the toggles hesitated and pulled free under his fingers. Four times the runway rebounded gently against the soles of his feet. Now the sergeant himself was yanking the forward toggles—quickly, methodically, like a sacristan playing upon a carillon. One-two. One. One-two. Then in a flash the runway planking soared upward and to the right in a sickening sweep. Old Smith lost his footing for a brief second and crashed backward against the side struts. He groped for a handhold and clung to it. Far below, a choked crash thumped sullenly in the night air, and another, like the stamping of stallions on rotten stable boards. Then the engines opened again into their full-throated drowning roar and the crashing died abruptly.

From somewhere light came—blinding white light that flooded the cubby and the cockpit from below. The runway planking swept up to the left and slanted again at a wild angle, but the searchlight followed and stayed with it. Old Smith could see the gunnery sergeant clutching the next strut. The lines of his face were stark in an agony of suspense. Suddenly, on all sides, above and below, there came again that plomp-plomping of Archie shells, stabbed with the quick, cold chatter of Hoskins' machine gun. The runway planking shuddered under their feet and swept through a quick arc into darkness.

Captain Metcalf had side-slipped out of the light or Hoskins had pinked it.

Presently Metcalf's feet came into view, then his head. He took his dead pipe from his teeth and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. McKenzie had taken his place for the run home. The sergeant watched Metcalf for a moment and then nodded in satisfaction to Smith.

"Orl right!" he screamed through his cupped hands. "Sleep now, if you've a mind to. On our wye 'ome!"

Smith stared at him in amazement and his mouth dropped open, but the sergeant was already bedding himself down on the planking. By gad, sir, it wasn't right! Nothing had happened, and yet here it was all over and the bombs gone! He couldn't understand it. He crouched sullenly in his corner. Here they were over Germany and nothing to show for it but a half dozen bursts from the machine gun and the empty bomb racks. And the sergeant was asleep already at his feet! By gad, sir, if he were Captain Metcalf, he'd show them a thing or two! He'd go down, he would, and let 'em have it from all the guns; strafe them properly. This was no war—this was a pantomime to music. A few bombs, a few shots and home. And all done by little grinning instrument dials! He sat there in the darkness, fuming and staring at the sleeping sergeant, while Forty —— sang on into the night. He was cheated, hoaxed, sold. There was nothing to it.

The cold crept into his bones presently—a thin toxic cold that lulled him into drowsiness. He stretched out his legs and leaned back against the strut. For a moment more he tried to nurse his indignation, but it was no go. His eyes closed and he slept. . . .

The engines had been cut some time before. He woke with a start and his ears strained against the echoing silence. Outside the wall of fabric, the wires howled in a thin, piercing shriek. The sergeant still slept on the runway, with his head pillowed in his arm. The motors popped for a moment and died down with a long whistling sigh that melted again into wire scream. There was a slight bump, and another, a crunch of the shock absorbers recoiling in their cylinders on the undercarriage below. The runway lurched drunkenly and the sergeant jumped to his feet. The lurching became a slow wabble. The wabble became a short, snapping bounce. The bounce ended in a shiver. And Forty —— stood still, pulsating gently to the slow ticking over of its propellers.

They were opening the trap under the control cockpit. Smith crawled forward behind the sergeant. There was sand below, dimly visible in the first gray light of morning. The engines sputtered and died completely.

The crew dropped through the trap one by one to stretch and yawn upon the beach. Far down the sands, velvet combers crawled slowly shoreward, thrusting their lace fringes ahead of them up the beach. Captain Metcalf yawned.

"Send someone to telephone to the 'drome, sergeant," he said. "We're west of Dunkirk somewhere. Hello!" He pointed upward. "Here come two more of our crowd."

They watched until the two other planes whistled in to their landings down the beach.

"You 'Oskins," snapped the sergeant, "trot along up the dunes and wyte a few moments until we see 'ow many land. Go inland until yer find a town, then signal through to the 'drome and report us in to the O. C. Mind you, give 'em the nyme of the town you call from. Spell hit—don't try to pronounce hit! Tell 'im we're on the beach wyting orders fer to proceed to the airdrome as soon as the shell holes from larst night is filled in, if any. Sharply now!"

"All right, you men," said Metcalf. "Turn in for your beauty sleep."

They dropped down upon the sand under the huge wings and slept where they lay.

Old Smith was the last to sleep. He snorted once under his breath. "Air raid—humph! Seaside picnic rather." Once more his tired eyes fluttered open. Above his head, on the gray snout of Forty —— there were white letters—the name of the ship—and the name was Kewpie. Then he turned his back indignantly and slept.

(Continued on Page 93)

THE GIFT *you might forget*

—the one priceless gift of all!

NO ONE thinks of "giving" a child, for Christmas, an eyesight examination. You can see your boy's rueful look, as he finds in the toe of his stocking a bit of folded paper "good for one eyesight examination." A banknote he could understand; that he knows. A certificate, good for merchandise, he can spell out and translate into terms of an object. But you don't quite dare mask your duty to his eyesight as a "gift"—you couldn't quite face that crestfallen look of his. He just doesn't understand—and he doesn't want to—for he doesn't know.

Yet he knows precisely as much as his father and mother have taught him. No more. They haven't taught him yet that the eyesight which lets him enjoy every material object in life is the one priceless gift of all.

ASK yourself this Christmas-tide whether those two—your son, your daughter—shall have just "object-gifts," ironically called "presents" because the present is as long as most of them last. Will you deliberately start those children up the path of 1927 a little nearer to queer headaches, a little surer to lag in their school-work, and more likely every hour to be handicapped for lack of eyesight correction? Will the object-gifts you give them compensate them—for your neglect?

Of course you answer indignantly "No!" Your parental guardianship is being impeached, you say. But is it?

Have you professional assurance that your children's eyes are improving as their bodies are growing? Have you had their eyes examined, recently or regularly? Or have you put off that annoyance, like a haircut or a 1927 motor license? It is a mad life indeed that makes partial blindness a petty annoyance!

THERE is an eyesight specialist near you. He is a man to be trusted. He is trained. Fifty years ago he was hard to find, and his prescriptions indifferently effectual. Today he is professionally trained, scientifically equipped. He knows all that tireless research has discovered of how to correct defective eyesight, and how to prevent it in growing children.

Don't class his service to you as an "object-gift." Just have your youngsters' eyes examined before the holiday. Hope that those eyes will need no glasses. But if they do, thank Heaven that you found it out early.

Then fill the stockings bulging, heap the table, load the tree. For with those "presents" you have given them likewise a future.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FOUNDATION FOR BETTER EYESIGHT

Wellsworth

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

GO TO THE Fire

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

Stone DEALER

He Will Serve You Better and Save You Money

Firestone builds tires exclusively for the regular tire dealer and for original equipment on the cars of leading automobile makers. Firestone standards of quality and volume production, with distribution direct to the dealer through 145 Branches and Warehouses, place Firestone Dealers in a position to give you lowest prices and prompt service on fresh, clean tires of all types and in all sizes.

It has always been the Firestone policy to secure raw materials in the primary markets of the world. To protect the source of supply and obtain crude rubber on the most economical basis, ten Firestone offices, with expert buyers, purchase rubber direct from the planters in the principal rubber centers of the Far East. At Singapore, Firestone owns and operates a large plant and warehouse where plantation rubber is shipped, washed, refined and graded by experts from the Firestone Laboratories at Akron. Thus uniform quality is assured and middlemen's profits eliminated. Cotton, too, is purchased in the primary markets and shipped direct to the Firestone fabric mills, where the highest quality of cord fabric is produced.

The Firestone Dealer is backed by an organization world-wide in scope and influence—an institution whose success is the outcome of a single purpose, steadfastly upheld, to build tires of the highest quality and reduce the cost of tire mileage.

You can depend upon the Firestone Dealer—not only for the "Better Service" which goes with these better tires, but for the economy, safety and comfort that only Gum-Dipped Tires can give.

The Mark of Quality

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

THEIR OWN RUBBER Harvey S. Firestone

The treasure house of beautiful and useful GIFTS

No wonder the enchanted aisles of the Jewelry Store represent, to all of us, a Land of Dreams Come True. This entrancing treasure house is heaped high with beautiful gifts that serve a *practical* purpose. Here you'll find the one *perfect* present for each name on your list . . . Your jeweler has a selection for every purse, every person, every personality.

MEMORY MARKERS

that link yesterday with tomorrow

THE CHRISTMAS TREE of yesteryear . . . flowering with a wondrous array of tinseled treasures . . . but where are those gifts of a decade ago? Let's take a backward glance—

"NINETEEN SIXTEEN . . . that was the year we all went together and bought father the scarf pin and lodge emblem. And Mother got the diamond bar pin, *remember?* But what did we give Alice and Ralph that year?"

HOW CLEARLY the *jeweled* gifts sparkle through the mists of memory! And how we treasure these tokens as years roll on! Long after commonplace presents are forgotten, precious jewels remain, a constant reminder of love and thoughtfulness.

They are MEMORY MARKERS . . . . . that link *Yesterday with Tomorrow.*

for GIFTS THAT *LAST*

Consult your Jeweler

(Continued from Page 88

Four times Smith went over the lines on night raids and crouched in the gloom of the toggle chamber. Four times he fumed inwardly at the blind, unhurried method of the business; at the apparent lack of completeness, at the absurd ease with which the stupid show was done. He was part of the regular crew now and drawing flying pay accordingly. The sergeant seemed to think that was incentive enough, but Smith had another reason for sticking. It was the lesser of two evils to him. Between pail carrying and flying, there was a slight rub in favor of the latter. They were both disgustingly tame and smelled of slackerism to him, but flying didn't give one so great a crick in the back.

It was toward the end of the month when he went out on his last raid in Kewpie. He had learned a few tricks of the trade. He knew that after the toggles were pulled, the runway lurched through a wide arc and sloped sharply upward, because the pilot was climbing and banking to spoil the range of the anti-aircraft batteries on the ground. He knew why the engines slowed just before the bomb signal. It threw the batteries and searchlights off the scent and gave Metcalf and young McKenzie a moment to squint overside for a glimpse of the translucent black ribbon of the Rhine—to catch the blacker smudge of Mannheim in their bomb sights.

That night of the last raid the wind had changed direction and thrown them off the course. From his gloomy cubby, Smith watched the sergeant and Mr. McKenzie as they pored over their map in the glow of the luminous instruments. Presently they laid the map out upon the runway planking and went at it with a small pocket flash. Several times young McKenzie scribbled on the border in pencil, drew a cross line and added the result. The sergeant's lips were seamed together and his head shook slowly each time. Then McKenzie climbed up into the control cockpit and Metcalf came down to figure and shake his head. Smith's eyes closed and he crouched on his haunches, alert but utterly bored.

Suddenly his eyes blinked open, blinded by a sudden drenching bath of white light from below. He started to his feet just as Hoskins' machine gun began to laugh coldly up forward—horrid, idiotic laughter. The sergeant and Metcalf were on their knees over the map, staring open-mouthed. The runway lurched sharply just as the shrapnel chorus opened on all sides with its infernal plomp-plomping.

Smith clutched wildly at his strut and lay almost flat out against the side of the passage with the force of the wild banking. But the light stayed and the plomping thumped all around them. Suddenly the strut jumped under Smith's hand—jumped as if it had been hammered sharply with a sledge. The sergeant tripped and fell to his knees, like a doll with its sawdust half run out. Captain Metcalf's feet stumbled, and fumbled awkwardly on the steps to the cockpit; they turned, they stepped back. His knees came into view. They doubled and his legs gave way as he plunged back heavily across the sergeant's body.

For a moment Smith thought that they had been thrown by the force of the sudden climbing turn. The runway was almost at right angles. Then, quickly, Smith started forward, for the two men didn't move, but lay huddled grotesquely against the fabric, and the runway was torn and splintered around their feet. He poked his head up into the control cockpit. Mr. McKenzie, with his mouth drawn into a blue line, was jerking and twisting the big wheel in front of him, trying frantically to side-slip out of the searchlight.

Smith hesitated. Searchlights—town—town—Mannheim. He ricocheted back into the plunging bomb chamber and pulled madly on the toggles. The engines coughed and snorted and the runway bounded against his feet as the bombs fell free. For a moment the light disappeared and Kewpie came level again. He jerked the last three toggles and bolted forward. He stood on the steps beside McKenzie, waiting. The cockpit bucked and jerked wildly in short lurches and suddenly the light came again, flooding everything. McKenzie's arm shot out, pointing ahead just as the plomping shrapnel began again. Smith stared. Silhouetted against the light, he saw Hoskins in the forward gun turret with his head and arms dangling loosely over the rim. He ducked down into the passage and crawled forward to the door. He yanked it open and grabbed Hoskins' ankle, pulling it toward him into the passage. He crawled into the cockpit and reached for the gun. There—below—right in the center of the blazing white cone of light! His eyes traveled the sights and he pressed the trigger. The spade grip in his other hand pounded with the stuttering, jerking recoil, but he held it on, spraying steel-jacketed lead in a slow arc, firing by rule of thumb—point-blank, for he knew nothing of aerial gunnery. But the light went out. The tiny cockpit thrashed through the air as the huge plane turned. There were more lights behind, groping, searching, but never quite putting their fingers on Kewpie. Smith turned and twisted in the cockpit, watching and waiting, but the lights dropped behind them and presently they were only tiny crossed tracings far down on the border of the velvet curtain behind.

Slowly he crawled back to the control cockpit and dragged himself up beside the pilot. Young McKenzie turned his head and nodded. Below, in the runway, Smith could see Captain Metcalf's feet lolling loosely and moving with the vibration. He started once to crawl down to see if either the sergeant or Metcalf were alive. Hoskins, in the forward passage, was gone beyond a doubt. As he moved, McKenzie's hand touched his shoulder and pointed to the seat. He shook his head and his lips and eyes said, "Stay here."

Smith stayed, slumped back against the cushioned seat, staring drowsily into the cold darkness that rushed toward them. Hours he stayed, through the endless monotony while the limping engines coughed and sputtered their slow way to the Channel coast. Then presently Mr. McKenzie signaled for Smith to put his hands on the throbbing wheel. He was weakening, himself, and needed more strength on the controls. McKenzie's eyes shut and opened slowly in infinite fatigue and agony. The slow hands of the chronometer crept on toward dawn and the distant beaches. . . .

The starboard engine was choking and gasping like an old man who will die before the dawn. Annoyance—petty, tired annoyance trembled across young McKenzie's face. The engine drew in its last breath and its soul passed. McKenzie cut both throttles and pushed the wheel forward into a slow glide. There was a faint bluish haze below and the altimeter gave them four thousand feet.

The wind sighed gently in the flying wires as they glided down. McKenzie tried to say something, but his voice was a helpless whisper. Smith stared over the side, wondering what the next move was to be. He was very tired and his right foot was numb with cold. Slowly he saw the faint bluish haze creep up to meet them. It must be the ground—it probably was the ground.

Slowly the altimeter needle sank toward sea level. McKenzie roused himself painfully and peered over the rim of the cockpit. Then suddenly his face was pinched with fright. His hand touched something beside him. Light flared in a cold white glow from both lower wing tips and rippled along strut and wire until the whole dark mass of Kewpie stood out in relief—there was ground below. So close it was that Smith could see a torn brick wall and a pygmy figure with arms raised.

Under McKenzie's hands the wheel started to move backward. Smith helped him pull on it. It stuck—and McKenzie crumpled suddenly and slid from the seat. Smith pulled with every stringy muscle in his old arms. There was a crash that snapped his head forward. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the starboard engine tear loose and hurl itself forward, trailing wire and broken struts after it. Kewpie's nose whipped around and melted quite away. Behind, everything tore loose and shuffled forward with the sound of a bass drum when the head has been kicked in.

Presently there was a whistling shriek and a thump and the patter of shrapnel. Again it came, and again. The light was gone now—the wing-tip flares had burned out. After a moment the shrapnel stopped. A knife cut into Kewpie's rumpled fabric with a soft, dry sigh. A voice whispered harshly, "Anyone alive?"

A voice whispered back, "Yes."

The first voice hesitated and the knife cut again at the fabric. A head appeared. Arms reached into the smashed cockpit, groping and feeling in the darkness. They touched a leg.

"By gad, sir, not that leg!"

"Easy, man—not so loud! You're way to hell and gone up the line and it's almost light. We'll have more shrapnel in a moment."

Slowly and carefully they pulled young McKenzie out, and then they pulled Smith through the broken side. There was one man alive in the after cockpit. On their shoulders, they carried the three across the uneven ground and behind a slight ridge that was already graying in the morning light.

They were threading through the débris in the gully now—débris that smelled sickish sweet and moldy. On they went up the other side. McKenzie groaned and then screamed sharply. A hand slapped across his mouth with a soft smack. For hours they seemed to go on and on. Then a shaded flicker of a candle stopped them.

Inside the C. C. S. it was hot and warm, and the air seared the lungs with a clean acid tang. There was a littered table and a row of tired, dirty faces sitting upon the benches along the damp wall.

"Night bomber crash, sir. This one's an officer."

The surgeon nodded and pinched out his cigarette. Hard-faced male nurses moved mechanically in the background.

Smith looked up wearily from the floor. Then suddenly his eyes blazed. "Stoop down here, my man!" he thundered. The private stiffened and bent down. Smith pointed a shaking finger at his collar badge. "You're D. K. L. L. I."

"Yes, sir. You crashed in the Kent's support trenches."

"Damn the crash!" snapped Smith. "Why didn't you say you were Duke of Kent's?"

"I, sir?" The surgeon rubbed his lips with a finger and beckoned for a nurse. He knelt beside Smith and cut away his left sleeve. "Gently now," he said.

Smith stared at him with hot light in his tired eyes. "Young man," he said, "I was wounded before you were born."

"Sh-h-h!" said the surgeon. "You're badly cracked up. Don't let go now." He pulled the plunger of his needle.

"Cracked up? What's that got to do with being wounded? I'll have you know that this isn't the Kent's first war."

The needle pricked into Smith's arm and the plunger shot home.

"There was Afghanistan—years ago," said Smith. "And Magersfontein. This war? Humph! Damned mechanical contrivances with flippant boys to work them. Nonsense!" His voice trailed off for a moment and then came back strongly again. "When I was young, we fought."

"Who are you?" asked the surgeon.

Fifteen minutes later the twenty-seven-year-old colonel of the D. K. L. L. I.—the colonel who had been a lieutenant at Fère Champenoise—was running toward the C. C. S. with his adjutant after him. He vaulted down the steps into the cellar and tipped his tin hat back on his head.

"Where is he?" he whispered.

The surgeon pointed to the stretcher in the corner. Quickly the colonel crossed and knelt down beside the still figure. He snapped his fingers softly and nodded.

Continued on Page 95

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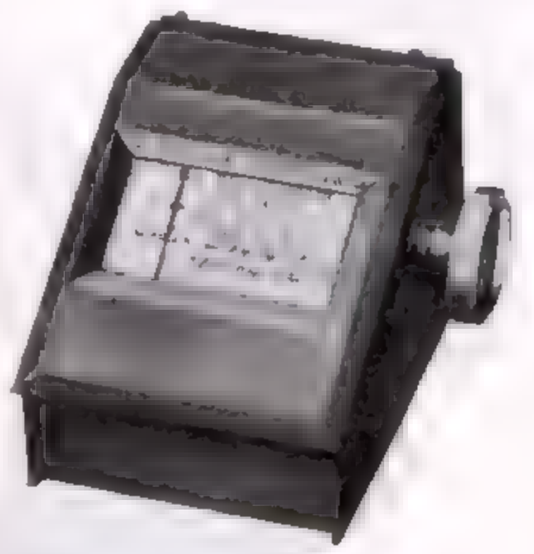

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RICHARDSON ROOFING

(Continued from Page 93)

Smith opened his eyes. The colonel's voice was low. "You won't remember me, sir. Stickney—X Company. I saw you twice, sir. You were at Salisbury in 1912 when I joined. You had the brigade."

"Salisbury?" said Smith. "Brigade? Oh, yes, quite right. I was thinking of Delhi. X Company. I joined with X years ago. How is X —— Let me see—Connors was sergeant major."

"Before my time, sir."

"And is Durham still commanding?"

"No, sir; the colonel was killed on the Somme. I have the Kent's now."

Smith's eyes fluttered wearily. "Impossible!" he said. "Colonel in six years?"

"It goes quickly these days."

"I'm afraid—too quickly for me. In India, we used to wait ten years for a company—long ago. Less fighting in this war—can't understand it. Flippant boys running mechanical contrivances—outrageous! Silly thing was all smashed, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, quite," said the colonel. "A washout. Jolly fine thing you did after the pilot fainted. He swears you saved his life by pulling up the nose."

"Nonsense!" said Smith. "Thing was called Kewpie." He drew in his breath slowly. Several times it caught in his throat.

The colonel looked up quickly at the surgeon. The surgeon shrugged. Smith's eyelids fluttered.

"Whole war is stupid—too modern—bayonet and rifle my day—in Afghanistan things were different. Man could fight if he wanted to."

Again his breath caught and the last flush of color left his lips.

"Kent's—good regiment—take care of it."

They buried him at sundown behind a little hill they had taken themselves the week before, and he lies among the D. K. L. L. I. You may see the stone near Cambrai.

The little village is rebuilt now, and its white walls smile primly in the setting sun. The last rays bathe the Kent's own cemetery up on the hillside.

The stone says simply:

BRIG. GEN. SIR GEORGE PITT-BERESFORD,
C. M. G., RETIRED
KILLED ON ACTIVE SERVICE
WITH THE D. K. L. L. I.
NUMBER —— SQDN. R. A. F.

But at night, when the candles sputter on the mess table of the Duke of Kent's Loyal Light Infantry, they will tell you that the Kent's once had a colonel who died of old age on the field of battle. And the Kent's surgeon will swear that the only thing that might have contributed was a shrapnel scratch on one leg and a broken collar bone.

And on special guest nights there is a toast offered sometimes at the end of the evening. The Kent's have queer toasts which they have picked up from the four quarters of the globe, but this toast is the quaintest. It is always offered by the junior subaltern of X Company.

"Gentlemen," he says, "I give you—damned nonsense!"

And it is not taken in broken glass, for the Kent's are too old on the army lists to stamp such excellent sentiment with finality.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

night he drove Maybette O'Sullivan to Robbers' Roost. You've heard him tell about it."

"The old arbor—it must have fallen in years ago?"

"No; it should have, but it hadn't. Poor grandpa was almost a boy again as he remembered how he used to come home late, with no key, and sleep on the hard bench because he was afraid to rouse the family."

"Were any of his childish treasures left in the house?"

"Any number. The first thing he saw was his copy of The Flapper's Diary, by Lucy Lucerne. He turned to the passages that he liked best, as though he had just finished reading it.

"He even fished out his old date book and positively laughed with glee when he found that his memory had not failed him. I would read the names and he would tell me the phone numbers. He missed only two."

"And that scrapbook?"

"That also had been spared to him. His collection of summonses—the envy of his crowd, you remember—was there just as he had pasted them in."

"Did he recognize his old room?"

"Not at first, because it had been put in order, but it soon came back to him. In one of the closets he discovered the pants to his first tux—the one he got when he was fifteen years old. I could hardly keep him from trying them on."

"And what else did he find?"

"While rummaging through a dresser drawer he came across the cigarette holder that Gwyneth Smathers gave him when he graduated from high school. He nearly broke down over that.

"A few minutes later he unearthed a little package hidden in one of the pigeonholes of his desk. It was the first flask that grandpa ever owned. It had his name and a couple of verses from the Rubaiyat engraved on the back. By this time he had become depressed and melancholy, and I persuaded him to leave."

—*David B. Park.*

A Generous Provider

THE bride of six months timidly approached the husband of her heart:

"Dearest, will you please give me some money for a new dress?"

"Sure!" he replied generously. "Here's five dollars. Get a hat too."

In the Limelight

SONNY had just returned from his first attendance at Sunday school. He beamed proudly as he announced that the minister had spoken to him.

"Well," said his father, "what did he say to you?"

"He told me to keep quiet," replied sonny.

Giuseppe

He Discusses the Salaries of Movie Actors

I THEENK that theesa movie acators pulla down too moocha mon'. Taka for examp' thees Charla da Chap'. I hava been told that he pulla down evera year one meelion dol', an' a for what? Yes, I know he hava da fonnee moostasch, an' da fonnee walk, an' he playa da fool verra, verra well, but ees thees worth a meelion dol'? I do not theenk so.

Me, I can playa da fool more better as a he, becausa da peop' plantee tima laugh atta me, when I no try to be fonnee at all. Can Charla da Chap' do thees? Notta so as you can a noteece eet.

Now, taka da case of Douglasa da Fairabank, who allaso pulla down hees meelion. All what he hava to do to earna theesa meelion dol' ees to climba da house, turna da few handaspreeng an' starta da rougha-house.

Moocha da waste of gooda mon', I call eet. An' one a theeng I noteece, evera time he starta da rougha-house he peecka da lotta bonaheads who lay downa an' playa dead so soon as he taka da poke atta them. I weesha he soomatime peeck a me to play een thees rougha-house bizzineas weeth heem, an' I betta you I giva to heem a puncha een a da jaw that knocka heem so cold he weel turn no more handaspreeng for longa time.

Anotha man wot erna da verra large a salaree ees Tomma da Meex. All what he hava to do ees to ride a da horse uppa da heel an' down a da heel, driva da automobila, an' maka da beega bluff weeth a revolve'.

I weesh allaso I coulda act one time weetha heem; an' when he maka da bluff atta me, I pulla my own a revolve' an' shoota back at heem so fast as I can pulla da trig'. I theenk I scare a heem so bad he allamos' run a da legs offa hees a horse getteeng away from there.

One a more of theesa meelion dolla beautees ees Ramona da Navarro an' whatta you theenk he hava to do to earna hees a mon'?

Notta a theeng. Notheeng at all, onlee to maka da love to lovelee ladees, an' kees an' kees an' kees.

Eet maka me seeck to theenk a man hava to be paid to taka part lika thees. Me, I would taka eet for notheeng, an' give mucha thanks to hava da chance.

I hava one grand idea! I go to see da beega boss whatta hire theesa men an' to heem I say: "Meester, I weel a myself taka da part of Charla da Chap', Douglasa da Fairabank an' Tomma da Meex for one half wot you now pay to them," I say, "an' I weel do more better work as they hava done. An' as for theesa Ramona da Navarro," I say, "I weel taka hees a part for notheeng, an' weel a pay to you one half of my salaree to boota."

—*C. A. Moreno.*

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THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

Continued from Page 32

the most numerous growths are found throughout the Southwest and in Northern Mexico. What we call the Southwestern deserts were once ocean bed. Constructional and sedimentary changes occurred that surrounded great arms of the sea and cut off the sea water from the parent bodies, forming inland salt lakes. Evaporation was greater than rainfall, and the lakes began to diminish.

As dry land appeared plant growth found footing; among other growths were the progenitors of the cactus we know. But they were entirely different in nature and characteristics. Instead of great, pulpy slabs, they grew small leaves from slenderstems, they were smooth and harmless, and they developed small, bright-colored flowers and bore small, probably acid, fruits. They were attractive to insects and animals, because the cactus plant needed to advertise to insure the dissemination of its seeds. Due to the presence still of large bodies of water the climate was moist and warm, and the cactus flourished.

Armored

But as evaporation continued to decrease the size of the inland seas, and finally to dissipate them altogether, the climate changed, the heat became more intense, rains grew less frequent and less generous, other plants that could not adapt themselves rapidly enough or that did not have in their heredity the stamina to withstand the rigor of the new climate were crowded out by the sturdy cactus, the sagebrush, the greasewood, the mesquite, the saltweed, and so on, and gradually disappeared.

Now began an era of terrible trial for the plants. The change to desert, once started, was comparatively rapid—that is, instead of completely altering its nature in fifty thousand years these Southwestern sea beds may have been transformed into desert in a few hundred. It was speedy traveling for plants, and only the most adaptable could keep up the pace.

Not only this, but the death of other vegetation in those regions left the cactus prey to all the herbivorous animals that ranged there; the sage became bitter, the saltweed dry and unpleasant, the mesquite like iron, and so on. The cactus, succulent, growing larger leaves as it needed to store more and more moisture, and full of sugar accumulated to carry it through hard periods of heat and the well-known bitter cold of desert Januarys, became more tempting to animals instead of less. Probably they were stripped of their leaves so often and over so long a period that they ceased to produce leaves almost altogether and grew more and more to slabs. They were robbed of their fruits, gnawed at, wounded, cut off at the base, and generally so hardly treated that they were threatened with extermination.

Finally there is no doubt that a few of them, struggling to put out new leaves from a bleeding stump level with the ground, grew on that stump a small slab that carried hairs or protuberances, and these hairs, in generations and generations, became stiffer and harder, until they were spines. The spines grew more and more hard, sharp, tough and plentiful. This protective armor was not developed in a hundred days or a hundred years or a thousand, but it was developed definitely, for a definite purpose and with definite success in the end, and became so modified and adapted to the purpose for which it was brought into being that the time came when a buffalo or an antelope or a rabbit could get exactly as much satisfaction out of a porcupine or a two-thousand-volt electric wire!

Now, how do I know that this development of the cactus spines was the result of a definite need and built up by the slow acquisition, generation after generation, of new and vital and slowly acquired characteristics? I know it, and no logical mind could deny it; but how can I prove it to the satisfaction of science, which takes nothing for granted?

I will give you my proof: Innumerable cactus plants exist that have no spines whatever and are as tender and succulent and attractive to animals as the desert plants, but these harmless varieties and individuals are always found growing in crevices or cracks or caves where no herbivorous animal could possibly reach them!

And I will give you another proof: In sixteen years, by crossing cactus with few spines on cactus having spines, but possessed of desirable qualities such as great size, rapid growth, extreme succulence of leaves, and so on, I have carried the cactus back to the day when it had no spines because it needed none, and have perfected a spineless cactus in a length of time that, compared with the period which saw the change from smooth cactus to the vicious, armored variety, is but a moment.

And incidentally I want to add a remarkable fact that is both interesting and instructive in this connection. My spineless cactus slabs when very young and tender have growths on them that are plainly vestigial leaves—that is, structures with all the qualities and characteristics of leaves, as in the original cactus of prehistoric times, but that slough off soon because the leaf-bearing habit is not now more than dimly in the heredity of the plant. These vestigial reminders or remains of real leaves could be developed, by selection and proper cultivation, back into actual leaves, so that the cactus could be made to complete its round trip from its first condition through its condition of an armored desert plant and back to its first form once more. There is something more you will not find in the textbooks, and it knocks a lot of so-called scientific theories into a cocked hat.

The other fundamental I have demonstrated conclusively with the cactus is more original with me and more important to my work. Because it was not necessary for me to prove that heredity is the sum of all environments—I knew it from the beginning, since I first read it in Darwin, who believed it from the first to the end of his remarkable life, and it was just as much a fact to me as that plant life takes its force from the sun, and that all other life owes its existence to plants, if you look far enough! I did need to demonstrate and prove the second theory, because my success was contingent on it, and without it I would have stopped as an ordinary seedsman or nurseryman and been known now only as "the Santa Rosa nurseryman with the place south of the iron bridge."

This second fundamental law is that adaptability—the power to vary to its own advantage in a plant, just as in a worm or a wolf or a man—depends on its history, its heredity, and is greater as vicissitudes and perils and struggles have been greater in its past.

Two young men come to you asking for work. One is the son of a well-to-do family that, for a dozen generations, have found life easy and tranquil and more or less pleasant. The other is the son of a man who was himself buffeted, pressed, driven, persecuted by ill fortune and care and privation, and whose fathers before him never had a chance, but always had to struggle and sweat and toil to gain a bare livelihood. Granted that both lines have been equally industrious,, honest and ambitious, which of those two boys would you engage?

An Enormous Fruit Crop on the Spineless Cactus on Luther Burbank's Farm

The Better Risk

Probably the first. But I want to tell you that ninety-nine times in every hundred the second boy would be just exactly as much better as a risk for you as his stamina, determination, ambition and quality are better because of the refining and hardening process undergone by his forefathers. In America we are often amazed at the incapacity and indolence and repeated failures of the sons of our best families, and equally astonished at the rapid rise of young immigrant boys or the children of families reared in the slums of New York. We have a proverb in New England to the effect that "from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves is three generations"—that the children of the men whose fathers sweated to gain wealth and who themselves have spent their lives dissipating those hard-earned fortunes will have to return to shirt sleeves before they die. What is behind the proverb? A vague recognition of the law that it takes many generations to produce the fiber that can make and stand success.

You believe, perhaps, that you can think of cases that disprove this. Very well. Take two of the best-known New York families, without naming names. One earned the money by hard and difficult and untiring labor, and the sons and daughters inherited the desire to go on working hard. That family is clean, free from taint, industrious and highly successful. But the other family I have in mind merely inherited wealth, and its children for two or three generations have been wasters, and gradually losing everything in life except what can be bought and paid for in hard cash.

On the other hand, take the converse of the proposition and consider two other cases

Here is a boy whose father came of a long line of hard-working and very poor Dutch farmers and laborers. They knew

(Continued on Page 101)

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GRANTED, they may be little tasks: for instance—determining not to roll over for another forty winks when you know you should get up; brushing your teeth; shaving when you have trouble keeping your eyes open; getting under the shower.

All these early morning hurdles when you're still half asleep are not jobs you tackle with eagerness. Still you know they must be done.

But when they are accomplished, how refreshed you feel! And how you rebuke yourself later in the day if you've been lazy and overlooked any one of them.

Particularly tooth brushing: next, perhaps, only to the bath; it's not only the most refreshing thing in your morning routine but how important it is to your own well-being!

Still to most of us it seems every day only as another necessary job—one of those little hurdles.

Realizing the truth of this, the makers of Listerine set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the *easiest, quickest way* to clean teeth.

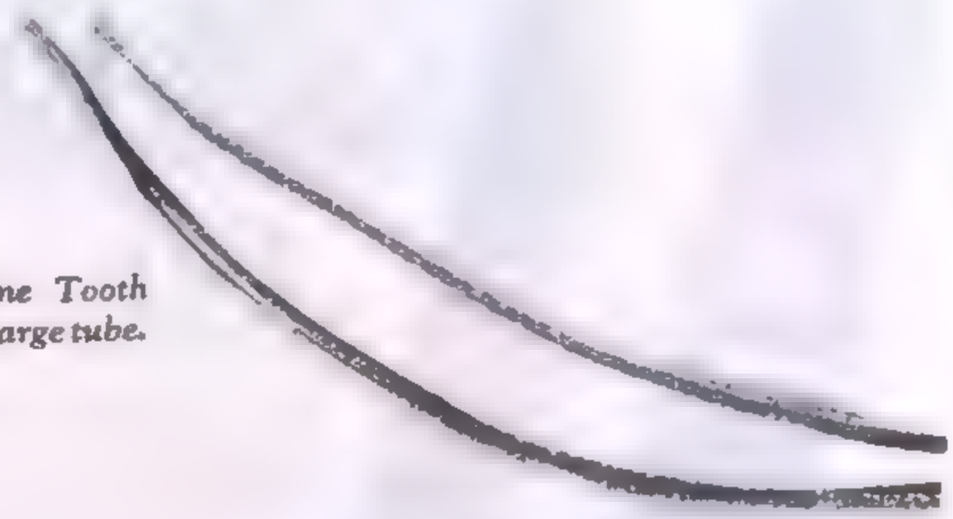
In short, a tooth paste efficient even in the hands of lazy people—for in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to so many of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use.* It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made. It contains a specially prepared cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*



P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.

**This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.*

At the same time it is harder than the tartar *which accumulates and starts tooth decay.*

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"—even for lazy people"

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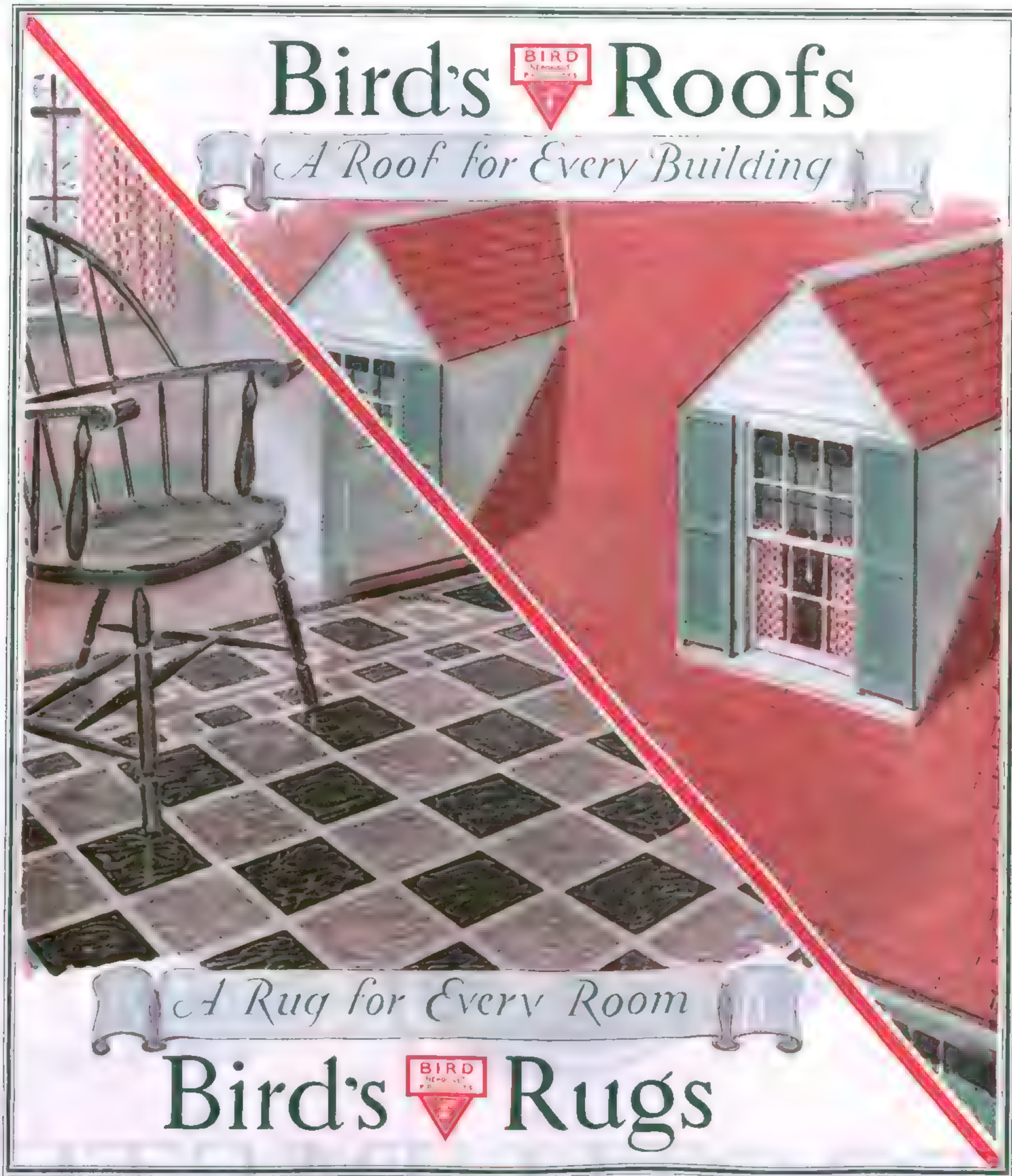

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BIRD'S roofings and floor coverings are made of wear- and water-resisting materials with 130 years of manufacturing experience behind them.

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 96)

nothing through a dozen generations but hardship, work and privation. When the boy came to this country at twelve years of age or thereabout, he set out to seize the opportunities that opened before his amazed eyes at every turn. He educated himself, worked, learned, kept himself decent, adapted himself to his new environment and began to go ahead. The sterling qualities that had been impressed on him by repetition, repetition, repetition of trial and difficulty and poverty, through many generations of Dutchmen, suddenly emerged in him, and he became one of the three or four most successful Americans of our times.

Opposed to him, take the sons of a certain type of Southern mountaineer. In many instances there has been no improvement in five generations, but on the contrary there has been a steady retrogression. Why? Because hardship and poverty have been accepted as inevitable; the men of those families have surrendered to life, their women have been discouraged, often lazy and slovenly, and repetition, repetition, repetition has impressed on their children sloth, unfitness and disease.

In my work it was necessary for me to take advantage of every favorable fact and condition I could find. It was a long time before I awoke to the fact that the heredity of a plant—its life story—was just as important to me before I began to attempt a development of it as a clinical history of a new patient is necessary to a physician who wants to make a useful diagnosis. When I did, it was this law that I discovered. The plant with the greatest variability was the one with which I could do the most with the least effort and with the greatest chance of success. The plant that had lived along for generation after generation without any trouble or stress or hardship or change in its condition and environment was as set in its ways as a grindstone and as stubborn as a mule.

The cactus presented to me the most perfect possible example of the indubitable truth of this law. Take the rose, for contrast. For a thousand years, probably, men have trained and cultivated rosebushes, giving them care, good soil, plenty of water and tending—the most favorable spots in the garden and the most jealous watching to protect them from enemies of every kind. The result is that the rose must have that sort of care continued or it will die as sure as moonrise. The nearer the rose is to the wild state the hardier it is; the more refined and high-bred and aristocratic, the more you have to sit up nights with it and give it a flannel overcoat and keep the aphis out of its hair. It has been bred to have nursing and attention, and so it simply lies down and quits if it does not receive it.

Hard to Kill

Take a cactus slab, born of generations—thousands of generations—of scorching heat, the attacks of enemies, the buffeting of winds, the parching, searing drought of summer and the bitter, piercing cold of a desert winter. Throw that slab on the ground. From the eyes on the under side will grow roots. From the eyes exposed to the sun will grow new slabs. How can that be? There is not a particle of difference between the eyes above and those below. What taught the cactus to seize at life in this fashion, adjusting itself to apparently impossible circumstances and doing the right thing at the right time and in the right direction? Heredity! The lessons its fathers learned through bitter and almost fatal experiences through ten thousand years of struggle for life. Throw a rose cutting on the ground, and it will curl up and die like a fish out of water.

Put a slab of cactus away in a dark cellar. Almost anything else in the vegetable world would give up in a few days. Leave the cactus there for eight months or a year and then look at it, and you will find that it has put out two or three or half a dozen feeble, pale, sickly slabs, and is alive and kicking, and will simply jump ahead if you plant it in the poorest corner of your garden. I hung a cactus plant in a tree, head down, for four years once, and when I planted it, it started to grow within ten days. I laid a slab on a shelf that was covered with burlap and that was four feet from the ground, and presently I discovered that the cactus was developing new slabs and that its roots had gone through the burlap and were feeling their way along the cracks of the adjacent wall, reaching for that earth that was so far below it.

You know, you can't have sixteen years' acquaintance with a plant like that, and get to know its personal history and intimate details of its life, without conceiving a certain admiration for it, even while you are engaged with a magnifying glass and a pair of forceps in trying to extract from your hand eighty or ninety piercing needles that the same plant has given you as a birthday present.

Tons to the Acre

It has been said that my spineless-cactus varieties are not a practical benefit to mankind, but I just let that sort of talk go in one ear and out the other. When I remember that in my own boyhood tomatoes were a forbidden fruit because they were considered poisonous; when I recall the difficulty I had in introducing some of my earliest plums to growers who have since reaped thousands and thousands of dollars from them and have grown them so long that most of them have forgotten whence they came; when I think of the bungling methods used in trying to produce valuable and splendid new varieties of every kind and sort of plant, and the mistakes that are made by farmers and orchardists and gardeners until experience teaches them how the new things should be utilized; and finally, when I consider that very few men understand that the plant developer is only the producer of the new invention, and cannot go out into the world and experiment with it to find where it is most remunerative, what uses of it are the most profitable, and what treatments of it are necessary to make it most valuable to mankind, I do not worry about the spineless cactus.

It will grow with a minimum of care and cultivation on hundreds of thousands of acres now sterile; it is more than 90 per cent water, sugar and highly valuable mineral elements; it will produce from one hundred and fifty to three hundred tons of forage to the acre, and at the end of five or six years, one-third as much fruit, which is nutritive and delicious, and it will multiply by division—that is, grow from slabs—indefinitely and with incredible rapidity. Once it has a start—jack rabbits alone can keep a new field of cactus cut off clean to the ground if they are given the run of the place—nothing can kill it. A plant like that needs no advertising and no apologies. I may add that I have not a single slab of it for sale and have not had for a good many years. I am not writing a prospectus for it; I am trying to tell you what an amazing experiment it has proved and how generously and richly it has repaid me in sound knowledge and infinite interest, aside from every other consideration.

The spineless-cactus enterprise attracted a great deal of attention; taken altogether, I had quite a name. I had delivered a lecture or two and written constantly of my own specialty. A group of friends suggested that I should give up my actual experiments and go to teaching my methods to others at one of the big universities. In spite of the fact that I was definitely opposed to this project from the first I was approached by several educators, and finally I did give a series of lectures as part of the regular course at Stanford University. But I steadfastly refused to turn teacher; what I needed was to be free to attend to my experiments, which were still way up in the thousands year in and year out, and when the universities could not get me my friends went to work to obtain a subsidy for me so that I could have all my thought and energy to devote to the farms.

Divided Allegiance

The result, after a good deal of activity on my behalf which was unsolicited and somewhat embarrassing to me, was that the Carnegie Institute proposed to give me a stated sum each year for expenses and to put some of its research experts at work with me to study my methods and record my results. I accepted with many misgivings, which were later justified by experience. The sum paid me did not prove sufficient to meet my monthly expenses, and the experts sent to me found it difficult to get much data except by interviewing me. This took so much time that I had little left for experimentation—the sole object and purpose of my life—and presently the scheme was abandoned. I had always said, and said then, that my job was to create and get results, rather than record the steps and details, and as long as there was still so much to do and the day only held twenty-four hours, it was impossible to be an experimenter and a writer of scientific or practical books at the same time.

This experience led, however, to the business relationships I entered on, when I did actually try to do both. A book company was promoted which undertook to publish my writings, give me a royalty, and attend to publishing and marketing. For seven or eight years I was the busiest man on this planet. I suppose I wrote as many words as anyone who ever lived, but the book people got into difficulties and finally went out of business.

In the meantime another outfit conceived the idea of establishing a company for distributing the products of my farms, and this "seed company," as we called it, became an elaborate and complicated affair with a big office building and scores of employes. Here, too, to add to my worries and my work, the promoters found themselves in deep water because they did not understand the business of selling seeds, trees, bulbs and cuttings, and because everything they knew had to come from me. It was too much for me naturally. Again I was the sufferer, and in the end the seed company went into a receiver's hands.

These were the outstanding business experiences of my life, though there were numerous other adventures that were expensive and wearisome and even galling to me. From them I learned a good deal about men, however, and about the world of promotion, financing, share issuing, share selling and share speculation, and a great deal about my own physical limitations. The truth is that I should have kept to my own line, at which I had made a success both as a scientific plant developer and as a business man. It is certain that no one with a big creative task can lean on the crutch of a financial subsidy or a financial arrangement and still have his hands free.

If I had read Nature's book more closely I should have been warned by its lessons as well as by my own instincts in these matters. Man's institutions, man's knowledge and man's conclusions are built imitatively from natural phenomena, derived from natural sources or drawn from natural laws. Cupidity, greed and selfishness are about the only purely human inventions we can find—the hog's habits are due to the fact that he is hungry all the time and not to the fact that he is just plain swinish toward his fellow hogs. Outside of those three attributes of man pretty much everything else he has comes to him direct from Nature, and there is an analogy somewhere for most of his contrivances, most of his characteristics and most of his devices, no matter how elaborate.

The Effect of Crutches

Every variety of crutch in Nature and in man is harmful except the prop that is made necessary by an actual physical deformity. In Nature the weaklings fall out of the race, and the plants or animals that cannot do their work and make their way unaided are dispensed with pretty summarily. Man attempts to support and strengthen himself with various aids and assistances, but it is rarely that his plan succeeds. The man or the institution that is really necessary and really efficient does not need an endowment. By that I do not mean that such organizations as universities should be strictly self-supporting. The fact is that education, where it is free, as in this country, is the job of the state, of society, because the immediate returns from education go to the individual and not to the institution. Therefore either the public as a political entity has to supply the necessary funds or else the public as a group of voluntary donors has to do it.

But the fundamental law is there: Crutches are for cripples, and they are weakening and debasing to a healthy, normal man. The help and comfort and impetus we get from appreciation and praise are useful and fine to the best of us, but when they are leaned on and when they cause us to relax our own efforts or ambition or push, they become crutches—and feeble and wabbly crutches at that, which will let us down with a bump if we put much weight on them.

There is an excellent reason for this which can be found repeated and repeated in illustrations from Nature. The individual must be self-reliant, and in a sense self-sufficient, or else he goes down. By

A Typically Enormous Yield of the Burbank Spineless Cactus

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self-sufficient I mean able to employ his own efforts and capitalize his own abilities so that they coordinate with the efforts and abilities of others without putting any weight on them. Biologists call this symbiosis—the mutual help that results on an interchange of activities between two separate individuals or organisms. It is interestingly and vividly illustrated in the relation between the bee and the flower.

Without the bee the flower could not, in many cases, pollinize even its own stigma, and certainly could not pollinize the stigmas of other flowers. Without the flower the bee could not live five minutes. The blossom, therefore, long ago learned to construct itself so that, somewhere below its reproductive organs, there was a little pantry of sweets. Seeking that larder the bee brushed against the pollen-laden stamen and not only scattered the precious grains about the place but carried some of them with him to the next flower. Neither the bee nor the flower is a crutch; they are mutually helpful and mutually dependent.

Illustrations of that phenomenon can be found all through Nature; except for parasites, all Nature's children help one another, but all are self-sufficient, too, and if they are not they fall by the wayside. Human beings practice symbiosis in almost every relation they have with one another. They have added the refinement of wanting something for nothing, and sometimes they succeed in getting it. But not often, without paying a heavy price either in public esteem or in humiliation or degradation or a weakening process of some sort. And the man or the organization that seeks to get someone else to do the work laid out to be done by him is absolutely certain to weaken himself, hamper others, slow up the race and generally make a mess of his unnatural procedure.

The Difference in Parasites

Self-reliance and self-respect are about as valuable commodities as we can carry in our pack through life; the one depends on the other and follows it, and you will have to search a long way through Nature to find an instance where the individual relies wholly on another, and merely sponges his way. The parasite happens to grow through borrowing from a tree or a plant, but it has to find a place to take root; it must spread leaves and extend root mouths, and resist enemies just as any other plant does. I do not present the parasite in plants as a model or pattern, but it has to be self-reliant and attend to its own job or else it cannot live. The human parasite, as found in many forms and in many grades of society, scarcely does this. He is just an encumbrance and a load on his fellows.

The necessity for self-reliance and effort and ambition in the human individual is necessitated by the law. This law develops what is often called a struggle, and many people speak of the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest as harsh, cruel and merciless. Just at present America is full of young gentlemen who are trying in art and literature and the theater to picture that struggle in its darker aspects. They call themselves realists, I believe, and the public gets the idea from them that there is only one side to the picture. That is the way with us. We have a sluggish liver or we overeat or we wake up with a headache and all day long we can see only the dark side of things. We deplore the fight we have to make for existence, for happiness, for decency and uprightness; it looks so much easier to give up and be immoral and lazy, and to blame natural law for the whole business.

But the struggle for existence is what makes the world what it is, both the dark side and the light and beautiful and inspiring. It was a struggle for existence that caused flowerless and dull plants to put out their advertising matter, in the form of entrancing blossoms, thus attracting bees and birds and bringing about the fertilization necessary to their continued life. It was the same struggle that brought perfume into the world; it was the war of forces that gashed the earth with such wonders as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, that broke open the rocks that form the magic glory of Yosemite, that created Niagara Falls, the Adirondacks, and that gave us the illimitable ocean washing the shores of our continents.

It is the struggle for existence that sends the elm, the walnut and the redwood towering into space, that lays a blanket of white on the earth in winter and follows it with the effulgent beauty of early spring, leaping into renewed life in fairy robes of green, set with the gems of little flowers. It was the struggle for existence that gave us our farms, our cities, our steamships, our railroads, our factories, turning out necessities, comforts and luxuries every day, until life is becoming easier and sweeter for every human on this planet. It was the struggle for existence that gave us Charlemagne and Napoleon and Lincoln and Rockefeller and Edison and all our pioneers and leaders and warriors and thinkers and doers in a world that is not made up entirely of failures and traitors and rascals, in spite of the gloomy writers and the liverish painters and the dyspeptic playwrights.

Rewards From Struggle

It is the struggle for existence, so-called, that gives us all our beauty and sweetness and pleasure and health and love and happiness, our little children, our dogs and birds, our poetry and romance and song too. Because there is in the heredity of the race a great questing and need and urge for beauty; that urge accumulates and accumulates, generation after generation, in a family of plain and undistinguished history, until finally it bursts forth in a Beethoven, a Keats or a Whitman, in a Whistler or Abbey, in a Saint-Gaudens or a Christopher Wren. The need for beauty is as positive a natural impulsion as the need for food, though it is a later development and therefore not so deep-rooted and so all-absorbing; nevertheless, you know there are people everywhere who will go without several meals to attend a musical program or will sacrifice clothing to buy a picture. This æsthetic side of man, as in all Nature, is one of the last refinements added to the list, but because it is a younger appetite or need does not mean that it is not an important and even vital one.

The struggle for existence is not actually a struggle at all. You cannot sit beside the ocean and watch the breakers pounding, pounding, pounding at the cliffs, dashing their great weight at the rocks, throwing rainbow-tinted veils of spray high in air, and roaring into caverns and booming around reefs, without being awed and impressed by the tremendous beauty of the scene. You cannot stand in a garden and contemplate the butterflies and the humming birds and the bees, sailing or whirring or darting from one lovely blossom to another, without being rested and refreshed and gratified. Yet in both cases this impulse that is so wrongly called the struggle for existence is being perfectly exemplified before your eyes.

Yosemite Falls, Yosemite Valley, California

Is not the sea striving to batter down the cliffs and pulverize the rocks to sand and eat into the land to carry it away to fill its bottomless bed? Is not the butterfly hurrying to get its sip of sweet before death overtakes it and leaves it no time to mature and deposit the egg which will bring about a caterpillar that will turn into another butterfly? Is not the bee storing food for the hive to make possible the life of the swarm that is to come? Is not the humming bird whirring through its work, hard pressed to get a store of food for its little ones tucked away in a tiny hammock nest somewhere under a palm leaf or in a thicket of hedge? It is life or death for the sea and the land. Which will win? It is life or death for flower and bird and insect. But that is the hard and cruel and merciless and untrue picture of the business.

What is really going on all about us is a play of two forces. Is the law of gravity cruel and relentless? Is it a pity that that shooting star goes flaming through the heavens to disappear into space? Is the hunger of the baby or the absorption of the poet to put his thought into rime piteous? Is it a hard law that water quenches your thirst, that fire warms you, that food gives you strength, that electricity pulses in the lamp globe and turns the filament white-hot to light your page as you sit reading this? And yet in all those you see two forces playing on and in and through life. Call it positive and negative, call it attraction and repulsion, call it movement and rest, call it what you will, but by whatever name it goes it is two opposites acting and interacting and counteracting and reacting one on the other through the whole universe, and by its processes and procedures bringing into our existence pleasure and pain, hunger and food, thirst and water, heat and cold, joy and sorrow, success and failure, black and white, light and shadow, tears and laughter, the flaming star and the midnight blackness of a cave, a beautiful woman and a crawling slug, a cruel tyrant and a laughing baby, a redwood tree and the poison ivy, the abundant health of the athlete and the running sores of a leper.

A Game With Just Penalties

Those who prefer see only the blackness, the slug, the monster, poisonous air and deadly disease. For me, I like to walk in my gardens and see this eternal interplay of the two forces as it appears in beauty and fragrance; I prefer the glad welcome in the eyes of my dog, Bonita, and the glad shout of delight from my little ward, Betty Jane. I choose to contemplate the serenity of my home, the companionship of my dear wife, my Betty, the staunch loyalty of my friends, the warming and almost universal gratitude of the people of the world to me for the work I have done and the service I am trying to perform.

No, the struggle for existence, and the difficulties into which a few business relationships brought me, and the failure of trusted men, and the pettiness of a few, and the handicaps and weaknesses and debilities that have hampered me are negligible to me. At seventy-seven years of age I can look with pleasure and delight on my experiences. To me the struggle has been a game, free from bitterness, broken only by just penalties, played with the utmost fairness under the rules, and leaving me now the sense of having won a few points and made a few first places and having been generously rewarded for my efforts. The law of life, Darwin said, is the survival of the fittest. I would like to amend his statement and assert that the law is the boundless reward of the industrious, the courageous and the true—in short, it is the survival of the fit!

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr. Burbank and Mr. Hall. The next will appear in an early issue.

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HAM AND EXIT

(Continued from Page 19)

More conversation between Ethiope and Marcel. Then: "He says if you ever gits funny with him again he's gwine step on you."

Florian spluttered and splattered. He presented a truly ridiculous picture, and the large and portly Opus Randall, playing one of the comedy leads, gave vent to a raucous laugh.

That was the signal for which the company had been waiting. Joyous mirth rent the air and relieved the tension. Marcel's lips expanded into a beatific grin. Florian stood in helpless and infuriated silence. Then he turned and stumbled from the ship and along the banks of the quay.

One person accompanied him. The slender and elegant Forcep Swain moved beside Florian, and eventually the two young men seated themselves at a table before a tiny café and ordered something to relieve Florian's personal chill. Forcep was sympathetic, but honest.

"You shouldn't have puck on him, Florian."

"Why not?"

"Well, he s too big."

"Boy, they ain't made too big fo' me. Befo' I finishes with that Tunis fish ——"

"Now listen, Brother Slappey, this whole thing ain't got no sense to it. That feller is so big he could lean on you and you wouldn't be no fatter than a match stick. He's got so much muscle he's positively superfluous. Now my advice is that you resign from this feud you started ——"

"Nos-suh! Not 'til I gits even."

Forcep sighed. "You is a hog for punishment, Florian."

"That feller annoys me."

"But he hasn't ever done anything to you."

"No? Reckon you don't call dumpin' me into the ocean somethin'!"

"I mean before that."

"I don't care what happened befo'. This thing is is, an' not no maybe. An'." Florian leaned forward with sudden interest, "how you gittin' along on this heah continuity, Forcep?"

"Fine. Pretty near finished."

"Didn't I heah you tell Cæsar Clump that there was gwine be a scene where a whole lot of fellers jump on Marcel Chinard an' beat him half to death?"

"No-o. Not exactly. They try to, but he really whips them all and enables Welford Potts to win the heroine which is bein' played by ——"

"I don't care who plays which. What I craves to know is this: How reelistic does Cæsar aim to make this scene?"

A slow smile decorated the face of Mr. Swain. "Pretty much so, I reckon. Marcel says he can whip everybody in Marseilles, so I think Cæsar is planning to hire a mob and turn 'em loose. He's just simply itching to film a real fight, and this looks like his best chance."

"Boy, it is!" Florian was staring raptly at a fly on the table. His expression was one of unalloyed beatitude. "When does they shoot?"

"Couple of days yet. Not before. Think Cæsar is scared maybe Marcel might get beat up and quit, so he's saving that for the last."

"Wise Mistuh Clump! Brains what he has got in his haid!"

"Meanin' which, Florian?"

"Nemmin'." Mr. Slappey was happily evasive. "Ise about to git me a scheme."

Florian separated from Forcep and made his way through the Rue Cannebière and along the Boulevard de la Madeleine to his hotel, where he shifted into dryer and more serviceable clothes. When he emerged it was in a blue coat, red-and-white silk shirt, blue tie and Oxford bags. Thus inconspicuously raimented he started out to see Marseilles, and his sight-seeing was ambitious and purposeful.

Marseilles, as Florian had already learned, is a two-faced city. There is the new town, of which the Rue Cannebière and the Rue de Rome are the main downtown arteries. Here one gets the impression of a somewhat poverty-stricken Paris. The stores for the most part are good, but not too good; the quality of merchandise calculated to attract persons of modest income. There are numerous open-air cafés and booths where luscious sea food is sold. But even in this section of Marseilles there is nothing of the tourist town, for the port of Southern France is not a tourist spot. Cruise steamers pass Marseilles and stop at Nice and Villefranche and Monte Carlo. Only for Mediterranean ports is Marseilles of importance, and the ships which come there are for the most part small. Tourists moving from Europe to Africa pass through the city, of necessity, but for the most part they stay only overnight, and sometimes not that long.

Marseilles is therefore very much itself in this new section and fairly picturesque, but to the north of the Rue Cannebière and west of the Rue de Rome the stroller strikes into the old city.

It was into this section of narrow, tortuous streets; that Mr. Slappey now ventured; and since his heart beat high with the passion for vengeance he took no notice of the manifold dangers which hemmed him in on every side.

Old Marseilles is dangerous. The police of the city admit that there are many criminals within the radius of a quarter mile of the Rue Bouterie, and Mr. Slappey was eagerly in search of the most evil of these. He planned no halfway job. What he craved was efficiency and plenty of it.

All through the afternoon he browsed through the old town. The men who glowered at him through beetling brows caused him no fright, for he saw them as instruments of revenge on Marcel Chinard. He wended his way up steep streets, walled in by cracking houses of brick and stucco; he came upon poverty indescribable, he fought his way through crowds of insistent beggars, and no fear came to him. All he saw was balm to his soul.

It was late in the afternoon, however, before he found the very street he sought. It was far back in the old town; in the very oldest, dirtiest and most picturesque part. Florian's eye, trained by the movies, recognized instantly the pictorial value of the setting. But it was not that which caused him to grin gleefully. Rather it was the fact that the spot which he had stumbled upon was physically perfect.

It was a narrow sort of an alleyway, walled steeply on both sides and terminating at the far end in yet another wall. The only possible method of entrance or exit was from the Rue du Refuge, unless one happened to be possessed of simian agility plus excessive enthusiasm. An embattled gentleman, backed against the far wall and confronted by a howling mob, would be faced by the necessity of fighting his way out or taking a sound beating.

That was Florian's scheme. He visualized the slaughter of Marcel Chinard. He took notebook and pencil from his pocket and mapped the location. Then he circled from the Rue du Refuge and came out upon the far side. Things could not have been more perfect. Along the wall on the right was a wide ledge, part of the adjoining grounds.

On this ledge both cameras could be trained on the shambles and, if the shooting was planned for the morning, the light arrangement promised to be perfect—just to the rear of the lenses and in the very face of Marcel Chinard.

Mr. Slappey returned to his hotel, and was waiting there when the company returned, tired and happy, from its waterfront picture making. He sought Forcep Swain and into the ears of that sympathetic and friendly gentleman poured the details of his plan for revenge. Forcep grinned, not because he entertained any particular dislike of Marcel, but rather because Florian was one of his very best friends.

"What do you desire that I should perform, Florian?"

"Plenty. You has sort of been chief of location, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"An' you has been assistin' Cæsar Clump in selectin' extras?"

"Uh-huh."

"Good. Take him down an' show him this place Ise found. He'll go plumb wile over it. Then, while you has got him enthusiastic, you offer to select the fellers which is to 'tack Marcel Chinard in that alley."

"And then ——"

"I does the selectin'."

"I see."

"What says?"

"I'm willing. The realer this fight is the happier Clump is going to be. And since Marcel himself allows he don't care how fierce they fight ——"

"Good! Git you busy!"

Two hours later Forcep returned and made his report.

"Everything is arranged, Florian. Cæsar was crazy 'bout that location. Said I was developing a real cam'ra eye. He prognosticated that it couldn't be better. And right away he consented that I should hire the extras."

"When is he gwine shoot?"

"Day after tomorrow morning. I works with Ethiope Wall tomorrow hiring the extras."

"An' that," exulted Florian, "is where I come in. I meets you an' Ethiope right after *petit déjeuner*."

That night Florian talked long and earnestly with Ethiope. Mr. Wall was eager to please. A native of Columbus, Georgia, Mr. Wall had come to France nine years before with the American Expeditionary Forces and there remained. At first he had been happy, but of recent years his one ambition had been to return to his native land. He obtained a job with Midnight and craved nothing so sincerely as to be able to keep that job. And therefore—quite naturally—he sought to hold the favor of the magniloquent Mr. Slappey.

At Ethiope's suggestion he alone went prospecting the following morning. At noon Florian and Forcep strolled down the Rue Cannebière to the water's edge. There on the appointed spot stood the elongated Ethiope in the midst of a cloud of human iniquity.

Ethiope had worked swiftly and well. The ten gentlemen who surrounded him were quite the most terrible-appearing persons Florian Slappey had ever laid eyes upon. They ranged from dwarf to giant; they were yellow, brown and black in complexion; they were dressed in nondescript garments, and each man sported a sadly misused muffler about his throat. All wore long-visored caps pulled down over the sides of their heads, and one might judge that each was in the habit of committing two or three manslaughters as a daily appetizer.

Florian stared long and eagerly at the assembled cutthroats. He rubbed the palms of his hands together.

"Hot diggity dawg!" he exclaimed.

Forcep Swain gestured with horror. "Florian, you ain't contemplating to turn those fellows loose against Musoor Chinard?"

"Tha's the one thing I ain't goin' to do nothin' else but!"

"Good golla! They'll beat him to extinction."

"Tha's the most thing I craves fo' them to do."

Mr. Swain shook his head sadly. "Seems like you ain't giving Marcel a chance."

"Right you is. He didn't give me no chance when he sploshed me into the ocean, did he? Reckon nobody cain't git away with no fumadiddles like that." He turned to Ethiope. "Has you esplained to these fellers here that they is to act in a pitcher?"

"Yas-suh."

"An' that their job is to fight one feller?"

"Uh-huh."

"What do they say?"

"When I tol' them they was to git fifteen francs each, they said you could bring on an army."

"Sweet mamma! Balm what you talks! They is gwine beat him up good?"

"Plenty."

"No guns or knives," Forcep interrupted. Mr. Wall nodded.

"They understan' that, Brother Swain. Nothin' but their fis's an' foots."

Florian strutted before the evil multitude. He clenched his puny fists and waved them.

"*La guerre!*" he explained loudly. They grinned comprehension. "*Bataille! Sang!* Blooey!"

"*Ah-h-h! Oui-oui, m'sieu!*"

"*Très grand combat.* Biff! Bang! Zowie!"

"*Ah, oui!*"

Mr. Slappey was quite carried away with his own French oratory:

"*Demain matin. Demain matin, neuf heures* sharp."

"They understand, Mistuh Slappey," said Ethiope. "I'll see that they is at the right place at nine o'clock on the prompt."

Florian Slappey waved his bandits a fond farewell and accompanied Forcep Swain to a sea-food booth on the Rue de Rome, where Forcep ate many succulent clams and Florian dared to inhale one of the evil-appearing shellfish which the French so graphically and unreasonably call violets.

That night Florian slept soundly, but not so soundly that he failed to dream of the morrow.

He waked early, his brain pounding with high hope.

Florian was thinking. And the more he thought the more convinced he became that his planned revenge was not yet entirely perfect. It would be excellent, of course, to see his archenemy mayhemmed by the hirelings—but how much more perfect if Florian himself could have a hand in the slaughter!

Florian's lips twisted into a smile at the prospect. It was really an excellent idea, befitting a man of his superintelligence. And even before he rose, the plan had taken definite shape. He found Cæsar Clump in conversation with Exotic Hines, the cameraman.

"Mistuh Clump," suggested Florian, "I craves to act in this pitcher."

"Hush yo' mouf, foolishness. Where at you gits the yearnin' to act?"

"Just the same ——"

"What kind of a part?"

"I wants to be a mob."

"A which?"

"A mob. I aims to dress up in them fool clothes an' he'p attack Marcel Chinard this mawnin'."

Clump frowned. "You don't use yo' haid fo' nothin' but parkin' space fo' a hat, does you, Florian?"

"Meanin' what?"

"This Marcel is bad. He's li'ble to lick that whole mob, you included."

Mr. Slappey chuckled. "Boy, you ain't yet sawn that mob!"

"Very well. The mo' the merrier so far's the picture is concerned."

President Latimer came to summon his chief director. The day was being devoted to outdoor shots and gave promise of being rather much of a picnic. A large truck had been hired to transport the company and extras first to the cul-de-sac where the battle scene was to be staged, and thence to various spots along the Corniche Drive where other action was planned. The two leading ladies, Sicily Clump and Glorious Fizz, had

(Continued on Page 109)

This Christmas, in Music or in Radio

one gift above all others

THE BRUNSWICK PANATROPE

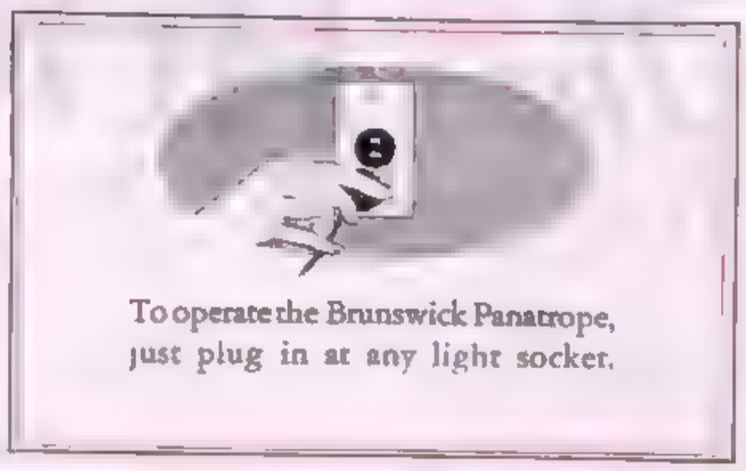
Joint Achievement of

Radio Corporation of America • *General Electric Company*
Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company
and The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company

LAST Christmas many could not buy the Brunswick Panatrope . . . so new is this astounding invention. Just about twelve months ago, the first demonstration of this new musical instrument was given in New York City. The event was the news of the day in the papers the following morning.

Critics and those of the public present proclaimed the Panatrope to be the greatest musical achievement of all time. Its electrical principle, they agreed, was the one to which all future reproducing musical instruments must come.

Since then, the Brunswick Panatrope has been exhibited the country over. More than four millions of persons have listened to it—and marveled! No reproducing musical instrument was ever received with more enthusiasm.



To operate the Brunswick Panatrope, just plug in at any light socket.

The Panatrope gives *electrical* reproduction to the new electrical records. Electrical reproduction is music true to life . . . . incomparably beyond any reproduced music the world has ever heard.

The Panatrope brings you radio as well as all recorded music. It may be used as the loudspeaker of your present radio with astounding results. Other models combine in one beautiful cabinet the Panatrope and Radiola Super-heterodyne.

Hear the Brunswick Panatrope. Compare any musical entertainment for the home that you can find with it . . . and in fairness you will say that this instrument excels in every particular. It is by all odds the most remarkable development in the field of music or radio.

Any Brunswick dealer will gladly demonstrate the Brunswick Panatrope, and the Brunswick Panatrope & Radiola. Hear it today!

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., GENERAL OFFICES 623 SOUTH WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

More than ever, this *Christmas is it TRUE:*

"GIVE HER A HOOVER AND YOU GIVE HER THE *BEST*" . . .

The NEW HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

Because only the Hoover brings to the care of rugs and carpetings "POSITIVE AGITATION"*.. the latest and the greatest triumph of home cleaning science . . . .*

IT is a becoming thing, at Christmastime, for a man to give his wife or mother a gift that will lighten her heart.

It is even more becoming, as it is more thoughtful, to give a gift that, while lightening the heart, will also lighten her labor.

The New Hoover is just that kind of gift.

It makes life easier, for the woman for whom life often is too crowded with housekeeping cares.

It makes home a sweeter place, for you and for her to whom home frequently is a burden.

It makes the world more livable, because it gives a homekeeper time and strength to enjoy life.

So, this year, let someone else give the trinkets and the baubles—*you* give the *useful* gift!

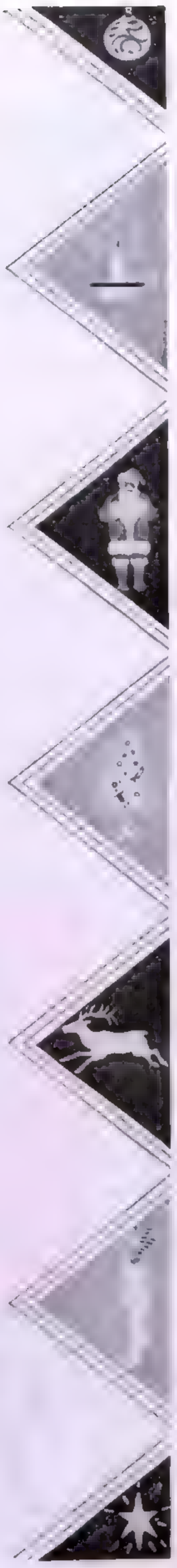
To paraphrase a familiar Christmas slogan: "Give her a Hoover and you give her a rest."

Your Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver this ideal Christmas present on the day you say, for only $6.25 down, and the balance in easy monthly payments

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners *The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario*

It pays to know the difference between *The* HOOVER and a vacuum cleaner



Any Gift will please her, but—

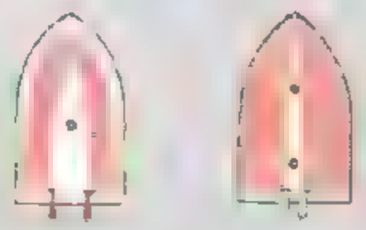
She'll Hug You for This Time Saver

52 Hours Less Work a Year—a Smaller Light Bill—and Smooth, Glossy Ironing Without Hard Pressure

Sunbeam

The 30-Year Iron that Defied 2 Engineers of Armour Institute to Burn it Out

Red, Green and Silver is the beautiful Christmas paper in which we have wrapped the Sunbeam for Gift-time



Ordinary Heating Unit too far from the edges to KEEP them HOT when they come in contact with damp cloth

Sunbeam All-Over Heating Unit comes to the very edges and KEEPS them HOT when iron meets damp cloth

HERE is your chance to inform yourself quickly, so no one can misguide you about electric irons, even with good intentions.

Recently two independent engineers of Armour Institute of Technology definitely established that the Sunbeam iron will not burn out in 30 years' average home use.

Two ordinary heating units, tested on steady current at the same time, burned out in less than three months. But the Sunbeam kept on day and night for about a year and a half, and was still *in good condition when the engineers turned off the electricity!*

This iron was on current 11,[illegible] hours—as many hours as a woman would use it in a lifetime.

Every engineering test—every woman's experience with the Sunbeam—has put this 30-year iron farther and farther ahead of any other in existence. So if anyone tries to persuade you that some other iron is as good, remember that learned engineers know better.

What if this 30-year Sunbeam does cost a dollar or so more?

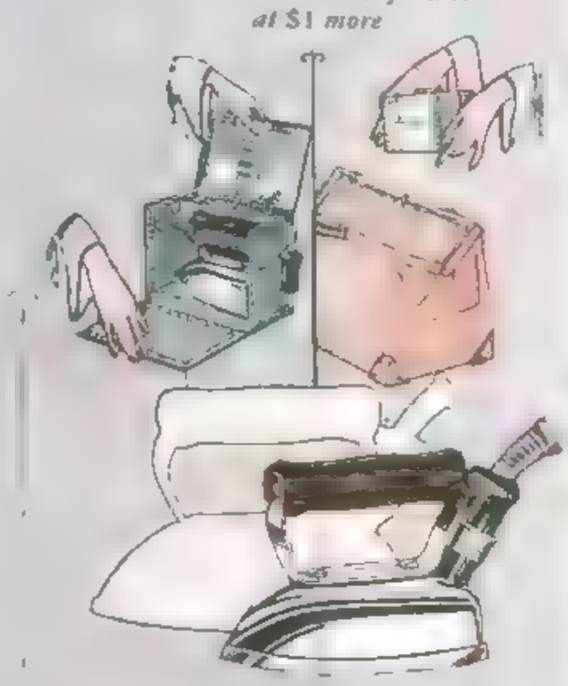
That's soon wiped out by the saving on your light bill, not to mention what cheap irons cost in repairs. For a woman can easily do the family ironing in an hour less time. Many save double that. To give her 52 hours off a year is itself worth all the Sunbeam costs.

Besides, if you're the one who pays the light bill, she won't deny you the satisfaction of saving 52 hours of current a year by giving her this super-iron for Christmas.

Most dealers have it, and many sell it on convenient terms. Write us if you do not find it nearby.

Little Sunbeam $5

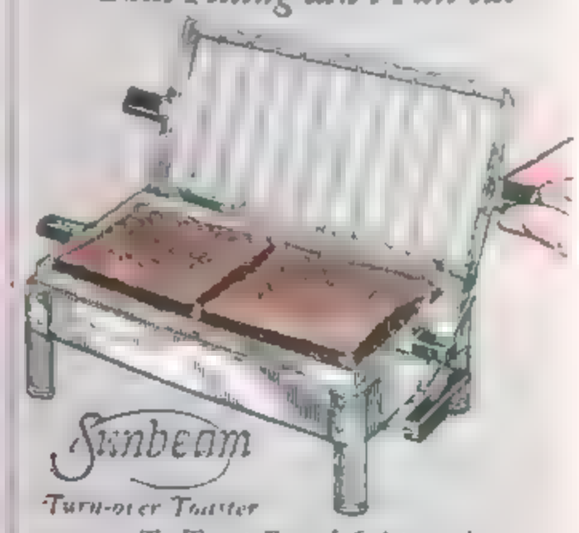
A petite Iron for Home or Travel in Art-Steel Fire-Safe Case at $1 more



Little 3 lb Sunbeam at $5, ½ size of the big $7.50 Sunbeam

Illustration above shows relative size of regular Sunbeam in background and Little Sunbeam in the foreground

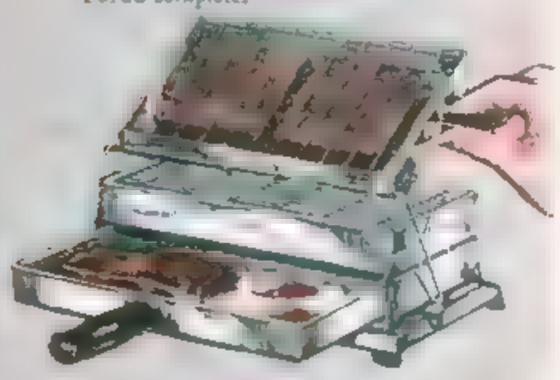
Toasts Sandwiches Flat Thus Filling can't Fall out



Sunbeam Turn-over Toaster

To Toast Bread Crisp and Tender, Toast it Flat!

The new Sunbeam Turn-over Toaster toasts bread horizontally, so the slices get all the heat—which toasts them quickly and leaves them crisp, hot and tender, instead of hard and dry. Turn-over feature avoids touching toast or burning fingers $8.00 complete.



Cook 49 Dishes and Make Toast, too, on this Sunbeam Table Grill and Toaster

Turn-over Toaster above—Oven Pan below the Grill. $10.50 complete

Art-Steel Fire-Proof Case

A $2.50 value at only $1

[illegible]

Sunbeam $7.50

THE GUARANTEED ELECTRIC IRON

IN ART-STEEL FIRE-PROOF CASE $1 MORE

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(Continued from Page 104)

taken charge of the commissary department, and two large hampers were stuffed with picnic delicacies—large loaves of bread, bottles of jams and preserves, two huge hams, a large Bologna sausage, jars of pickles, tins of beef and salmon and certain strictly French comestibles for which various members of the troupe had evinced a liking.

The principals dressed in their rooms and emerged in weird habiliments of bright color and strange design. They were funny enough as they strolled casually about, and the street beyond the tiny garden was crowded with curious children and adults. Eventually the truck was filled and it started toward the center of the city. At the intersection of the Rue Cannebière and the Vieux-Port they came upon the extras which had been selected by Florian Slappey. Director J. Cæsar Clump gazed at them, then at Florian.

"Boy, you sholy done yo'se'f a good job!"

Florian chuckled. "Tol' you they was bad. They's gwine make jelly of Mistuh Chinard."

Marcel himself came swaggering toward the truck. He paid no attention whatsoever to the half score of dark-skinned bandits who were scheduled to mob him later in the morning. He grinned greetings to certain of the troupe and favored Florian with a disdainful stare. Florian bowed mockingly.

"*Bon matin*, Musoor Chinard. *Je* hope *vous est* feelin' *bon*. 'Cause, boy, you sho has got somethin' comin' to *vous!*"

M. Chinard inclined his head and murmured something in French. Florian addressed the interpreter.

"What did he say, Ethiope?"

Mr. Wall was embarrassed. "I dunno, Mistuh Slappey. Just somethin' 'bout bustin' you one if you got fresh with him."

Opus Randall sneered loudly. "Reckon that'll hol' you for a while, Florian."

"Pff! Time I finishes with this feller, Opus, he's gwine wish he had been bawn a rubber ball."

The truck made slow progress through the tortuous streets of the old town. The female members of the troupe, viewing most of the streets for the first time, were amazed and delighted. The residents, some in native costume and some in very little costume at all, stared at them with curiosity not untinged by hostility. They noticed that the gendarmes moved in threes and fours; but the deeper they got into the old city, the more the members of Florian's mob perked up. They seemed annoyingly at home.

They bumped over the cobblestones of the Rue du Refuge and came at length to the point where that thoroughfare was joined by the walled alley selected by Florian.

Cæsar and Exotic made a quick inspection and both were enthusiastic. Clump all efficiency, barked orders.

"Ethiope," he megaphoned, "you an' Eddie Fizz take charge of costumin' them bums. Marcel too. Git 'em fixed up good. While you does that I starts in with some special shots. You, Opus, an' Welford, come along with me. Glorious, I craves you also. Exotic, bring yo' cam'ra."

He moved with his principals to the end of the alley, where further progress was barred by a cracked, picturesque wall. There Exotic made his set-up and the three principals were put through certain decidedly comical antics.

Clump was captious this morning. Nothing seemed to please him. Time after time he put them through the simplest scenes before filming. But eventually everything was in readiness for the last shot in the alley—the taking of the big fight.

Marcel was produced, stalwart and powerful in his pseudo-pirate regalia. They filmed a scene at the entrance to the alley, wherein the big Tunisian hit Opus Randall on the head with a rubber hammer, grabbed Glorious Fizz under his arm and sped with her to the far end of the alley. He was told to wait there while Clump photographed the arrival of Welford Potts with reenforcements—said reënforcements consisting of Florian's hand-picked ruffians.

"An' now," announced Clump, "we is all set fo' the battle royal."

Florian's voice exulted in the background: "Thin man, you sho said it!"

Sicily Clump, anticipating the lunch hour, had busied herself unpacking the noonday meal and spreading it out on the ledge skirting the right of the alley at a height of about seven feet from the ground. On this ledge Exotic Hines set up his camera, focused it on the spot where the general fight was to take place; and then the company grouped behind him that no detail of the conflict might be missed.

There was a real tenseness in the atmosphere. Everyone knew that instructions to make it real had been given the members of the hired mob. All knew that Florian had selected these men personally and that Mr. Slappey himself was to take part in the attack in order to get even for the ducking administered by Marcel two days previously.

Glorious was close-upped, then removed from the picture, joining the spectators on the ledge. Marcel was packed against the wall, where he could not possibly escape except by fighting his way through, and Cæsar voiced a final warning via his interpreter.

"This is gwine be a real fight, Marcel."

The giant smiled and nodded. He explained that he was very happy at the prospect of action.

Clump then moved to the alley entrance. The Marseillians were all there, grim and sinister. Through Ethiope Wall, Clump addressed them passionately.

"You is to move up on him an' beat him half to death. Keep on beatin' him 'til I says stop. Then, when I does, you gits out of the way an' I send Mistuh Potts up fo' a few close shots. Understand?"

Ethiope announced that they understood. Clump raised his megaphone.

"*Êtes-vous préparé*, Musoor Chinard?"

"*Oui, m'sieu.*"

"Ready, Exotic?"

"All set, chief."

"Let 'er go! Tell 'em, Ethiope! Start grindin' the minute they git in range, cameraman!"

The spectators held their breath. Slowly, menacingly, the mob surged into the alley. At the upper end the mammoth Tunisian swayed eagerly on the balls of his feet and awaited the onslaught.

The mob moved closer. Ten bad men and true; and immediately in their wake the watchful, slender figure of Florian Slappey. Florian was exhorting his henchmen in good, round English phrases while he himself was remaining well out of the danger zone. It was no part of Florian's plan to join the mêlée until Marcel had been rendered entirely helpless.

Just beyond arm's length of Marcel the mob hesitated. Then there came a guttural chorused shout and the attack was launched. There was a catapulting of bodies, the impact of fist on flesh, two or three hoarse shouts and action. The spectators, leaning eagerly over the wall immediately abaft the camera, strained into the cloud of dust and thudding bodies.

Florian roared with delight. He leaped up and down, shaking two fists high in the air.

"Slough him, tough boys! Bust him! Git me even with him! Tha's it, fellers! Don't leave him even an appetite!"

The battle waged with unexpected fierceness. A human form came pitching through the air, narrowly missed Florian, and fell sprawling on the stony ground. Mr. Slappey ducked. The dust was terrific, obscuring a clear view of the combat, but furnishing an excellent haziness for the picture. Florian, however, was of no mind to miss any slightest detail of his archenemy's discomfiture. He circled the howling, struggling crowd until he came eventually to the far wall. The combatants now stood between Florian and the alley exit.

Marcel was fighting with his back to Florian. Mr. Slappey watched his opportunity and slipped up behind the big man. And just as he doubled his fist for a blow Marcel turned and saw Mr. Slappey. His eyes, flaming with battle light, glinted evilly. He spewed out several choice vilifications in his native tongue and Florian discreetly ducked.

"The madder he gits at me now," exulted Florian, "the happier I is." He raised his eyes to the excited director. "Some pitcher, eh, Cæsar?"

"Golla!" answered Mr. Clump. "Just look at that!"

"That" was a miracle which was occurring. Marcel Chinard, the blood of savage forbears boiling in berserk rage, was really swinging into action. It had occurred to him that this was far from play acting. He was smarting under the sting of many bruises. He started to extend himself.

The results achieved were instant and amazing. Instead of waiting for them to come to him, he carried the battle. Florian's pet mobbers fell like ninepins. Marcel picked them up and hurled them about. He kicked and bit and scratched. He roared like an enraged bull. He leaped here and there, fists flailing, feet doing deadly work.

And then, while Florian stood in motionless horror, the leader of the attackers emitted a wail of anguish, gave one look at the red-eyed Marcel—and fled! His large feet spurned the stones of the alleyway, and stumbling over his heels came such other attackers as yet retained the power of locomotion.

The fight was over as suddenly as it had begun. M. Chinard, magnificent in his solitary triumph, stared at the prostrate figures of his late opponents and grinned after the other fleeing figures. And then, slowly and menacingly, he turned toward the upper end of the cul-de-sac.

"Look out, Florian!"

The howl of warning came from the wall above. The lips of Mr. Slappey moved in horror.

"Oh, lawsy," murmured the little man from Birmingham, "heah's where I gits introduced pussonal to the angel Gabr'el."

They were alone in the alley—Florian cowering against the wall, Marcel Chinard, flushed with battle and bent on vengeance, between the slender man and the single gateway. Florian raised a pleading hand ——

"Fo' Gawssake, Mistuh Chinard ——"

Marcel moved one step closer. His eyes exhibited no hint of mercy.

The crowd on the wall sensed tragedy. Under instructions from the frightened Clump, Ethiope Wall pleaded fervently with Marcel. Then he reported to his chief.

"M'sieu Chinard says he's gwine smear Florian all over the alley. Says this is as good a time as any to show Florian that he ain't nothin' but dust nohow."

There was no possibility of mistaking Marcel's lethal intentions. Florian cowered. He knew there was no chance of escaping the advancing Nemesis. His jaw was sagging, his knees quaked, eyes were popping from his head, his face was ashen.

Marcel paused and surveyed the terrified victim. The face of the big man was merciless. He stood with hands on hips, clothes shredded by the recent conflict, massive chest heaving, eyes steady.

Pleas for mercy cascaded from Mr. Slappey's lips. The gallery begged Marcel to spare him. M. Chinard paid no heed. He said something, then moved slowly forward with the awful deliberation of a cat upon a cornered mouse.

The spectators, too recently witness to the fate of a violent attacking mob, refrained from offering Florian physical assistance. They stared in horror.

And Florian knew that he was perched on the brink of the hereafter and teetering the wrong way. He gathered his muscles for a wild dash; a hopeless rush which he prayed might get him safely by the fearsome figure of Marcel Chinard. It was a

(Continued on Page 111)

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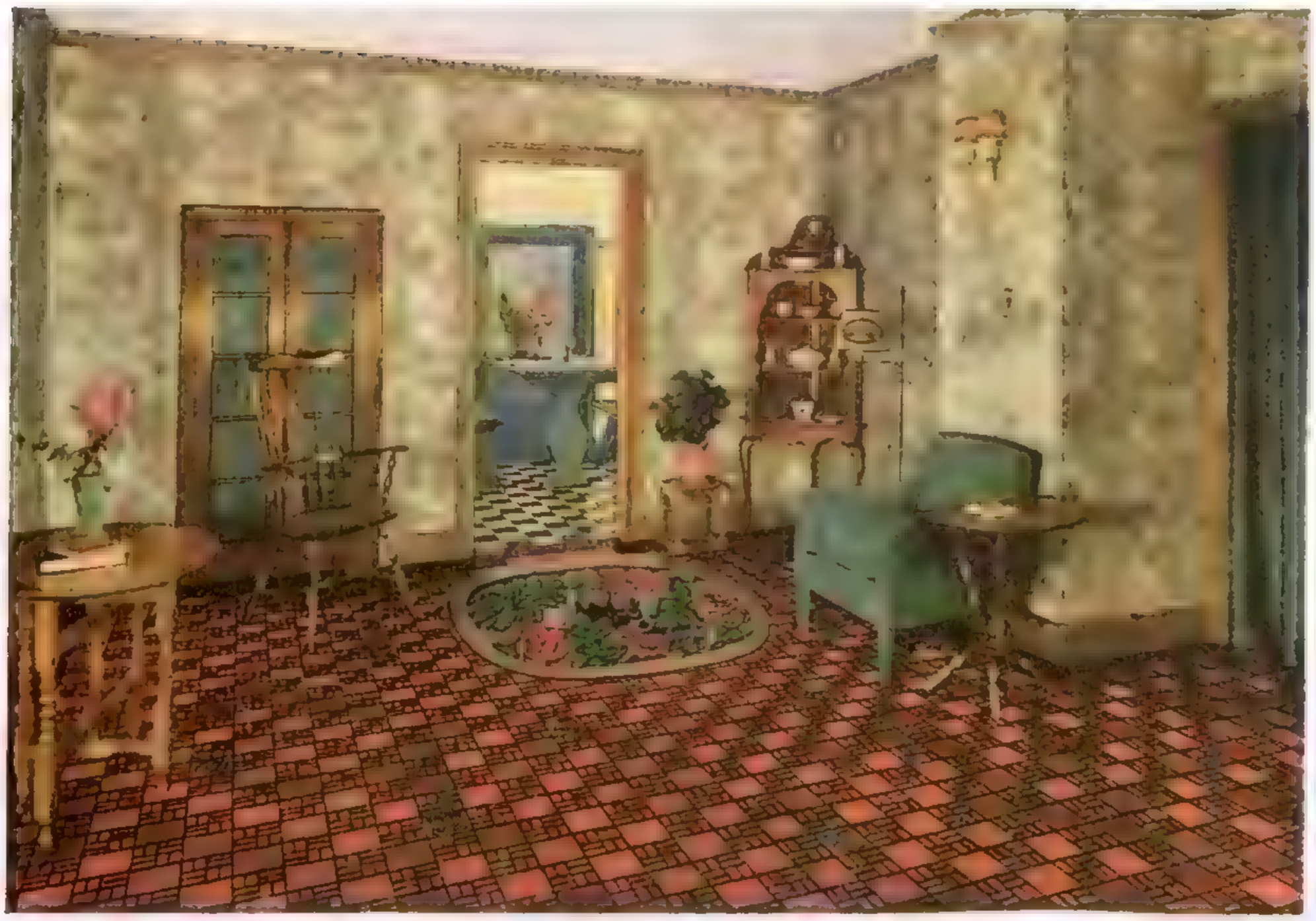


One of eight model rooms of the Built-In Products Company, New York. The floor is Armstrong's Linoleum No. 6006

A sales office? Yes . . . . .

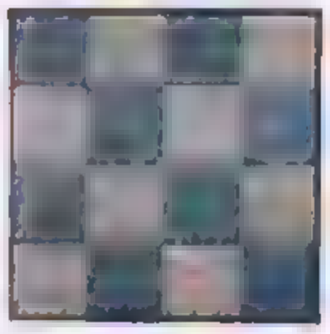
and pattern floors are an effective part of these ultra-modern salesrooms

CUSTOMERS walk into these rooms. Professional customers—architects, builders, apartment-house operators.

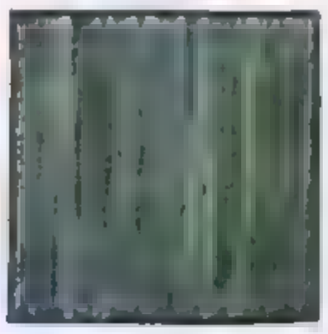
Such people are not easy to sell. But in one respect they are like all shoppers and buyers on Main Street or Fifth Avenue—*their likes and dislikes are largely determined by what their eyes see.*

The moment these customers step into this sales office of the Built-In Products Company, who make and sell modern space-saving furniture, their eyes are greeted with a pleasing ensemble, an important part of which is the Embossed Handcraft Tile Floor of Armstrong's Linoleum.

This floor is different, perhaps, from any floor you have ever seen before. Vari-toned tiles raised above realistic mortar lines, and quaint heraldic emblems inset at random, give it the rich, textured effect of old-world handicraft. Yet, as you walk across its waxed and polished surface, this tile-like floor actually quiets and eases your footsteps. You wonder what it is.



Inlaid No. 6082



Jaspé No. 19

Mr. Irving G. Davis, President of the Built-In Products Company, will tell you it is a new and exclusive design in Armstrong's Linoleum. He will also tell you that this floor is warm and enduring, for it is cemented in place over builders' deadening felt. What is more important is Mr. Davis's statement that "Our Armstrong Floors have helped us create a display that is not only outstanding in appearance, but one that is also effective in actual sales results for the products we sell."

Wherever things are sold

Whether you sell shoes or sandwiches, millinery or motor cars, Armstrong Floors will help you give a profit-creating answer to the public's question, "What kind of place have they?"

These modern business floors of Armstrong's Linoleum can be seen at good furniture, department, or linoleum stores near you. A personal call or a telephone call to any of these stores will quickly acquaint you with the latest Armstrong business patterns specially suitable for your requirements. After you have selected an Armstrong Floor of the correct color and design, the merchant will give you costs for permanently cementing your new floor in place. In the meantime, write for

"Enduring Floors of Good Taste"

This new book gives you enlightening, money-saving facts on floor costs. Its many illustrations of actual Armstrong installations show you exactly how such floors look in establishments like your own. We will gladly send this new 48-page book to you postpaid (in Canada 25 cents). Just address your request to Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 827 Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

An Invitation

IN all eight modern display rooms of the Built-In Products Company, 19 West 44th Street, New York City, floors of Armstrong's Linoleum serve as decorative backgrounds for the Domestic Science Kitchen Units, foldaway dining units, concealed closets, and other space-saving furniture on exhibition. Mr. Irving G. Davis, President, invites anyone interested in modern selling methods and in household equipment to visit this eye-appealing display. Open every week day from nine to five.

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house

PLAIN — INLAID — JASPÉ — PRINTED

(Continued from Page 109)

terrible, devastating moment—a moment of stark drama and ominous portent.

Something happened!

On top of the wall Ethiope was moving. Also, he was thinking. He made a wild jump for the lunch which Sicily Clump had spread out for the hungry actors and from the red cloth he seized a large baked ham. Armed with this, he leaped back to a point immediately above Florian.

The ham dropped at Florian's feet and Ethiope's advice rang out.

"Use that, Mistuh Slappey!"

Dumbly Florian lifted the heavy ham from the ground. Instantly Marcel's advance ceased. His lips curled back into a snarl. He stood motionless.

Director Clump fired a question at Ethiope.

"Whaffo' you th'owed Florian that ham?"

"Because Marcel is a Mohammedan," explained Ethiope swiftly. "No Mohammedan woul'n't come near no ham fo' nothin'."

Florian, frightened beyond belief, waved the ham languidly. He was not too scared to be disgusted. He knew nothing whatever of the Mohammedan antipathy to fruit of the pig and it struck Mr. Slappey that one ham was a rather absurd weapon to give him in such a dire emergency. But because it was his only weapon, he held it before him ——

Marcel stood still. Florian extended the ham. Marcel retired precipitately: one step—then two. His gesture made it plain that he was afraid.

Those on the wall understood now that Marcel would never establish contact with that ham. Mr. Slappey, however, believed only that Marcel had become frightened of him because he possessed a weapon. He believed that Marcel would have been twice as scared had he been supplied with a cane.

Even Florian, terrified as he was, could not mistake the fear which showed in Marcel's eyes. A wild pæan of exultation sang in Florian's heart. He made a swinging sweep with the ham. M. Chinard unleashed a howl and ducked. And then Florian knew that he was victor. Marcel was afraid! The tide of battle had turned. Florian, alone and single-handed, ruled the situation.

This was entirely too good to be true. But there was no mistaking fact. Mr. Slappey advanced slowly, swinging the heavy ham. And just as fast as Florian advanced Marcel retreated. French words, unmistakably profane, cascaded from his lips. Perspiration stood out on his ebony forehead. The spectators shouted with relief and satisfaction. It was not that they disliked Marcel, but rather that they had thought by this time to be calling an ambulance for their friend Florian.

Mr. Slappey danced up and down in the grand intoxication of the moment. He accelerated his pace, swinging his smoked sword.

"Move off fum heah, big trash! Git away fum me before I busts you all to pieces!" He called to the spectators over his shoulder. "Heah's how fellers like him ought to be handled. Just watch!"

Florian moved faster and faster. Marcel, in his terror of the ham, almost fell over himself in his haste to get away. Florian broke into a trot.

Then the greatest of all miracles occurred. M. Chinard witnessed the swift approach of the hated ham. Horror gripped him. He spun on his heel, gathered steel muscles beneath himself, and leaped for safety.

That proved too much for Florian. Knowing what had happened without understanding why, Mr. Slappey pursued the fleeing figure of his giant enemy, a battle cry shrilling from his lips. Down the alley they sped, Florian moving fast but Marcel moving faster. Marcel skidded around the corner of the Rue du Refuge and Florian disappeared after him in a cloud of dust. The company's last view was of the slender Mr. Slappey leaping in triumphant pursuit, swinging the magic ham before him.

They turned their attention to the lunch. There was a babble of excited conversation. Ethiope Wall was very much of a hero. He was congratulated upon the profound knowledge and quick thinking which had saved the skin of their very good friend.

They waited eagerly for the return of the hero. They visualized his triumphant strut—but Florian did not come. Five minutes passed—ten—twenty—and still there was no sign of Florian. Mr. Slappey's friends commenced to worry. And then, just when they had decided to seek him, a figure lurched into the lower end of the alley. It was a sad, battered figure; a figure almost unrecognizable and distinctly warworn.

"Good golla," ejaculated Director Clump, "tha's Florian!"

"Durned if it ain't. He looks as if he must of been fightin' a sawmill."

Mr. Slappey progressed with agonizing difficulty. He swayed from side to side. He attained a spot immediately beneath his friends. Then he sank to the ground and pillowed a battered head on bruised hands. Clump voiced a query.

"What happened, Florian?"

Mr. Slappey raised a pair of eyes which were sadly blackened and shot through with misery. His puffed lips moved with difficulty.

"I don't know," he answered vaguely. "I—I guess somethin' must have went wrong."

"Yeh. But what?"

"It was this way, Cæsar. I seen I couldn't ever catch Marcel. So I throwed that ham right at him!"

"You what?"

"I throwed the ham at him. I missed. An' the minute I did, that big bully forgot how scared he was of me." Florian Slappey shook his head miserably. "Next time I whip a feller," he murmured, "I sure ain't going to press my advantage so hard."

THE SILVER CORD

(Continued from Page 23)

you accepted, or half accepted, she wanted to talk to you."

"What about?"

"I don't know. Midge is a queer girl. She didn't use to be queer, but she is now. I'm not altogether a fool about people, and I've been struck by something you're always saying about standing a mile off if you want to see things close up. Well, I've tried it when I've had a chance to watch Midge and her mother sitting in the same room, and do you know what I've seen?"

"No"

"Each of them a mile away from me, close up, and a stretch of a million miles between the two. The look on her mother's face would make you laugh if it wasn't that you want to cry. But there's never any look of any kind on the girl's face nowadays—she lives alone."

"A million miles is too far," said Harrington absently.

"Will you come?"

"Where?"

"Around to the house this evening. I wouldn't blame you a bit if you said no, but I don't dare not ask you. I can't even promise you're going to get an apology, because I don't think you are."

"Of course I'll come," said Harrington.

He had spoken casually, but it was in no careless mood that he approached the familiar steps of the Frazier house at a little before nine that evening. What was he going to find? A family circle of three with Mrs. Frazier doing the conventional honors to a comparative stranger, Frazier nervous in the presence of his womenfolk, and Midge perhaps in as viperish a mood as ever?

What did she want of him, anyway? He was about to touch the bell when Mr. Frazier came out.

"I've got to go downtown for a while," he explained. "Go right through to the library, the same room you were in the other day."

Harrington laid his hat on the table as he passed through the hall, and knocked on the library door before he opened it. "Miss Frazier? Your father told me where to find you."

"Come in, Mr. Harrington."

She was standing, but not in the manner he had last seen her in that room. She had changed her severe boyish garb for something filmy and supremely feminine. Still, in a subtle manner he could not fathom, she managed to give the impression that the dress was an accident—not that particular dress, but all dresses, all clothes. He could not help feeling it was so with her manners also; they were stripped of furbelows and reduced to the stark minimum of utility, the shortest line between yes and no.

He had steeled himself to this meeting, afraid of a convulsion of emotion or other betraying action; but now that he stood face to face with her, all he sensed was an extraordinary well-being. It was great to be near Midge, to be alone with her, looking at her as much as he wished. He glowed and tingled at the mere fact of her presence with a content which made nothing—less than nothing—of the change that had come over her. Sick or well, halt, blind, spent, evil or good, she was still Midge. That in itself was an answer to every question.

He had had a right to expect a word of apology, at least a bridge across the moment of encounter; but when it failed to materialize he missed it so little that he gained an advantage from the start. Since she did not speak at once, he could fill his eyes with her. In the soft light of the library she herself necessarily appeared softer. The severe cut of her hair melted against shadows and for an instant the eager face of the Midge of old seemed to peer out at him. It was shaped like a heart, with large dark eyes under the questioning arch of distinctly traced eyebrows, and generous lips that bitterness might twist but never altogether conquer.

"I think you're the calmest person I've ever met," she said at last, with a queer little gesture of puzzlement he remembered as all her own.

"Perhaps I've caught it from you," he answered easily. This was a game they were playing. She would say something, and all he had to do was to catch it and say something back. In the meantime he could keep on looking at her.

"I'm not calm." It was a statement; it needed no answer. "Aren't you in the least puzzled," she continued, "as to why I asked to see you?"

That was a question; he frowned. "Why, yes, I suppose I am."

She also frowned. "Mr. Harrington, what was it you wished to say to me that evening you stopped me in the street?"

He thought for a moment, his frown deepening; then, quite gradually, his face began to clear and kept on clearing until he reawoke completely to the fact that he was James Harrington, come to this house only for the second time in his life—speaking not to Midge but to Miss Frazier. No wonder she had taken him for a cool customer.

"I remember now," he said. "Do you mind sitting down? It will take some time."

The couch was the nearest seat; she sat down on one end of it, quite erect, but with one leg curled up under her and one arm outstretched along the back. He took his place in the middle, half facing her, and

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Jim Hill Apples
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For yourself—for your friends—there can be no finer Christmas gift than a box of Jim Hill apples.

Every cheerful big red apple carries the holiday spirit. Put Jim Hills in the children's stockings—hang them on the Christmas tree—serve them with nuts and raisins at your holiday dinners. You'll find them delicious for cooking, whether in pies, baked or in any number of delicious apple dishes.

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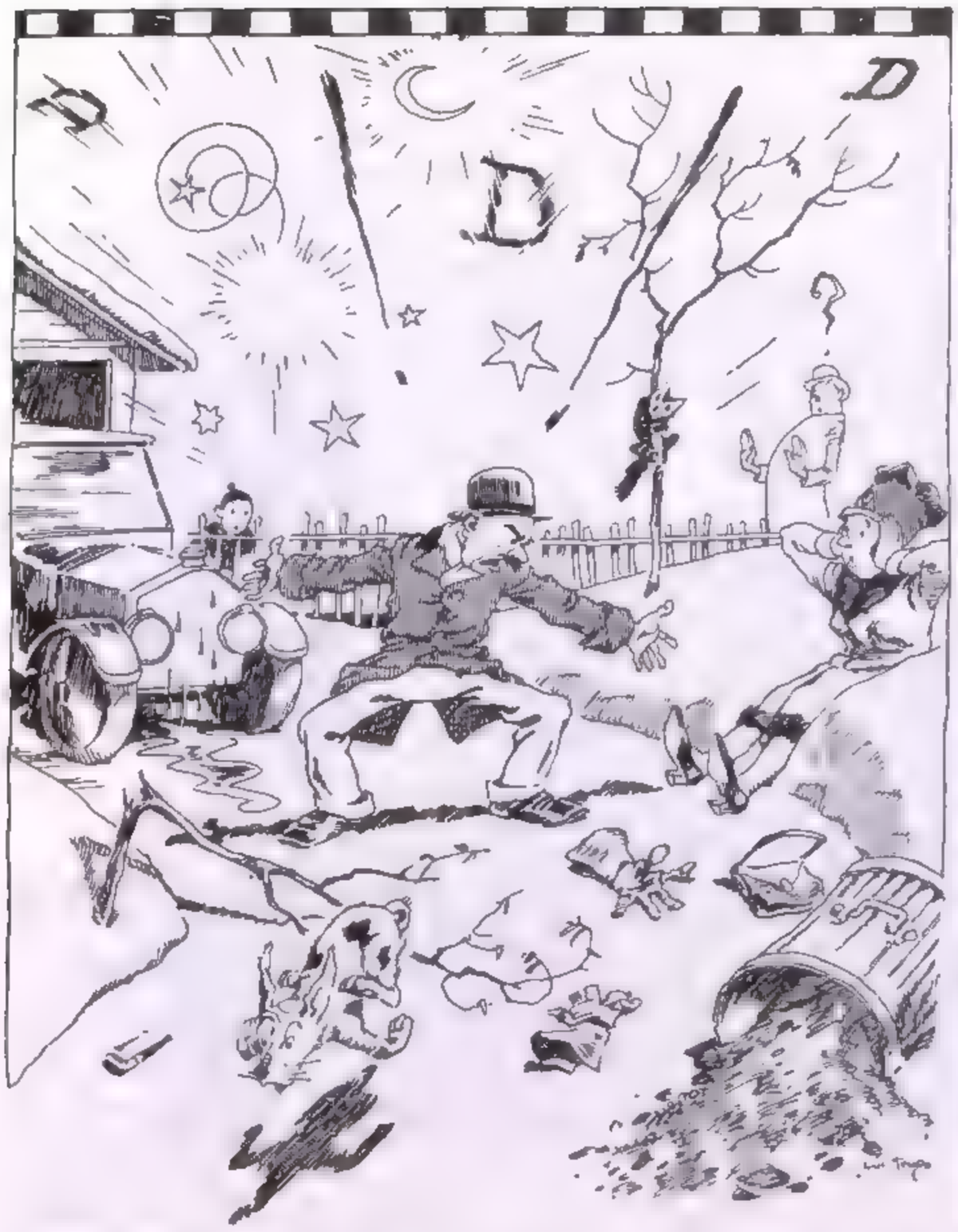

Father Learns His Can of "X" Was Loaned to Mr. Borrow

No wonder Father is peeved. The can of "X" Liquid he kept in the front door pocket is gone—loaned by Mother to Mr. Borrow.

Fortunately for most motorists, no Mr. Borrow lives next door. The precious can of "X" Liquid is safe in the tool box or the front door pocket—instantly available with its instant, safe repair.

Veteran car owners know that a radiator leak is only a minor trouble if they have "X" Liquid *with* them.

Keep *your* can of "X" Liquid *in the car.*

And when the leak occurs, just pour "X" into the radiator. In just a few minutes the leak will be cured—*permanently.*

"X" LIQUID can be poured through a cloth. Therefore it cannot clog. It is harmless to all metals, rubber and leather. Repair your radiator leaks with "X" before putting in alcohol for the winter

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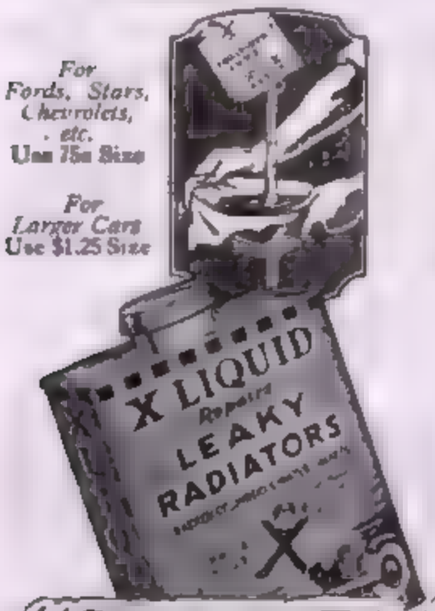

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with just enough space between them to save him from the appearance of familiarity. It also enabled him to continue to look at her and to see that she seemed diminished in size, though not in the power to move him. He had to look away to put his mind in order.

"I wanted to talk to you," he continued. "I had an idea I might make you my friend—I mean enough my friend to be willing to help me. I knew it wasn't going to be easy, but you didn't even give me a chance to start, did you?"

"No."

"You see, I came here with a quite new idea as to that business at the bank. Hasn't your father told you?"

"Yes."

"He thinks I'm crazy; they all do. What I wanted to find out from those who knew Harry Jones best was what kind of a boy he really was. You'd think that wouldn't be so very difficult after only four or five months, but it is. According to the folks I've talked to so far, he was a chameleon playing with a kaleidoscope. Now people aren't built that way, Miss Frazier; nobody is. There's a sort of silver cord that runs through life, and you can't break it. You can hold on or you can let go, but you can't ever break it. Does that sound silly?"

"No."

"This is what I've got to find out: Did Harry Jones have a decent core? Was he holding on to anything, and if he was, was he the kind to let go with both hands at once?" He paused and turned to her before he continued a little hoarsely, "You knew him pretty well, didn't you?"

"I didn't know him at all."

Harrington felt as if he had been struck between the eyes; he sank back and sat in silence, waiting for her to go on. Moments passed, and still she added nothing to what she had said. Finally he arose and looked down at her, his face white with anger; but when he spoke his voice was cold and clear: "If that's true, there's nothing more I wish to ask you or anybody else. I'll say good night and good-by."

"That's just what I wanted to beg you not to do," said Miss Frazier without moving.

"What do you want me not to do?" asked Harrington, frowning. "You're talking in riddles."

"No, I'm not. I want you not to quit—not to give up. Just as long as you think there's the slightest chance of ever proving what you believe, I want to beg you to keep on."

"Why? What possible difference can it make to you?"

She leaned forward but did not look at him. "All the difference in the world. If you could just put Harry Jones back to where he was on the day he left—no further than that even—there's almost nothing I wouldn't do to repay you."

"And yet you won't help me," breathed Harrington.

"How can I help you? You're a man. I can't even make you see that I didn't know him—I loved him."

Harrington sank to the couch and gripped its arm to steady himself. "You mean you still love him enough to want him back?"

She sprang to her feet, one hand beating her head. "No, no, you fool! I want myself back. Please go before I scream."

"Scream all you like, Miss Frazier," said Harrington in a voice like ice. "Screaming isn't an argument, of course; but it's always an indicator."

Instantly she was calm; she dropped her hands at her sides and turned to him with a look of naïve wonder and admiration which made her young for a flash—as young as she had been in their happiest days. It was only a flash, but he had caught its gleam before it passed.

"You are not easily disturbed, Mr. Harrington."

"I hope you'll keep finding that out as long as you know me," he answered.

The coolness with which this stranger, this amateur detective, assumed that their acquaintance was to continue, attracted her even more than it amused. She belonged to a rebel generation and for months had been even a rebel from rebellion, alone in a place reached by no tribal law. Her back was firmly set against the future, shutting out friend and enemy, men and women, but especially men. Yet here was one who actually tempted her to curiosity.

"Where were you born, Mr. Harrington?"

The question came so unexpectedly that he could have been excused for not catching it at once, but because he had heard it distinctly he gained a moment of time. Even so, it was all he could do to hold his face a blank at the thought of how near she had come to exploding his self-possession.

"What's that?" he asked, as if he had not caught what she said.

"Where were you born?" she repeated.

"In Haiti—up in the mountains. I don't remember ever seeing my parents there, but an old fellow named Beard looked after me from the day of my birth. He taught me four lessons—everything I know—and gave me all I've got."

"Beard? That's an unusual name."

"Yes," said Harrington, his face lighting up with a smile. He was about to explain, but stopped himself. "Yes, I suppose it is."

"What were the four lessons?"

He stood up and looked at her steadily, his face sobering. "I'll give you one of them, Miss Frazier. Don't be disappointed. Perhaps if you keep it in mind for a month you'll begin to see what it means."

"That's why you'll give me only one," she said without flippancy. "Tell me what it is."

"It's never what you've paid that matters," said Harrington, his eyes burning into hers with a peculiar intensity; "it's whether you want what you have."

She said nothing, but did not turn her eyes away. After a moment he held out his hand to say good night. To his amazement, she put both her hands behind her back. He felt anger beginning to boil within him, but out of the set mask of her face crept a look of such fright and profound appeal that his wrath became in an instant an almost overmastering surge of tenderness and desire.

"Be careful!" he heard his voice whisper, and wondered whether it spoke to himself or to her.

XIV

HARRINGTON reached his bedroom in the house next door without quite knowing how he got there. He drew the shades and paced up and down interminably, now hot with unexplained elation, now cold with the fear that he might never win this new and unknown Midge. It seemed to him that he both loved and desired her more than Harry Jones ever could have done. Perhaps it was because James Harrington was more of a man, perhaps because Midge Frazier had become more of a woman. The first flush of youth has its own eternal appeal to the senses, supreme in its short life above all other forces. But more men have been bound hand and foot, body and soul, by the lure of suffering than by the peach bloom on the cheek of joy.

That was a truth Harrington had not had time to learn. All he knew was that there was an ache in his heart, an actual pain, as active as a turbine engine. It drove him toward Midge with a vigor born of some still-unmeasured power. It hurt him, but made him rejoice in the fact that he was being hurt in that way. Not for a moment did he wish he could have come back to find her as fresh and untouched as on the day of their last ride together, any more than he could have wanted now to be the old Harry Jones, with or without his disfiguring nose.

As he grew calmer he tried to stand a mile outside himself, and immediately he pictured Midge as struggling upward out of a wreck. In a flash he saw all she had tried to convey in her cry of almost wordless exasperation. She did not want Harry Jones in any form, old or new. What she longed

(Continued on Page 114

First Aid to Happiness—Health!

This simple food has brought to thousands the glorious gift of health

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-26, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I WAS TIRED OUT and in a run down condition I lost my appetite and my ambition. On the advice of a friend I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast. The tired feeling left me. The amazing rapidity with which Fleischmann's Yeast put 'pep' in me was surprising." BERT W. HUSON, Grand Rapids, Minn

"I WAS TROUBLED WITH CONSTIPATION, headaches and dizziness. About six months ago I formed the habit of taking your Yeast regularly in water. Now my constipation and dizziness have entirely disappeared and my digestion is perfect."
ARTHUR E. PRAY, New York City

"I'VE HAD STOMACH TROUBLE since I was eight years old. Nothing seemed to do me any good until I tried Fleischmann's Yeast Now, for the last twelve years—since I have been eating Yeast—I have felt perfectly well and younger than ever before, do my own housework, and walk up and down stairs as I never could even when I was young."
MRS. MINNIE NEEDHAM, San Francisco, Calif.

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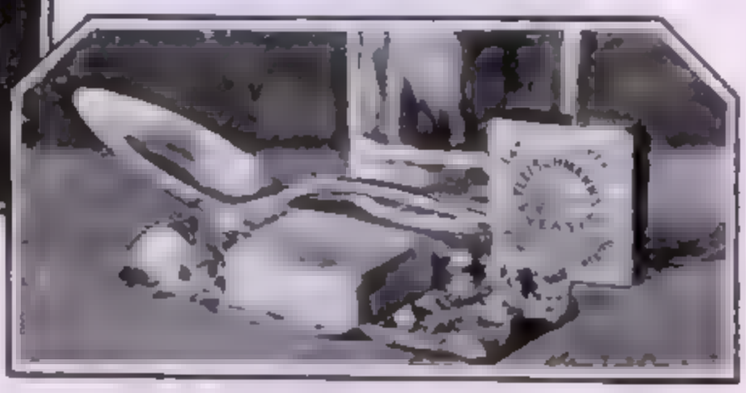

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

THE REX

It's calfskin, this shoe, in that reddish tone called Burgundy, which is going to be next spring's style. Here it is, caught early enough for winter, in a heavy, light-feeling winter brogue with nickel eyelets and plaid lining. Walk-Over prices at $7, $8.50, $10, and $12, depending upon style and grade.

Style that makes friends as a gentleman should

DO you prefer the exuberance of youth, the sensible comfort of after-sixty, or the custom-fitted style of the gentleman's shoe? Find them all in Walk-Overs. There is no toe-pinching, heel-rubbing bluster in these shoes to grate like some over-boisterous acquaintances. No, the shoes make friends with your feet with a quiet, comforting courtesy that serves best when it obtrudes least. The difference between men and shoes is that you can know the aristocrat of shoes by a trade-mark. This is it: *Walk-Over*

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

The diagram at the left shows, in black, the empty space left in ordinary shoe heels. This is why shoes gape at the top and heel. At the right, the diagram shows how the exclusive Walk-Over pear-shaped heel fits and clings.

Walk-Over Shoes

for men and women

Continued from Page 112

for was the return of the perennial toy of illusion, the unscarred crystal ball that guards the mystery of love. That was the goal of her dreams, but all she actually asked was the return of herself—of her belief in Midge Frazier as something still unsoiled by a double contact with dishonor. How could she trust her judgment if it had really permitted her to love a mass of baseness and then had thrust her into the arms of a scoundrel?

Harrington realized there was one measure he could not take too quickly as far as her happiness and his own were concerned. For three days he chafed to the point of desperation under the delay in the return of one of the two letters he had sent to Haiti. At last it came—not, however, in the envelope he had addressed to himself. He shut himself up at home, opened the letter, spread it on the table with suddenly trembling fingers, and stared at it for an hour. The sheet was of the same kind of note paper he had used, but what was scrawled on it he had never before seen. As he studied the page his mind traveled back to see wherein he had laid a trap for himself, assured that nothing less would have induced Beard to substitute a dozen unsigned words for a letter written over the signature of Harry Jones in his own handwriting.

It was just like the canny old man to have inclosed nothing in the way of explanation; even in that omission there must be some occult meaning. Then the whole proceeding seemed to shout at him, "Don't be a young fool any longer than you can help. Don't bite off more than you can chew. Don't scatter around pages written by Harry Jones, because sometime some way James Harrington may be forced from typewriter, telegraph and telephone and find himself obliged to write a note. First and last, don't be a young fool any longer than you can help." He sat smiling for some time; then he went to the telephone and called up Midge Frazier.

"Miss Frazier, this is Mr. Harrington. Do you remember everything you said to me the other night?"

There was a long pause before her voice came back to him: "Yes, I remember it all—what I said and what you said."

"Something of importance has turned up at last. May I come over and tell you about it?"

Again there was a pause before she asked, "Can't you tell me now—by telephone?" The words, in themselves, were ungracious, but there was a warmth to her voice which seemed to bring her abruptly nearer to him than when they had spoken face to face.

"No," he answered. "I want to hand you something and I'd like to do it before banking hours are over."

"All right. I was just getting ready to go downtown; I'll stop at your house if you can be on the veranda."

Ten minutes later he was persuading her to sit down for a moment in one of the rickety cane chairs he had brought from the barn at the first sign of hot weather. The wistaria vine, which covered one end of the porch, had gone to riot in recent years, and in connection with the two low-spreading oaks in front of the house formed an effectual but not impenetrable screen as one looked out toward the street.

He took the envelope from his pocket, drew out the sheet of paper it contained and handed it to her. "Read that," he said; "read it aloud, will you?"

"'He says what Julian should have written is look under radiator cover,'" she read obediently and apparently without understanding. "Well," she asked, "what does it mean?"

"We don't know yet," replied Harrington, "but I wanted you to have a hand in putting Harry Jones back where he belongs."

"What has this got to do with him?"

"That's what we're going to find out. Will you take it down to your father and tell him it comes from me? Be careful, because I have an idea it's worth a good many thousand dollars. Here's the envelope."

She replaced the letter in its cover and turned the envelope slowly in her hands, examining it almost absently. "It came from Haiti; but I can't quite read the postmark."

"It doesn't matter. Will you take it to your father?"

"You're not coming because you think I'd rather be alone," said Midge. "It's quite true, but I can't help it."

It was the nearest she had come to an apology, and instead of pleasing, it embarrassed him. "That's quite all right," he said hurriedly. "I don't care a bit about going if you'll only promise to tell me afterward about what happens."

"I promise," she said, and he moved to the other end of the veranda to watch her out of sight.

She walked slowly at first, not at all like one bent on an important errand. In spite of the dull way in which she had appeared to receive the cabalistic message from Haiti, she was no fool. It was because her mind seized on so many possibilities at once that she seemed confused and stupid. If she was about to help put Harry Jones back where he had been, it meant that the letter she carried would clear him of the charge of theft. She saw how it could do that, but not how it could affect the suspicion of murder. She was surprised to find that the latter and more serious accusation did not revolt her especially, and she decided she must be some horrible sort of person, since she could imagine herself loving a murderer but never a thief.

Then her mind jumped the track and she began to walk faster. Now she was thinking not of Harry Jones or of Julian, but of this third man, James Harrington. The reason she had been so rude to him at first sight was that she had felt her defenses threatened the moment she saw him. He was extremely good-looking in a manly sort of way—the kind of picture she had made in her dreams of Harry Jones at the time she had been most in love with him. That had been enough to set her on her guard; and then had come a feeling that she had known him before, in some previous incarnation, and that it would be easy to know him again. Story-book stuff. "I feel as if I had known you always, dearest!" Blah!

How she had despised herself as she left the house on the occasion of that first meeting and had walked until she was sure he must have gone. No more men—she had stamped those three words deep into her heart. She could go out of her way to avoid meeting them; she could drill it into her father that he was not to present them, never by any chance invite one to dinner while she was at home; but sometimes accidents were sure to happen, like this one. Did it mean that her impulses and her blood were always going to make a fool of her? So she had been more than ready for Harrington when he had stopped her in the street.

After that had come talk of him everywhere she went—of how he looked and behaved, of his strange actions and stranger ideas. "Why, Midge, he dances divinely. I suppose when he was starting his career he was sent to watch the presents at fashionable weddings and had to dance to keep himself from being conspicuous. Anyway, it's nothing to the way he can talk. When he says there was no embezzlement and no murder, of course it's as if he said there's no moon and no sun. But when you look up into his eyes you find it's true—there's no sun, no moon and no anything. Both feet off the ground and nowhere to fall."

She tried to dodge these outbursts and confidences, but since it was known that her father was closer to Harrington than anyone else she found herself attacked and pursued for items of news. Where did he come from? How long was he going to stay? Horrible thought—was he married? Had he ever been in love? That sort of thing was easy enough to parry, but the questions aroused in her own mind by her father's casual revelation of trifles concerning Harrington were quite a different

(Continued on Page 117)

MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

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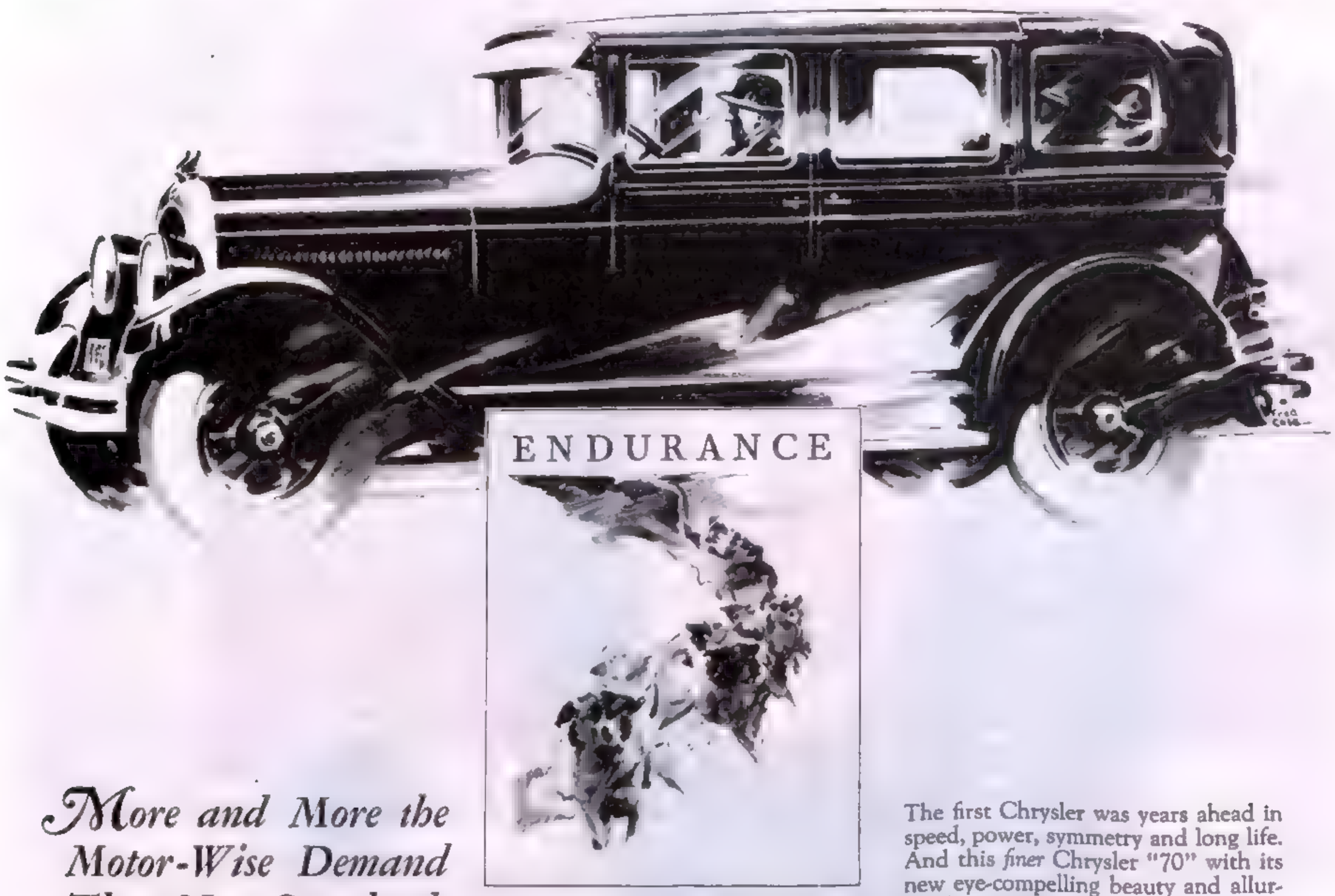

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More and more discerning and motor-wise buyers are refusing to accept less than Chrysler standards and are turning naturally to the advanced standards of the *new, finer* Chrysler "70".

While the industry is still emulating the beauty, smartness, luxury and the engineering and mechanical superiorities of the first Chrysler of three years ago with varying measures of success, the *new, finer* Chrysler "70" is now further widening the gap between itself and the commonplace.

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CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
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(Continued from Page 114)

matter. The certainty that her father talked with no ulterior motive not only prevented her from objecting to the stranger as a subject of conversation but forced her to accept in good faith what was told simply because it was interesting.

"It's a strange thing," said Mr. Frazier one evening, following a long silence, "that reason has always been subject to delusion."

"My dear," cried Mrs. Frazier, "what on earth are you talking about? I thought you were asleep."

Midge glanced up from her book and watched her father. He was not looking at her; his eyes were fixed straight ahead and his hands were laid comfortably along the arms of the deep chair in which he usually sat only to read. His body was as evidently relaxed as his mind was absorbed and active.

"I was thinking about this fellow Harrington," he continued; "and the strange fact that if ever anybody believes anything, however ridiculous, with all his heart and soul, and starts shouting it, and keeps on shouting it, sooner or later a lot of people will kick reason into the ditch and begin believing the same thing."

"I don't think you should bother yourself with such things out of banking hours," murmured Mrs. Frazier, intent on her game of patience.

Mr. Frazier smiled, and so did Midge—after all, she was essentially his daughter, and not at all her mother's. He went on as if his wife had not spoken. "I've been counting up the religions that have started that way all over the world—big ones, medium ones and little ones. Then I've been thinking of some of the myths that never die, and here's our friend Mr. Harrington giving birth to another before our eyes. He really believes that no bonds were stolen from the bank and that Julian wasn't murdered. He believes it so genuinely that I'm beginning to weaken, myself, in the face of every argument known to reason—past, present and future. If I feel that way you can be sure a lot of people have gone further."

Just there Midge had wakened to the fact that she wanted to believe that Harrington was right. Realization swept over her in a wave that if he could make good his stubborn assertion, it would tear the foundations from beneath her resolution and give her an excuse to start living again. Perhaps that was the sort of thing her father was trying to say—that converts succumb to the wish that fathers a thought. Well, never mind how absurd the course might be, she wanted to believe what Harrington believed, and from this moment she would.

"What are you going to do about it?" she asked aloud.

"Do about it? It's funny you should ask that, Midge, because I really am going to do something. I've just decided. I'm going to create a new job at the bank—assistant to the president—and with it I'm going to bribe Harrington to leave me my reason."

"In that case I wish you would ask him to come and see me before he decides."

Mr. Frazier was astounded at her request, but he was too shrewd a man either to show surprise or ask a question. He sat immersed in silence and speculation until he could say simply and casually "All right, Midge."

Now she was on her way to the bank to give him the sequel to that pledge, and incidentally the sensation of his life. She brushed by Miss Walker, who arose as if to stop her, knocked on his private door and opened it without waiting for an answer. Her father, in intimate conversation with Ben Brosnahan, looked up with annoyance, and the political boss, who had inherited his mantle from Fallahee, deceased, drew back with a muttered oath.

"Well, Midge," said Mr. Frazier coldly, "this is quite a surprise."

"Yes," said Midge, "I think it will be."

"You know Mr. Brosnahan, don't you?"

"No, I don't," she said promptly, but to her father's amazement held out her hand.

Brosnahan struggled awkwardly to his feet to take it. "I've seen you running around since you were no higher than my knee; but you're right, I've never met you, Miss Frazier. Perhaps I'd better get out for a minute."

"I don't think it's necessary," said Midge, and gave her father the letter she had been holding tightly in her left hand. "Mr. Harrington asked me to give that to you at once."

"Since when have you begun running errands for Mr. Harrington?" asked her father, without looking at the letter.

"If you'll read what I gave you, you'll forget about trifles."

He drew out the note, read its scrawled message, frowned, and then turned pale. Brosnahan noted that his fingers holding the flimsy sheet began to tremble.

"Call Miss Walker, Ben."

Brosnahan sprang up and threw open the door. "Miss Walker! Mr. Frazier wants you at once."

"Why didn't he ring then?" stammered Miss Walker, flurried for once in her life. She stood in the door, looking accusingly at Midge, and then startled at Mr. Frazier's bloodless face.

"Oh, Miss Walker," he said with reassuring calmness, "is Mr. Detwetter in his office?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wish you'd ask him to come into the main passage, by the radiator. Please tell Tom Temple to step out of his cage and meet him there."

Never had Miss Walker received so extraordinary an order. She stood nonplused. "By the radiator, did you say?"

"Yes," snapped Mr. Frazier. "Oh, get out and do it. We're coming too."

The group formed in the appointed place, old Mr. Detwetter muttering protests but the others silent. There was Tom Temple, pale with fright; Miss Walker, still dazed by the astonishing cut of Mr. Frazier's impatient words; Brosnahan, with his eyes bulging with curiosity; Midge, slim and tense, her eyes watching her father. He took hold of the wooden top of the radiator with both hands and tried to wrench it off, but it stuck. "Here, Ben, give me a hand."

"Is it the top you want off?" asked Brosnahan. He pushed Mr. Frazier aside and almost without effort raised one end of the cover high in air. Half a dozen dusty folded documents tumbled to the floor or fell between the radiator and the wall.

With a whimpering cry like a hound on a fresh scent, Tom Temple hurled two people aside and dived. On his hands and knees, he gathered up the bonds, counted them, shuffled and counted again. Then he hugged them up against his chest, dropped his face in his arms and began to sob.

"There you are, Tom," said Mr. Frazier, laying a hand on his shoulder. "Hand them up, boy. We never doubted you. You know that."

"What is it? What's all the fuss about?" demanded Mr. Detwetter plaintively. "What's all this nonsense?"

"It's the bonds, Mr. Detwetter," explained Miss Walker, taking him by the arm and leading him toward his room. "They've found the bonds we thought were stolen."

XV

"WHERE'S Mr. Harrington?" asked Mr. Frazier, looking around. "Why isn't he here?"

"He's at his house—the Jones house, I mean," said Midge. "If you want to see him, I can tell him as I go by."

"It's just like him to stay away from such a moment as this," said Mr. Frazier to nobody in particular. "Any other man would be right here, crowing his head off, even if he didn't say anything. Wire the news to Delano & Dobbs, Miss Walker. I'm sure Harrington won't bother to do it."

"Do you want to see him?" asked Midge, starting toward the street.

"Yes, of course I do," replied her father, "but tell him he needn't hurry. It will give

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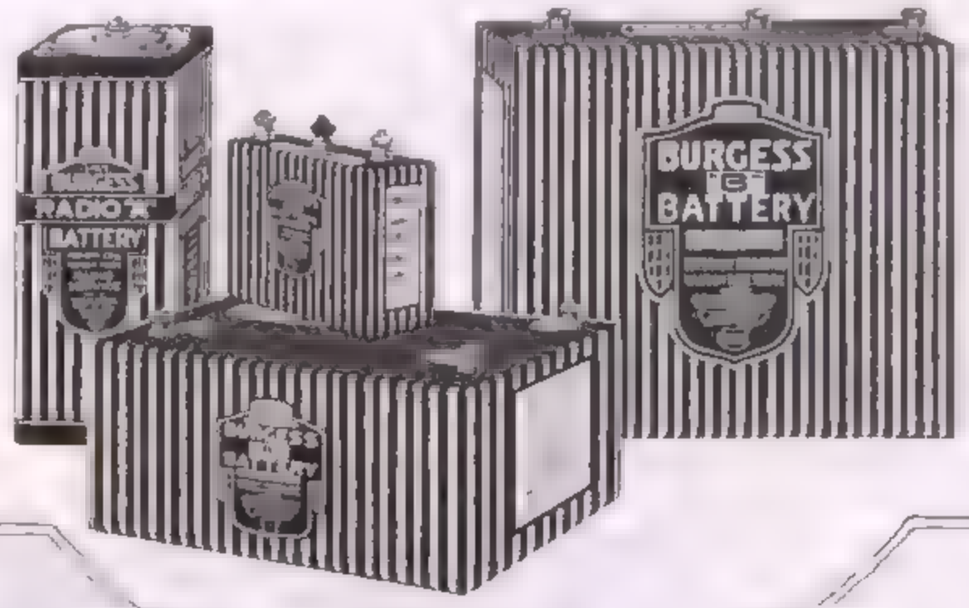

BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

me time to decide which end I'm standing on."

It was a warm day in May, with hardly a breath of breeze, but Midge's slight figure moved along as if it were being blown before the wind. Something was stirring within her—her blood, perhaps, flowing as she had thought it would never flow again. It warned her to stay away from Harrington, but at the same time the courage she had never lost commanded her to face the music. Life was packed with absurdities like that—instinct telling you to do one thing and decency ordering another.

The promise to relate what happened at the bank began to look like a trap. She had not said when she would keep it, but she was incapable of a subterfuge; naturally, he had meant he would want to hear at once. She was glad to find him still on the veranda. Without accepting a chair, she described the scene of the finding of the bonds rapidly, but without missing a single detail, and ended by delivering her father's message word for word.

"That's fine," said Harrington. "Now what about your promise?"

"But I've just kept it! I came straight back and I've told you everything that happened."

"I don't mean that. You said if I would put Harry Jones back where he was on the day he left, there was almost nothing you wouldn't do to repay me."

"Yes, I remember," said Midge, speaking coldly. No one knew better than she how strong a barrier can be set up by manner alone. "What do you want, Mr. Harrington?"

He did not even look at her, but moved toward the chairs behind the screen of vines, saying as he went, "Nothing unreasonable, I can assure you. I'd like you to sit down here for a few minutes. That's one thing." He turned to face her. "Another is that I hope you'll never again refuse to take my hand unless I've given you cause. Now do you think I've been greedy?"

"No." She sat tensely on the edge of one of the chairs.

"Play the game," said Harrington in an even voice. "Sit back and be yourself for a few minutes. I'm not an idiot, Miss Frazier. You act as if you thought I was going to hit the tight wires of your nerves with a sledge hammer."

Midge tried to smile. "Is it so easy to see my nerves are overstrung?"

"It's easy to see so much more than that," he replied, and stopped.

She waited for him to go on, and when his silence continued she looked at him expectantly, only to find that he was apparently far withdrawn. He sat not quite facing her, with one leg hanging negligently over the arm of his chair and his hands clasped in his lap. In spite of the careless posture, he did not slouch. On the contrary, vigor seemed to pulse through the erect torso of his body as if it were eternally awaiting the slipping of the leash of the will. There is always something restful in the mere proximity of strength in abeyance, and gradually she succumbed to its influence. She relaxed, body and spirit, for the first time in many more months than Harry Jones had been away, and sank back to the enjoyment of an almost forgotten peace.

"Nobody can live and worry at the same time," said Harrington quietly. "It's only when you've learned to stand far enough away to see things as small as they are that you can begin to live."

"Is that another of the lessons of your friend Beard?"

Harrington smiled, and the smile so lit up his face that she seemed to be seeing it for the first time—and yet, mysteriously, for the thousandth time! Surely this man had once lived in her dreams. She could not be mistaken. That queer crinkly hair running back in waves over his head was strange to her; nobody could have imagined it that way. But his eyes, his voice and the way he carried himself—all these she had seen again and again in those virginal hours when a girl builds up the tower of her desire upon a foundation as commonplace as the boy next door.

"You've guessed it," he said in reply to her spoken question. "There's nothing we do, nothing that others do to us, that doesn't look different from a mile away. You'd better go now and let me get down to the bank."

She could scarcely believe her ears; she was being dismissed just when she had forgotten time. Of what, then, had she been afraid? Suddenly cool, and only secretly chagrined, she rose to her feet and poised swaying for a moment with her fingers thrust in the pockets of her jacket. There was reminder in that pose. He got up with disarming deliberation and stood looking at her. Their eyes met and there was an appreciable pause before he held out his hand. She took it in a firm grip, and instantly the leash was cast. All the suppressed vigor in his body raced along his arm to attack her, and she knew that he had sent it. She tried to break away before it was too late from his eyes and from his hand, but her own strength had turned to water.

"Midge!" he whispered, and with that word he saved and lost her.

She snatched herself away and ran, her heart thumping as if it would break out of her body. She put up her hand to her breast as though to hold it in, and it was still placed there when at home she turned into the drawing-room, so seldom used, and sank into the first chair. She heard her mother calling, but did not answer. What had happened? How had he dared? Why had she run away? Instead of quieting, her heart beat on more furiously than ever. Mrs. Frazier came in.

"Oh, there you are. I was sure I'd heard somebody. Why didn't you —— Midge, what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"You're as white as a sheet. Why are you holding your hand like that? Midge, is it your father? Tell me!"

Midge smiled faintly; again she had been saved by something somebody said. "It's great news, mother. They've found the stolen bonds down at the bank. They weren't stolen at all—just lost. They've been in the bank all the time."

"So that young Mr. Harrington was right," said Mrs. Frazier. "I always thought he was, because he seems to be such a nice person."

"Why didn't you say so then?" asked Midge, her smile deepening.

"It wouldn't have done any good. Nobody ever pays any attention to what I think. I shall ask him to dinner."

"Save yourself the trouble. He never goes out to dine."

"He'll come here," said Mrs. Frazier complacently.

When Mr. Frazier came home he brought Harrington with him. The two men passed immediately into the library and remained closeted there until considerably later than the usual dining hour. Mrs. Frazier went about having an extra place set at table with an odd smile on her lips, glancing from time to time at Midge, who held a book in her lap but was not reading.

"Why don't you say it, mother? You're as pleased as Punch because you're actually right for once in your life about something somebody will do or won't do. You won't even have to invite him."

The men came out at last, still absorbed in whatever they had been conferring upon. Harrington said good evening to Mrs. Frazier and to Midge; then all four walked into the dining room as naturally as if the chance guest had been invited a week since. It might have been expected that the library talk had been confined to the effect of the finding of the bonds and that it would be continued at table. Such was not the case, however, and Mr. Frazier evidently thought he owed a word of explanation to his family. "Mr. Harrington and I have been arranging the terms on which he is to come to the bank," he said.

"Permanently, Mr. Harrington?" asked Mrs. Frazier.

(Continued on Page 120)

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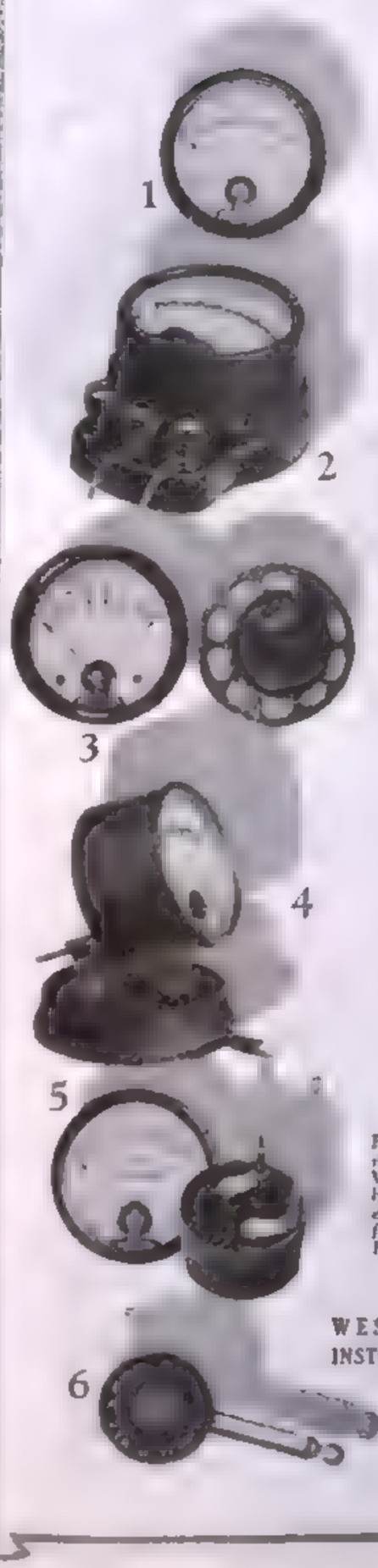

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(Continued from Page 118)

"That's a big word," said Harrington with a laugh. "I can only say that as far as I'm concerned I'll try to make it a long connection."

"Such conditions!" continued Mr. Frazier in the half-rallying tone of one who feels he has been driven hard in a bargain, but has still come out a gainer. "He must have his own private office off mine, though it's no bigger than a closet, his own stenographer, if you please, and a direct telephone; but he leaves the pay to us."

Midge, silent so far, welcomed the chance to interject a remark: "I thought Mr. Harrington would know better than to be generous to a corporation."

"Generous, Midge?" cried her father. "Where's your psychology? If you'll think a minute you'll realize you're in the presence of a young man who has invented a new way of insuring himself a biggish salary at the start."

"That's so," said Midge slowly. "With all those trappings, you can't very well give him beginner's pay."

She glanced at Harrington to see how he was standing the public discussion of his affairs. Never had she seen a calmer face, and yet it was filled with the glow of a subdued animation, as if it were living comfortably within the atmosphere of his own thoughts.

"Whatever you give me, I'll earn it," he asserted quietly. "Besides, under the right conditions, money can become actually nonexistent."

Mr. Frazier stared at him, trying in vain to solve the paradox, but Midge spoke on impulse: "You're thousands of miles away. It's rude for you to leave us like that."

When he looked at her she was sorry she had spoken, for she could see him coming back into himself and deliberately directing the flood of his personality against her. He smiled in such a way as to shut out her father and mother, and even the room: "Not rude, since I seem to have taken you with me."

"I know there was a time before money," said Mr. Frazier with puckered brows, "but I didn't know there is a locality, even thousands of miles away, where it doesn't exist today."

"It isn't a locality," said Harrington, without taking his eyes from Midge. "It's a condition of the mind."

They were interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell. A moment later a Mr. Williams was announced, accompanied by another gentleman.

"The train must have been on time," said Mr. Frazier to Harrington. "I suppose the fellow with Williams must be a newspaperman. Do you want to see them?"

"Why not? Williams is a good friend of mine."

"Show the gentlemen into the library and ask them to wait," said Mr. Frazier to the maid. Then he turned again to Harrington: "Would you rather I didn't come along?"

"Just the opposite. I want you to."

"Are you sure you wish to see Williams and the reporter at the same time?" asked Mr. Frazier as they passed through the hall.

"Don't worry," said Harrington with a smile.

Mr. Williams' greeting of his protégé was characteristic: "Never carry a gun, boy, never carry a gun!" Mr. Frazier looked mystified and the reporter frowned in his effort to solve the formula. "Tell us the story," continued Williams, and nodded toward his companion. "This is Joe Smith, of City Distributors. Their stuff will be handed out impartially to all the principal papers, so we picked on them to keep you from being mobbed."

"You ought to have known better, Williams, than to drag Mr. Smith all the way up here. I'm afraid he'll be disappointed."

"Come on," said Williams. "Tell us the story and we'll see."

"The whole thing is covered in two words: Papa Loi," said Harrington, to the deepening of the frowns on two of his hearers' faces. "That's the beginning and the end, as I told you it would be."

"Papa Loi!" exclaimed Williams impatiently. "That's all very fine, but you must have done something. What was it?"

"You poor fish!" said Harrington in a mild tone that made the epithet doubly exasperating.

"Hey? Who? Me?" stuttered Williams, his face changing swiftly from amiability to blank surprise.

"Yes," continued Harrington. "You've got the bonds and now you have the nerve to ask for a million dollars' worth of general information."

Again a change came over Williams; his jaw shot out as his eyes attempted to bore into Harrington's impassivity. "You're right I have," he said raspingly. "I'd like to remind you that you're working for a firm, and that any general information you may have collected belongs to that firm."

Harrington laughed aloud—a genuinely spontaneous laugh. "You ought to be working in a doll factory, Williams. Nobody could sell the sort of dope your firm supplied me with except to a kindergarten."

"Our firm!" persisted Williams doggedly, though his face was aflame.

"I said your firm, and I meant it," continued Harrington lightly. "I wish you'd tender my resignation to Mr. Dobbs when you get back to town."

"Resignation, hell!" exploded Mr. Williams; but before he could continue, Mr. Smith had him by the arm.

"Crawl, Bill, crawl!" he groaned. "I'm beginning to think Mr. Harrington is right. Go back and sit down. I didn't come up here to watch anybody have fun with you."

"He'll get more fun with me than he wants before I'm through," muttered Williams, and immediately Harrington's expression changed. The reporter's eyes narrowed as he saw that change. He caught Harrington's eyes and smiled. Harrington smiled back.

"Go ahead, Mr. Smith," he said pleasantly. "What do you want to know?"

"What I'd like to know personally, Mr. Harrington, I'll probably never find out; but in passing, allow me to offer you my congratulations."

"Upon the recovery of the bonds?" murmured Harrington.

"Not at all," said Smith promptly.

"Say, what's happening here?" asked Williams. "Who's talking Greek now?"

"What my people want to know," continued Smith, paying no attention to the interruption, "is quite another matter. If you can find any way to do it, Mr. Harrington, we certainly would appreciate a human-interest story based on faith—faith in yourself, or faith in this poor fellow accused of a robbery you have proved he never perpetrated, and of a murder you say he didn't commit. You can see that a story like that is worth while, can't you? I mean really worth while, not only to the man who's lucky enough to write it but to everybody who reads it."

"Yes, I can see that," said Harrington, frowning because he was going to like Mr. Smith and because he perceived Mr. Smith was an expert.

"Let's begin with *papa l'oa*," begged the reporter. "I know it's rotten technic to start out with a request for a definition, but I can't help it. Those sounds have got me guessing."

"There you are!" exclaimed Harrington, throwing out one hand in a helpless gesture. "Whole books have been written trying to answer your little question in regard to Papa Loi, Mr. Smith. You'll find them in English, Portuguese, Spanish and German, but mostly in French. You assume that I'm greater than the sum of their authors. I'm not. I would only confuse you."

"You've done that already," said the reporter with disheartened frankness. "Can't you translate literally?"

"I'll give you three renderings: Papa Law, the Law Father, Father of the Law. Do you know any more than you did?"

Continued on Page 123

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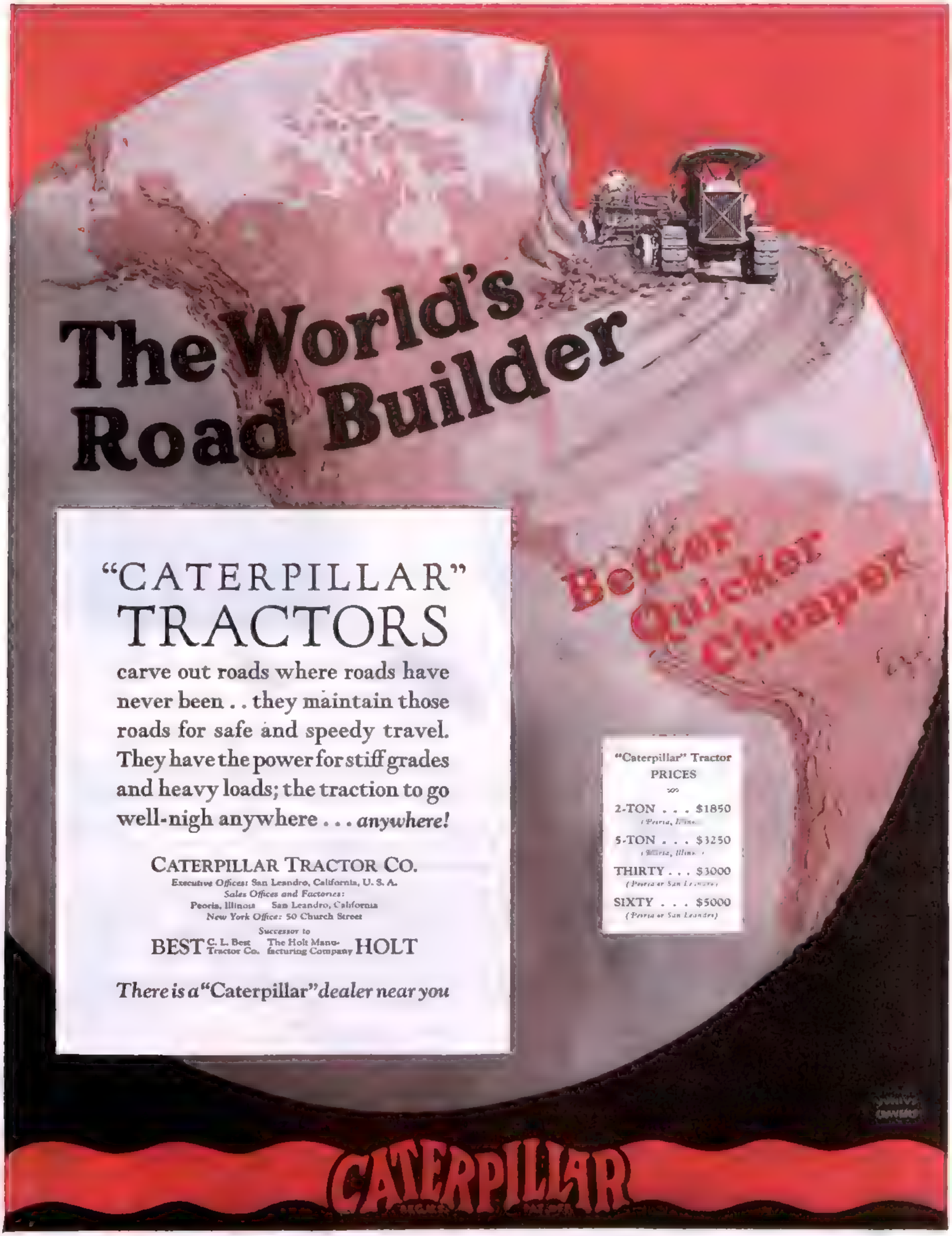
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CATERPILLAR

(Continued from Page 120)

Smith shook his head lugubriously.

"Let me have a shot at it," interjected Williams confidently. "Papa Loi represents the head, or the heads, or the spirit, or the guts of voodooism—you can take your choice according to how it's said. How's that, Mr. Harrington?"

"It's fine," said Harrington promptly; "and now that Mr. Smith has been answered, let's turn to something else. I would suggest that the great lesson to be drawn from this whole case isn't one of faith."

"What is it then?" asked Smith hopefully.

"The bugbear of all right-minded justice," said Harrington, with the nearest approach to vehemence he had yet shown. "I mean, of course, the eternal treachery of circumstantial evidence."

"That's so old, so worn," murmured Smith, but Williams interrupted again.

"Speaking of evidence, Mr. Harrington, how did the bonds get under the radiator cover? Can you give us any light on that?"

"Only what light is shed by the note from Haiti. Have you read it?"

"No." Mr. Frazier produced the sheet of notepaper and handed it to Williams, who read the scrawl with Smith peering over his shoulder. "Humph!" grunted Williams. "I don't see any lengthy explanation there."

"I didn't expect you to," said Harrington. "Read it again. It implies that young Detwetter was in some way an agent, doesn't it?"

"Circumstantially, yes," drawled Williams, "but not specifically. You can certainly draw a long bow yourself when you feel like it. Here's another question I'd like to have answered: Who knows if this is Jones' handwriting or not?"

"I do," said Mr. Frazier. "We passed on it at the bank. It's not his handwriting, natural or disguised."

Williams whirled on Harrington. "Then whose is it, Mr. Harrington?"

"I never saw it before today. I can't say whose it is."

"Not yours, by any chance?"

"No; it isn't mine."

XVI

WILLIAMS had a great scent for mystery in the abstract. He could smell a mental knot, and once he had done so, he became almost distracted until he could unravel it. It was this mania that made him a valuable investigator in spite of his excitability, and the fact that anything puzzling came as grist to his mill added to his ultimate efficiency. In satisfying his abnormal curiosity, he was always uncovering scandals or intimate tragedies which had no direct bearing on the case in hand, thereby frequently blasting a reputation on the Pacific Coast, in Florida or New York, with a fuse lighted in some country village or as far away as Shanghai. Like many newspapermen and most detectives out of fiction, he was absolutely pitiless in felling his tree without regard to sparing the surrounding lumber.

From the first moment of the meeting in the Frazier library he had been thrown out of equilibrium by the feeling that he was in the presence of undiscovered forces and motives working toward a climax with insolent disregard of his participation. He had come to Leaming in a jovial mood, ready to slap Harrington patronizingly on the back and to dispense largess in the shape of news to his friend Smith. But now his equanimity was completely roiled, and what disconcerted him most was the growing suspicion that Harrington had roiled it on purpose.

Here was more than mystery; it was a challenge. Almost without knowing how it had happened, he found himself hotfooting it on a stove while Harrington stood impassively by, directing the steps of his impromptu dance to the delectation of Joe Smith and the mystification of Mr. Frazier. It was as if this upstart in the field of intensive criminal investigation had said to him, "There's a whole bucket of nuts to crack, but you can't have one, little boy, because you might hurt your thumb." Williams glared at the thought, but once he had accepted the gage of battle, his whole demeanor changed. He smiled genially as he held out his hand to his former colleague.

"Smith and I are catching the midnight back. I suppose you'll condescend to come to the office to collect your 20 per cent?"

"I'm glad you reminded me," said Harrington, smiling as he all but crushed Williams' pudgy fingers. "I've taken a job with the State Street National and I don't think it would be etiquette for me to accept the fee."

"Not accept the fee!" stuttered Williams.

"No. The job was too easy, and besides I wouldn't know what to do with the money."

Williams stared at Mr. Frazier, then at Smith and finally back at Harrington. "Will you release it to me in writing? I'd know what to do with it, all right."

"I doubt it," said Harrington. "It isn't earned money, Williams. Let's just leave it where it belongs."

"Who called me a poor fish? It wouldn't even come out of the bank's pocket. You've got a chance to dig into the reserves of the strongest protective association in the world to the tune of sixty-four hundred, and you come that holy bunk about unearned increment!"

Harrington shrugged his shoulders and turned to Mr. Smith. "I'm afraid you haven't got much of a story for your trouble."

"Not yet," said Smith. "In any case, I wish you luck, Mr. Harrington, and a long life. You see, I'm grateful for an entertaining evening."

Williams and his companion walked in silence but very thoughtfully to the telegraph office, where Smith was just in time to serve notice he was going to file a long message. He sat down, chewed his pen for five minutes, and then wrote for a full half hour, almost without a pause. He handed each sheet to Williams, who glanced through it before passing it on to the disgruntled operator.

"If you love your job, sonny," said Smith as he arose, "I advise you to forget the date with your girl and get that off fast and straight—particularly straight. Please notice I don't even say thank you."

"Well," said Williams as they left the office, "I'll say you told everything and nothing—especially nothing—but everybody that reads it is going to ask for more. Now we're alone, and your nightly holiday has begun, I'd like to know what you really think."

"So would I," said Smith earnestly.

"Sorry you came along?"

"Not on your life."

"There's something phony about this guy Harrington," said Williams tentatively a moment later, and with a side glance at his thin-nosed companion.

"He's about as phony as a new steel rail. As full of secrets as an egg is of meat, but ——"

"But what?"

"He's got nothing to hide."

"After all these years, Joe, you really think you've met a man with nothing to hide?"

"I wasn't sure of it a minute ago, but I am now. I'll tell you why, Bill. You've been wrong at every turn of this case so far, and my hunch is you're going to keep on being wrong."

"I guess you're sore at my bringing you up here, and I don't blame you."

"I'm so sore," said Smith, taking him by the arm, "that I'm going to live in this town for a few days."

Williams stopped in his tracks, and then walked on slowly. "You're not joking?"

"No. You can watch me get a room at the hotel."

"In that case I'll take the midnight, report to the boss and be off for Haiti tomorrow."

Merry Christmas, old Pipe, and Happy New Year

WISHING old Pipe a Merry Christmas is fine as far as it goes... but shouldn't the *wish* be father to the thought of *giving* him a Merry Christmas... which simply means giving him a festive carton of that grand old pipe-favorite, Granger Rough Cut.

Roll the Yule-log on the fire, fill the bowl of your old pipe brimful of Granger and you're all set for the most glorious holiday a man ever spent. Granger is so full of good cheer. Such fine old Kentucky Burley, as rich and spicy as a blazing plum-pudding.

Then the good old-fashioned "Wellman recipe" makes it as mild and mellow as century-old vintage wine. Its large *rough cut* flakes burn slow and cool... it smokes as sweet as a nut! Granger mellows a pipe and keeps it mellow.

Ask for the one-pound canister of Granger, in the special Christmas carton. No other gift can bring such pleasure to a pipe... or such joy to the heart of a pipe-smoker.

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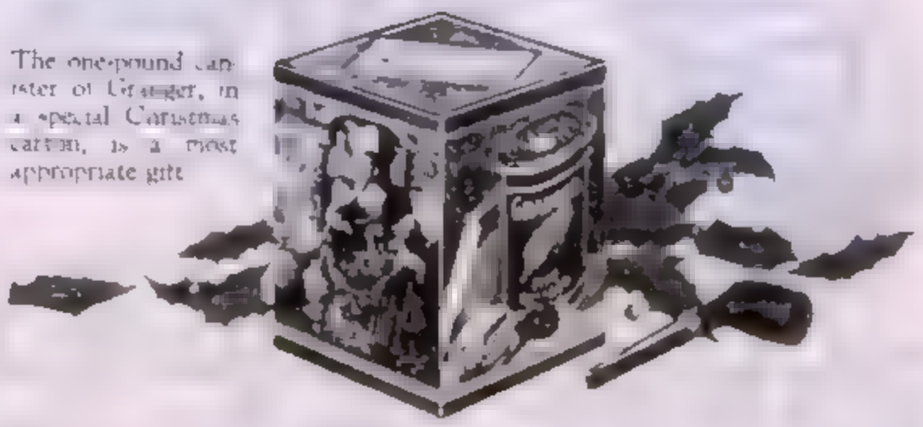
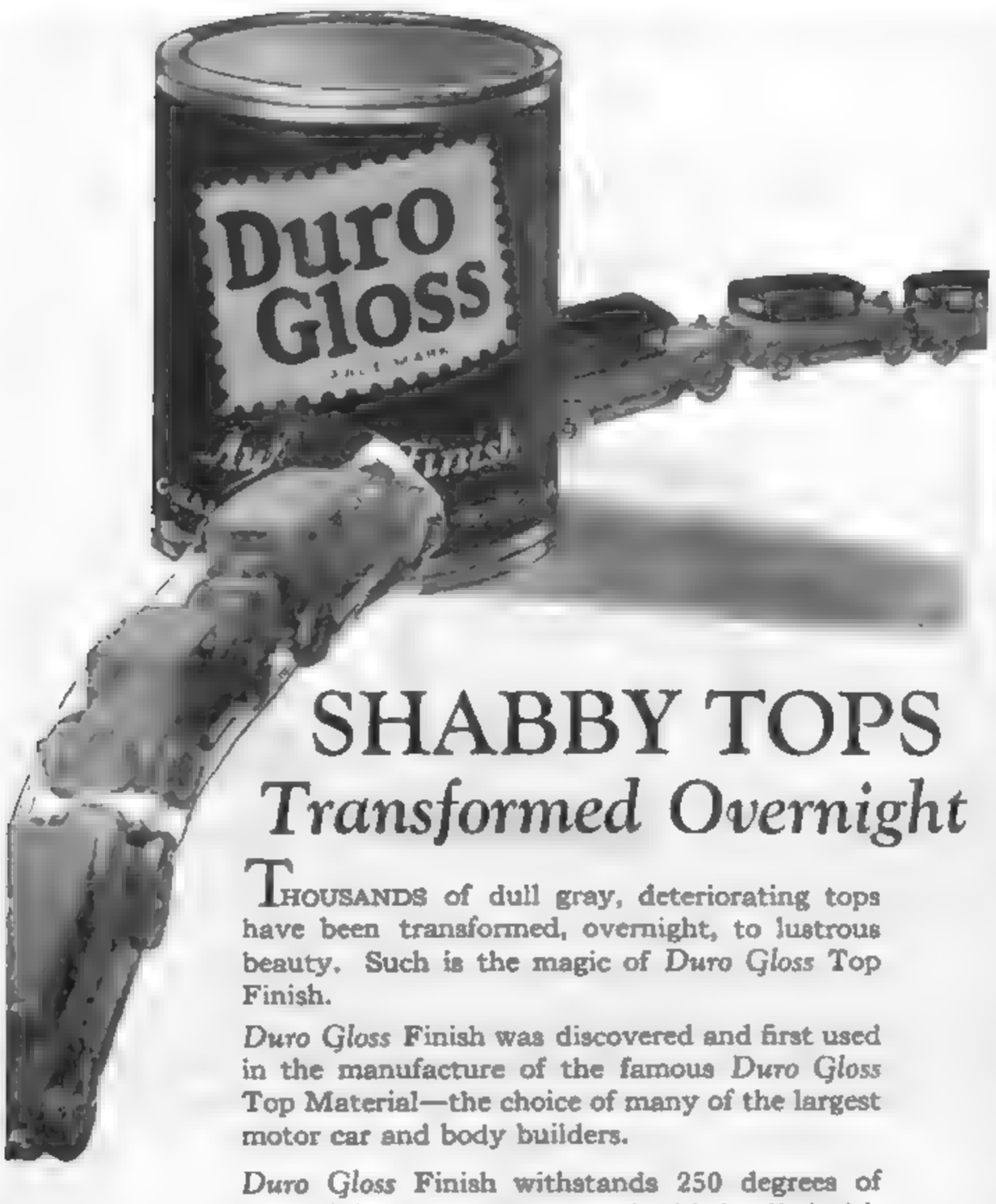


Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company



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THOUSANDS of dull gray, deteriorating tops have been transformed, overnight, to lustrous beauty. Such is the magic of *Duro Gloss* Top Finish.

Duro Gloss Finish was discovered and first used in the manufacture of the famous *Duro Gloss* Top Material—the choice of many of the largest motor car and body builders.

Duro Gloss Finish withstands 250 degrees of heat—is impervious to sun and cold. Applied with a brush, it dries overnight to a smooth, lustrous new-top finish—and beautifies, weatherproofs and preserves the top material. *Duro Gloss* is a *finish* and not to be confused with dressings.

You may apply *Duro Gloss* yourself or, if you prefer, any good trim shop, paint shop or service station will put it on for you. *Duro Gloss* is sold by leading accessory stores, garages and trim shops in convenient sized cans. If your dealer does not have *Duro Gloss* yet, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

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When you have your top re-covered, you will want *Duro Gloss* Top Material. Its uniform high quality insures long top life. And it has the famous *Duro Gloss* Finish, too. All trim shops have *Duro Gloss* Top Material, or can get it for you readily.

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For holes and splits of average size, *Duro Gloss* Top Patching is ideal. Easy to apply. Sticks so tight it can't be pulled off. Ask your dealer.

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"Haiti!" exclaimed Smith. "What's the idea?"

"D. T. D. said if ever we needed a follow-up on this new friend of yours," continued Wilhams sorrowfully, "I could make another trip to Haiti. I don't know why we're going to need it, but I've got a feeling we are. If you don't mind, Joe, I won't go to the hotel with you. I'll just wander around until train time and perhaps look in on one or two of the boys."

In the meanwhile, with the two callers out of the way, Mr. Frazier had stood looking at Harrington with a quizzical expression. "A banker has to be a pretty cool customer in his attitude toward money, Harrington, even to the extent of looking a gift horse in the mouth."

"You mean that business of the fee," said Harrington absently, his eyes fixed through the window on the flash of a familiar disappearing silhouette. "Don't worry. You'll never lose a cent through the conduct of my personal affairs."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Frazier coldly. "I didn't ——"

Harrington's face lighted up with a disarming smile as he held out his hand to say good night. "It sounded like a facer, but it wasn't meant that way. All I was trying to say is that you can trust me to draw a line between what is and what isn't mine."

"Not always an easy thing to do," agreed Mr. Frazier, accepting the correction.

He went as far as the front door with his guest, but did not wait to see Harrington turn to the left and hurry around the house. Pushing through the shrubbery at the back of the Frazier place, unconsciously traveling as straight as an arrow to its mark, he came into an open space within a ring of firs and found Midge sitting like a hunched gnome on a central stump. She leaped to her feet as he appeared and stood quivering with surprise.

"How did you know the way?" she asked intensely.

"You were hiding," said Harrington. "You slipped from the house and came here just to get out of saying good night."

"Please answer me, Mr. Harrington," persisted Midge, her face showing white in the half light. "You must tell me. How did you know the way to this place?"

"I saw you from the library window," said Harrington truthfully.

"Of course!" She drew a deep breath of relief and sank back on the stump. "Now that you're here, you might as well sit down. You see, there's a nice clean carpet of needles."

"I know," said Harrington; and added as she threw up her head, "There generally is under a lot of firs, isn't there? What are these? Spruce?"

He sat on the ground, not quite facing her, with his hands clasped around his ankles. A young moon struck down through the small oval of the open sky, illumining his bare head and shoulders, but leaving his feet in shadow. Again she wondered at the extraordinary expression of peace in his face, a look describable only by a contradiction in terms—animated calm. A sudden thought came to her. "Are you happy, Mr. Harrington?"

"I've never been happier in my life."

"Oh, I don't mean that!" she cried impatiently. "I mean profoundly, continuously happy."

"I hadn't stopped to think of it, but I believe you're right—I'm profoundly, continuously happy."

"Then that's it," said Midge. "I've never before seen anyone who was wholly happy."

He accepted her statement without comment and sat for a long time in silence; then he spoke quietly and as if there had scarcely been a pause: "But I'm especially happy just now. I don't want to say anything to alarm you, but it's true that I could sit here all night without moving if you didn't move."

"I'm afraid you'll have to do without me after ten minutes."

"Ten minutes?"

"At the most."

"Splitting an hour into minutes has done a lot of harm," said Harrington, puckering his brows. "It's hard for me to measure things the way you do. I know I'd like to be with you just as you know you would like to be with me, for hours; but, of course, if you measure things small you can't admit a simple thing like that, can you?"

She caught her breath, her lips parted as if to speak, but found no words.

"As I said before," he continued in the same even tone, "I don't want to frighten you, but at the same time I've got to let you know somehow that being with you is not the same to me as being with anyone else. There's nothing extraordinary about it. Every man has a set of lungs he uses for only one woman. When she's around he breathes another air and breathes it differently. That's why I could sit here in absolute content for hours."

"Mr. Harrington ——" began Midge, and stopped. "I suppose you felt you had the right to talk to me so," she continued rapidly, "because I ran away from you this afternoon. You should have remembered that I've had an unusually exciting day and that perhaps I was only running away from my own nerves. I'm going to run away from them again, but before I go I want to ask you to leave me alone. Whether I like you or not has nothing to do with it; I just beg to be left alone."

"Wouldn't I be a cur if I promised anything like that?" he said without looking at her. "There's nothing the matter with your nerves. I imagine you've never been afraid of anything—anything outside—but for some reason you've come to be afraid of yourself. I could cure you. I'm curing you now."

"You're tormenting me," whispered Midge, clasping her hands nervously and glancing toward the house.

"That's something I could never do," he continued without changing his even tone. "You're looking through the wrong end of the telescope—I mean the end almost everybody thinks is the right one. What's worse, you're looking back. Because you reached twice for happiness and missed, you think of it now as a golden ball that has to be snatched. That's all wrong."

"And you—you're taking advantage of your professional investigations," said Midge breathlessly.

"Please don't say things like that; they hurt you a lot more than they do me. Try living with the truth. There isn't any credit or discredit in loving someone—it's a condition. Lots of times it's a fortunate condition. But when you get two people who float off their feet just because they happen to be together, then you're through with definitions and names. You don't have to call it love any more than you have to divide air or water or fire into individual portions. When you're as lucky as that you can breathe love without being shocked or disappointed at finding that it isn't ether. Take me, for instance; watch me fill my lungs and dive. I'm in love as a swimmer is in the sea—the open sea. I can strike out without worrying for fear I'll stub my toe on Africa and have to climb the bank on the other side. I mean that the sort of feeling I have for you has no horizon in the mind."

"You forget that it has scarcely had time to have a sunrise," said Midge. She rose and stood looking down at him. "You were quite right in saying I like to be with you, so it's never going to happen again if I can help it—not alone."

Without appearing to rise, he was on his feet, standing before her with his arms folded. "Why not?"

"I don't know who you are or where you came from. Can't you see that everything you make me feel is just one more humiliation? I don't want to love anyone. I'm through."

"I never expected to hear you say a thing like that," said Harrington, laying his hand on her arm. "Don't tremble.

(Continued on Page 126)

The OUTLINE of COACHWORK

The art of coach building, for centuries, was confined to horse-drawn vehicles, and through hundreds of years very few important changes were made in any given body type.

But when the enclosed body was adapted to the motor car, it was evident that a new day in coach building was at hand. How quickly man supplies his needs and desires! See how far he has gone in coachwork in twenty-two short years.

When the three early exhibits are viewed (and each was typical of its day) it is small wonder that the public preferred the open, or touring car. Likewise, the modern day sedan affords equally good reason for the present day preference for closed cars.

On the left is shown a Star Six Sedan, with body by Hayes-Hunt. Note the harmony of line and design, the absence of unshapely contours, and the spacious riding comfort indicated by outward proportions.

HAYES-HUNT CORPORATION, ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

Hayes-Hunt Bodies

Beauty, Service and Comfort

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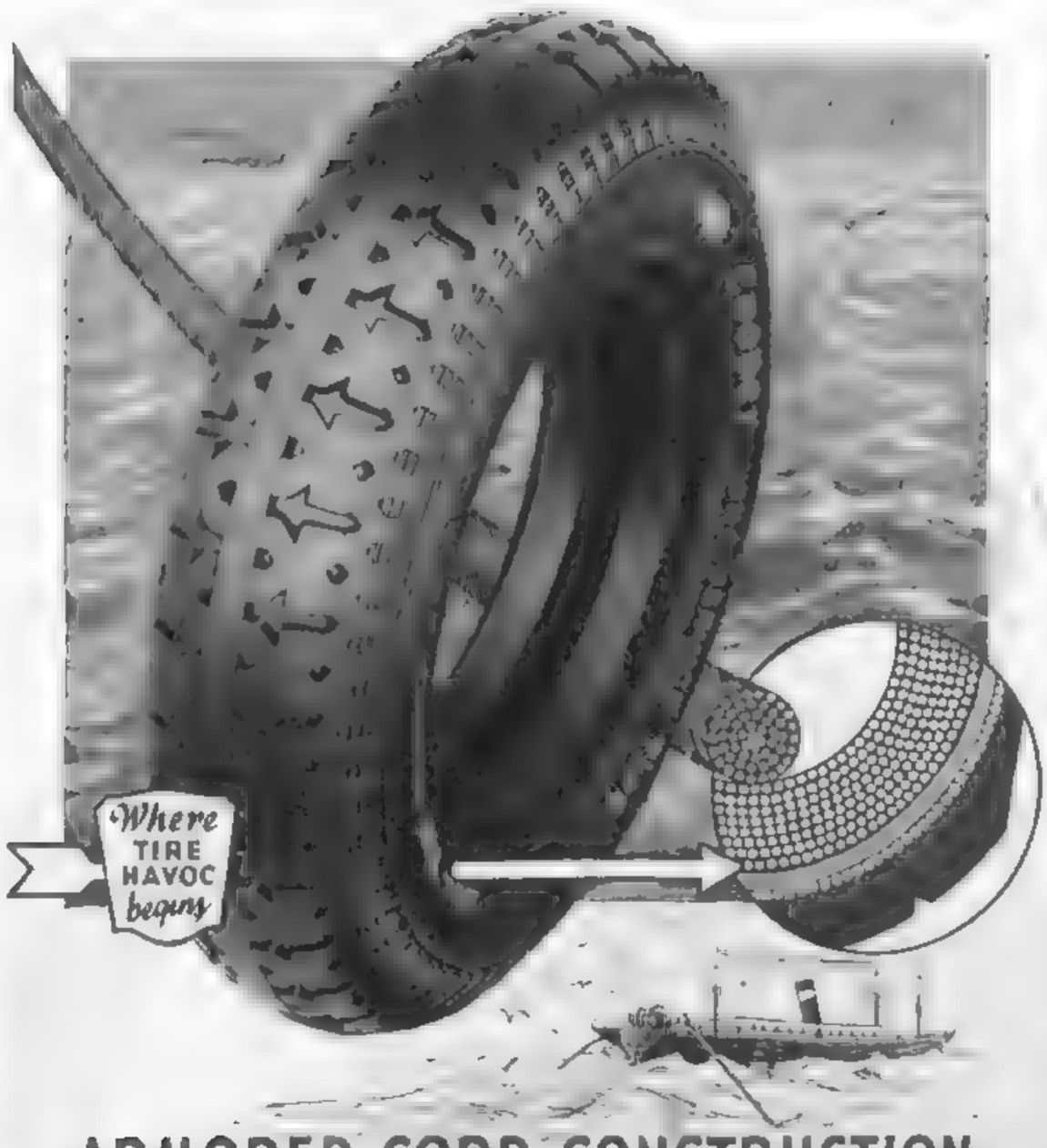

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Now, into Cooper Long Service Tires, has been built this same recognized engineering principle of armoring for super-strength. Cooper Armored Cord Construction completely armors each individual cord, thoroughly impregnates and surrounds it with a protecting cushion of live, resilient, pure gum rubber .... totally shields it from the shocks and bumps of the road.

Cooper Armored Cord Construction wards off road shocks before they do damage.... blows that bruise the ordinary tire carcass are repelled by this almost invulnerable wall of protecting rubber armor.

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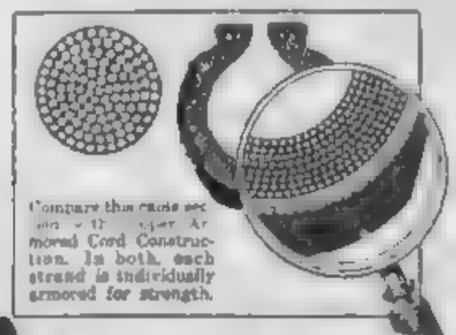
All Cooper Tires .... both balloons and heavy duty .... contain this new Armored Cord Construction feature. Next time you buy insist that your dealer show you Coopers.

[DEALERS: The new Armored Cord Construction of Cooper Long Service Tires offers unusual opportunity for live dealers everywhere. Write for complete information regarding the valuable Cooper franchise.]


Compare this cross section with the upper Armored Cord Construction. In both, each strand is individually armored for strength.

Cooper
LONG SERVICE
TIRES

THE COOPER CORPORATION
Founded 1904
General Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio. Factories, Findlay and Cincinnati, Ohio.

(Continued from Page 124)

Please don't be afraid of me. I've known you all your life. I've never loved any woman but you. Young or old, I've never told any girl but you I loved her."

"Oh, don't! Please let me go!"

"I've never seen beauty in all my life without thinking of you, and wishing that you were there to see it too."

"If that were only true!"

"It is true; and it's as true for you as it is for me. Try living with the truth. Don't you dare?"

He could feel her body vibrating as if it were going to shake to pieces. He put his arm around her and instantly she fell against him, clinging to his coat, her face buried against his shoulder.

"Don't think I'm giving in," she stammered, with catches of her breath between the words. "Please don't think that. Just let me be a coward for a moment, and lean on you."

"Midge, why don't you fight? Don't you want me?"

He could feel her grow taut as a bowstring—muscle, bone and mind. "Harry!" she whispered.

"Yes, Midge."

"Where are you?"

"Here."

Then the strength went out of her as abruptly as it had come, and her knees sank so suddenly that he barely saved her from slipping to the ground. He picked her up lightly and cradled her in his arms. She was lighter than a feather, as buoyant as the air he breathed. He almost forgot that he held her.

He wanted to shout, and then thought stopped while he listened to the din of the blood in her heart. She was alive, warm and flowing.

"Midge, do you hate me?"

"No."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes; but not because you're Harry Jones. Please don't talk."

He stood for a long time quite still, and then a smile began to twitch at his lips. "Do you mind if I sit down?"

"Of course not. I've been wondering why you didn't."

He sank down on the stump, held her on his knees and looked into her face. All the hardness had been wiped out of it. It was as clear as blue sky after rain, the face of the Midge of his boyhood after a storm of tears. She turned it against him with a confiding movement, almost as if she wished to go to sleep. He leaned closer and began to tremble. Without warning, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him—the moist untutored kiss of a child. It was a funny kiss—so funny that they both laughed. That really woke her. She sprang to her feet, straightened her skirt and faced him.

"Again and again I've had the feeling it must be you, and then I've looked at you and thought I must be going mad."

"I had no right to tell you, Midge, but I couldn't watch you torture yourself any longer at any price."

"What do you mean? Why hadn't you the right?"

"My dear child, you don't realize that you've just had a load thrown on your shoulders that could easily break the back of a cart horse."

"Don't call me my dear child, or darling, or dearie. I don't like it. I'm Midge."

"So you are," laughed Harrington. "I welcome you back to the featherweight ring. It's a lot better than having nerves, isn't it?"

"Yes; but I don't dare stop to think of that part of it just now. What load?"

"Did you ever watch a three-ring circus?"

"I've tried to, and it's so maddening I never will again."

"Don't speak too rashly. You're one of the poles that's holding up the big tent right now, and I'm another. I want to describe to you what's going on, and I can't tell where to begin. As a result, I give it up. I refuse to confuse you, so I'll just say one thing. Midge ——"

"Go on, Harry."

"I'm accused of the murder of Julian Detwetter, and I can't prove I didn't do it."

"You're not Harry Jones at all," said Midge, with apparent inconsequence. "I call you Harry because it's short for Harrington. Harry Jones was a coward. How did you cure him?"

Harrington arose and took her by the elbows. "Listen, Midge. There are three rings in this circus, with five shows going on in each, and you want me to lead the big parade over again for your special benefit. I'll do it, but not now. All I can tell you for the present is that an old chap known as the Beard of God cured me, body as well as soul."

"Beard of God! Oh, what a name—what a lovely name! He's the one —— Tell me about him. Leave out everything else, but tell me about the Beard of God."

"There you go!" groaned Harrington. "Midge, please listen. I'm accused of murder and you're the only person besides myself in this whole country who knows it."

"Why waste time telling me a thing twice?" she asked. "Do you think I'm an idiot? I must be more than a cart horse, because the load you're worrying about doesn't even frighten me. Nobody can force me to tell what I know and nobody will find out. Does that make you feel better?"

"Much. It never occurred to me that you'd heard me the first time."

"Didn't I say you're not Harry Jones at all? And you needn't be again, as long as you live; so we don't have to trouble about that side show any more. Did you tell the Beard of God about me?" Harrington went to the stump, sat down and dropped his head in his hands. "Did you?" she persisted.

"Yes," he answered in a dead voice.

"What's the matter with you?"

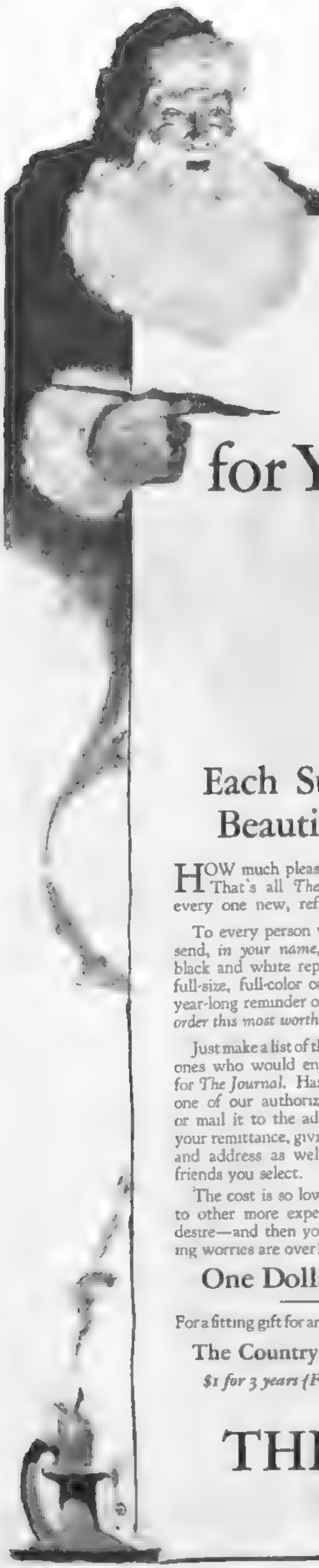
"I'm only going crazy," he muttered. "An hour ago I thought that nothing on land, in the heavens or in the sea could shake my calm. Midge, let's be serious for a minute—straight out and fair to each other. Do you think I killed Julian or don't you?"

"Do you want the truth? It's pretty awful."

"Yes, the straight truth."

"I've never cared one way or the other. I don't know, myself, whether I think you did or didn't."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 21)

mendicant group to which I refer. The difference is that they are too discreet to complain of them as I am doing. But I am giving it to you straight: Avoid being drawn by your own inefficiency close enough to your favorite author, hero or capitalist to impose your rejected copy on the one or to attempt to borrow prestige or money from the others.

Very few authors publish magazines, and if they did they would fill them with their own copy. None of us have any influence with editors for placing other people's copy; not nearly as much as we need, in fact, to get by with our own! We are the real mendicants, perpetually dependent upon your approval for success. Most of us are tired out and preoccupied with the effort to win some kind of fortune, thankful as the humblest for any man's praise, but not nearly so interesting personally as the characters we create or the ideas we promulgate. The dullest woman I have ever met in real life has written some of the wittiest books, but I never could take the same pleasure in reading them after seeing her sit a whole evening like a purple wallflower in a delightful gathering of ordinary men and women.

Very few of us prove up according to expectations. One of the most beloved novelists in this country is never her dearer self unless she is with working girls, which is all to her credit. But what hurt me was that she did not recognize me as a poor old working girl myself, or see the puppy-licking smile of intense admiration on my face the only time I ever met her. You cannot blame a virtuous woman like that who is positively steaming with good works and noble sentiments. The only thing to do is to admire her and avoid her.

Quite without intention to deceive, we produce false impressions of the men and women we really are. Consider the case of another popular author. His literary style photographs him as a two-gun man shooting both ways at once with deadly aim. As a matter of fact, he is no such person. He looks like a college professor carrying a book under his arm and, say, a withe in the other hand—anything fragile, such as a butterfly net. He has, indeed, a masculine countenance, designed by Nature to be rugged, but it is overcast with a sweetness of expression singularly like that of a gentlewoman. Never a word falls from his lips about outlaws, savages, desert thirst or violent deaths. If you attempt to draw him into the literary fray of firearms with some reference to sawed-off shotguns, he is apt to lead you back to The Lady of Shalott by quoting a singing passage from that maidenly poem.

We are all more or less bloodthirsty, not so much by nature as by imagination, and this man was so much milder, so completely purged of the violence which is the dominant characteristic of his books, that I was shocked to the very pangs of disappointment when I met him. I had known, of course, that I should not like an armed, desert-dust-crusted author, but I longed to behold one, as the meekest woman would rather shiver at the sight of a roaring lion than meet a lamb in a flowering meadow.

I am one of the most beloved unpopular writers in this country and frequently receive invitations from readers who want to love and cherish me in their homes. But I deny myself the pleasure of accepting any of them lest I should fail as a guest to measure up to the copy that inspired the invitation.

Shortly after As a Woman Thinks appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST came a curiously blunt but affectionate letter from a Canadian engineer—such a letter as a kind-hearted man might write to his widowed grandmother. He wanted me to come up and spend the winter with him and his two companions, also engineers. They lived, he told me, in a log cabin on top of a high mountain. The road leading to it was so rough that I would be obliged to make the last upward lap of the journey on a sure-footed mule. My quaking private opinion was that if I survived the ascent some very stout person or team of persons must perform a miracle to get me down. For never would I trust even a sure-footed mule to make such a perilous descent at my age, to say nothing of my weight and natural terror of high places. What about the knees of that mule? He had not recommended the strength of these joints, and it would be the quality of his knees that would count in this emergency.

But that dear young man was touchingly anxious that I should come. He spread his allurements over several pages. He and his companions had been in this cabin a long time. Somewhere below they were engaged in blasting a railroad tunnel through the bowels of this same mountain. There was a large living room with a huge fireplace. This would be my quarters. All he asked was that when they returned from their labors in the evening they might find a good, kind, gray-haired woman sitting before the fire. They felt the need of a mother in their house, and so on, and so forth.

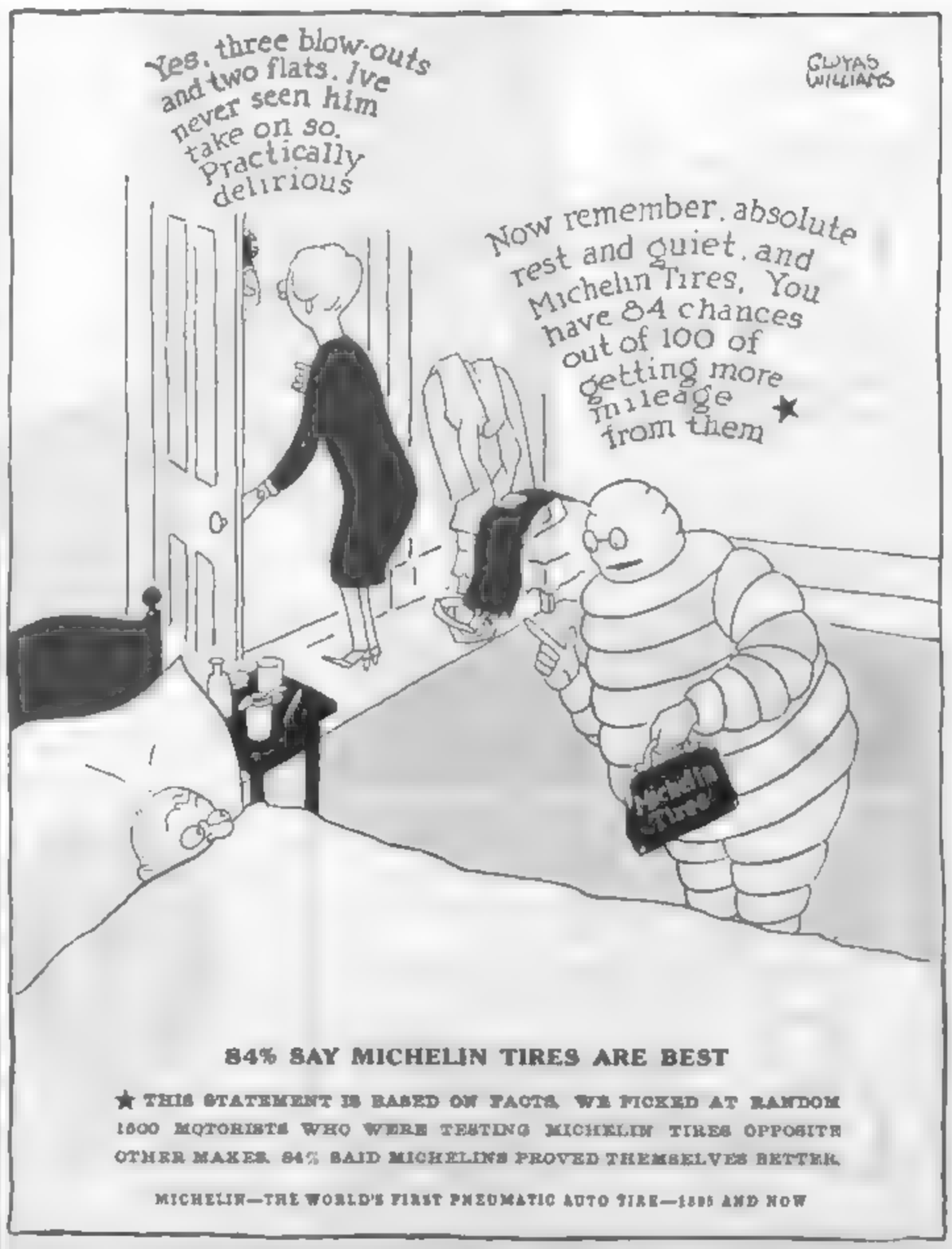
I could not go. After being rocked by those tremors of the earth in California, even my brazen courage blenched at the thought of hibernating on top of a mountain daily riven by explosives beneath me. But I still believe that might have been a happy adventure in happiness for me. My two sons died in their infancy, and I missed the distinction of being a mother of men. What airs I should have given myself fussing over these lonely youngsters, who were about the age my sons would have been.

However, I was too considerate to take advantage of their credulity. They had gained their impression of me from the exposure I made of my heart in the books I write, and they were too inexperienced to know that the pure in heart frequently have difficult dispositions.

Lately I saw this half-a-sentence photograph of me in a book written by an honest man who has actually seen me in the flesh: "At times smiles would play over her face, then she would drop into a cynical mood without warning, and her face take on a hard and stony look." Ah! my dears, to be subject by inheritance to a "hard and stony look," when never in my life have I had the thoughts that accompany such an expression. So you will not find the pen scratch of it in any of my works. It is really a physical quotation of features Nature has passed on to me from certain barbed-minded ancestors.

But who can predict the deflation of ideality in the breasts of those Canadian engineers if I had arrived wearing such a look, when they were expecting to welcome a dear little old woman whose face had been softly crimped with wrinkles of sweetness. Can you imagine a stout elderly woman, misquoted in her very face by a pair of wide-open, deep-seated sardonic eyes, climbing an exceedingly high mountain to take charge of three young men still in their romping thirties with no more recommendations for the part they expected me to play than those mere books of love and tenderness I have written?

What a stew I should have made in that cabin when I really got going! Although there is little indication of the fact in any of my published works, I am a vehement and tyrannical housekeeper, despising dust and all forms of masculine disorder. These bachelors would have fought hard for their liberties under these conditions. They might have turned out to be cordial-minded drinking men, while I am intolerant about liquor for men, although in my own case I follow Paul's injunction to Timothy, and take a teaspoonful every two or three years for my stomach's sake. But this is different. I am dependable at this point because I am a woman, and not subject to that inferiority complex which leads so many men to exalt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themselves in their own estimation by the false stimulation of liquors. The upshot of my bigotry would have been that those young men might have been reduced to sneaking around behind their own cabin to take a drink, when they had always indulged openly in their transgressions like honorable men.

What I mean is that authors are not what they seem to be. And nothing we ever write is so romantically divorced from the truth of what we really are as the notions the readers get of our sweetness and light merely by reading the copy we produce. We are difficult. We are friends who are obliged to forget you and cast you out on account of the urgent demands of our own affairs. Therefore, I repeat, if you wish to preserve your ideals of us keep away from us.

I cannot tell what might have happened if I had arrived as an able-bodied traveler at Santa Barbara. As it was, I made good there. The explanation probably was this: When you are ill and must lie flat on your back, your limitations of mind and manners are not so apparent as they may be when you are up and abroad on your feet, with sufficient vigor and animus to dramatize yourself according to your perversities and opinions. I do not suppose the good Samaritan who picked up the sick man on his way to Jericho gave a moment's thought to whether the poor soul was a scholar and a gentleman. He was concerned only to give him first aid and provide for his recovery. I fared the same way in that community. If anyone knew or suspected me of having written a book, I was neither accused nor praised for the performance. My stock as a human being was not inflated by any of the fictitious values attendant upon fame.

I had pleasant little things done to me, as good people minister to a sadly damaged stranger who has come down unexpectedly within their gates.

I was so frequently complimented, for example, on my personal appearance that I felt like a raving beauty weeks before I was able to endure the shock of contemplating my same old image in the mirror. However it may be with other women, I am peculiarly sensitive to this kind of flattery. I can believe any pleasant thing said about my features or expression. I have such a craving for loveliness that there has not been a day within the past thirty years when I would not have gladly exchanged half my virtues and all my fame merely to be beautiful and have that grace of lovely women who can wave a fan, tap the world prettily on the shoulder and be adored.

I have often been respected, sometimes honored, but all of it put together does not come to quite the same thing as being adored. There is power in it which a woman never exercises in any other way. I am not praising Helen of Troy, you understand. I still disapprove of her, in spite of John Erskine's recent glorified interpretation of her private life, but I am calling your attention to the fact that it was Helen's beauty, not her virtues, that "launched a thousand ships." On the other hand, consider the case of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. She was a nice woman and wrote very good poetry, but as long as a single stanza of it lives she will be remembered as a homely woman—an awful fate when all is said that can be said in praise of her verse. The idea I am endeavoring to set forth is that we shall never get the best of these Helens or enjoy their prestige, until we learn how to be as beautiful as we are good. And spiritually speaking I have always striven in that direction, with the hope that when my corruption finally does put on incorruption and my body is raised a spiritual body, it will be an enchantingly beautiful one. I do hope there is no harm in such a wish. Anyway, I lay upon the sunny side of all hearts about me in Santa Barbara, from Episcopalian saints to downright delightful sinners.

With all the getting of wisdom from age to age we do not seem to get the right understanding. It is not belief in God, but in our notions of God, which makes us inhuman so that at last we have raised up a school of the most intolerant fanatics ever seen upon the earth. These are the rationalists who oppose all religious dogmas as being either superstitious or unscientific.

The earth and the fullness thereof also publish the will of God. Why should we not be allowed to study the science of that until we can translate the very stories of His glory? Otherwise we have only one little book of His Word, which has come down to us shadowed and changed by the medium of mortal men's minds. At best it is barely enough to go by in the spirit, very dark to us uninspired. His will is written also in the earth, from the tops of the tallest mountains to the depths of the deepest seas, in records that have never been changed. I am for digging it all up, from the earliest bone to the first script signs of the morning and evening of the first day, washed down by floods, but still legible in these hidden tombs of time. This is something more than the King James' version has to tell. Nothing can possibly be discovered which, when understood, denies the power and goodness of God; only that He was not a denominational Deity, not a one-man Providence; and that is the crux of the whole matter!

There is no sense in trying to prove the existence of God, any more than in wasting words to prove existence of the sun, moon and stars. They who do it lack the nobler courage to welcome every discovery of science as a confirmation of their faith. They betray themselves as being a little doubtful about God after all. It is of no use to back down or try to stem the tide. This world is growing up at last, and we are determined to know God. We are inspired, if you get my meaning, and we are resolved to have the share of truth we learn about Him and His works from age to age.

These opinions, however, are not offered in defense of the professional rationalists, who are the most presumptuous of all bigots, with the least excuse for their pretensions. They do not know much; nobody can know very much. The worst that can be charged against religious bigots concerns their lack of judgment and their tyrannies in dealing with the souls of men, and that many of them are not so heroic mentally as their great profession of faith demands; but I never knew a Christian minister who was a physical coward or who would not lay down his life in defense of his faith. But there is something wittily scampish in the attitude of the ablest rationalist toward life. His intellectual dignity is a pose; there is nothing in the man's character to justify it. To be merely intellectual is no more creditable than for a fool to wear a scholar's cap and gown. No folds, however classically arranged, can conceal what he really is from the discerning eye. Yet the rationalist's methods of persecution are embarrassing, contemptible and very effective. I have found him to be an egotist, subtly diminishing to my own purely spiritual vanities without showing a corresponding excellence of quality to justify the way he bails me up in a mere argument. On the contrary, these people show a strange unscrupulousness of mind and conduct damaging to society. They have a noble use of words, with no reason in their philosophy for being noble about anything. For one of them to act generously, make such sacrifices as faithful men make, is for him to act illogically. He has no better reason for doing good than merely to show off.

The only way I ever discovered to confound one of these Smart Alecks was to give him his head until he had spelled God with a little *g* in the conversation, proved conclusively that there are no such things as spiritual values, and had set up the materialistic formula of his philosophy. Then, skipping all his splendid logic, I would stick his snorting, sneering, intellectual nose up against the first three words of Genesis—"In the beginning"—and ask him like a simple old thing where and when was the beginning, how much did Nature have to start on before even Nature was, and where did it come from? I remember yet the look

(Continued on Page 133)

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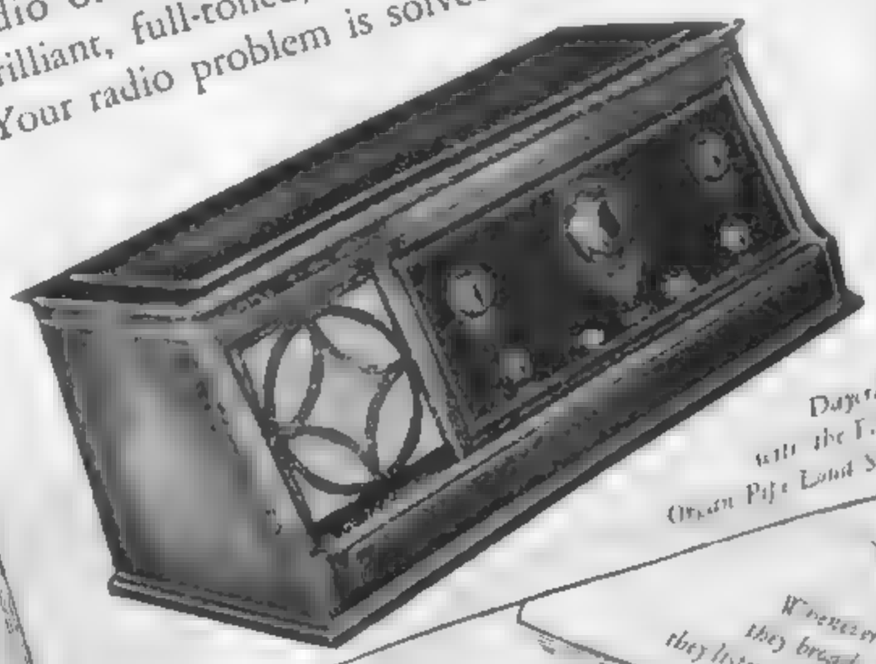

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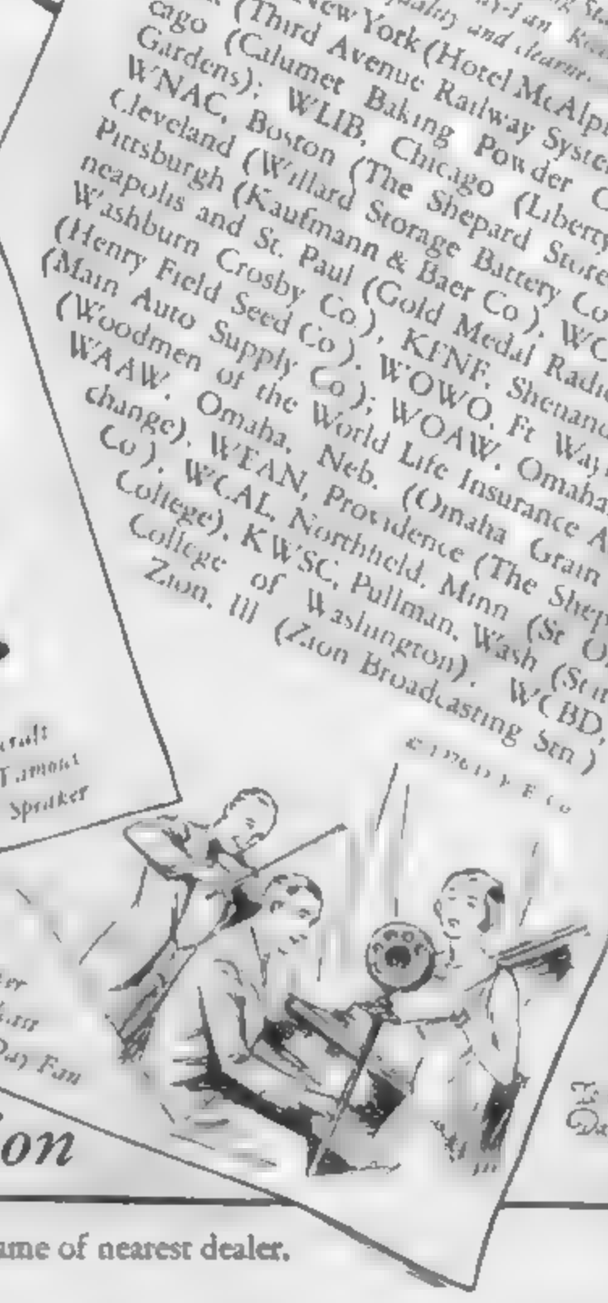

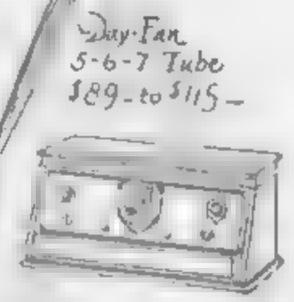

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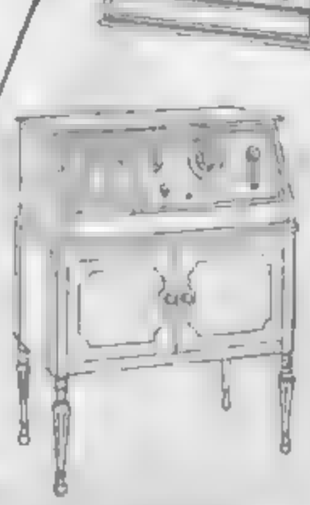

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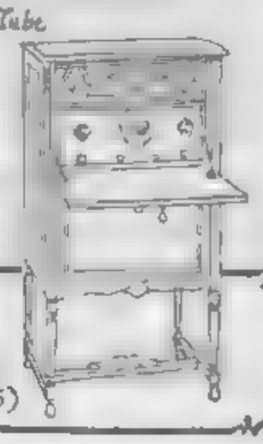

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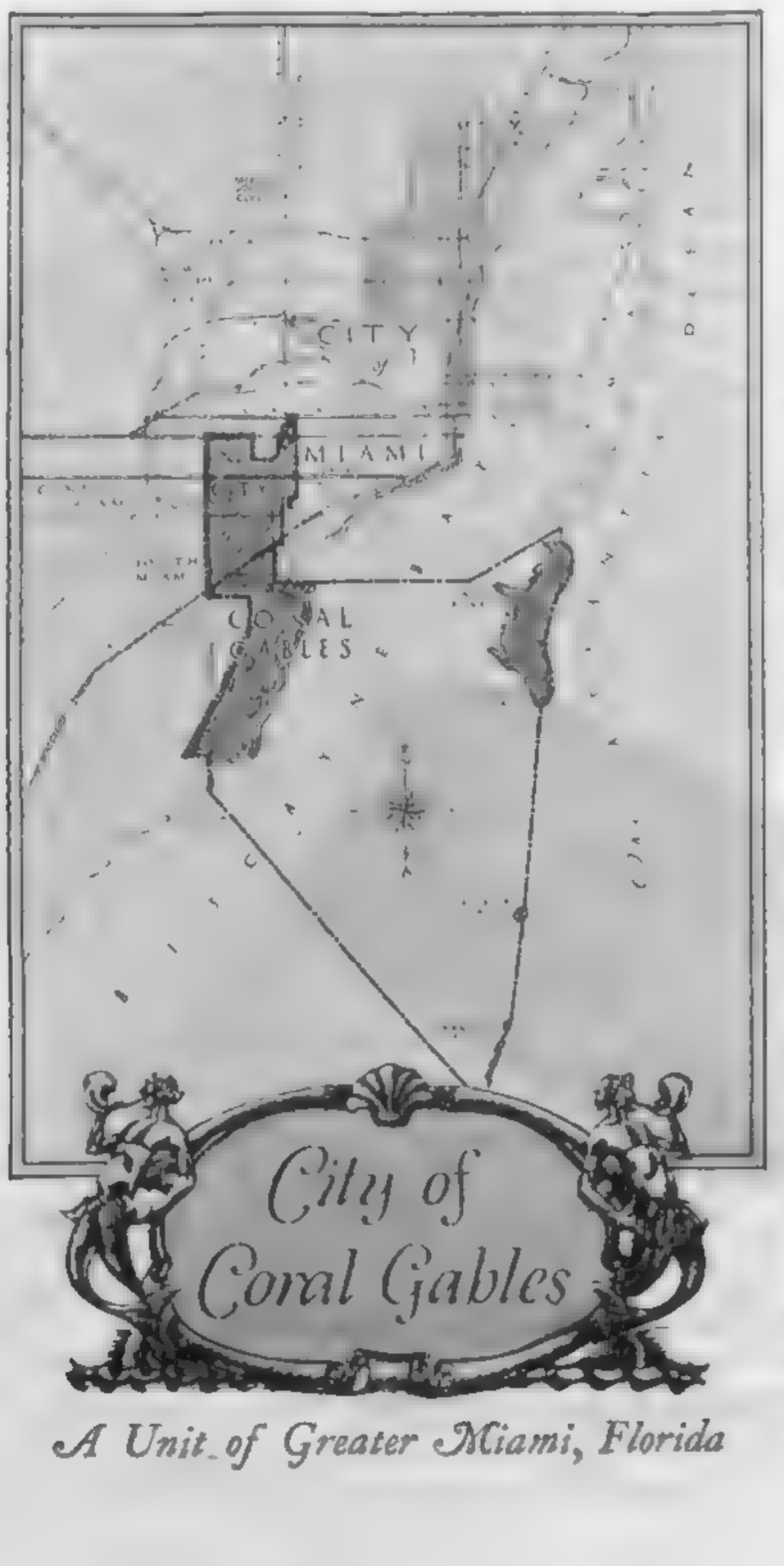
The selection of Coral Gables as the most desirable location in the Miami district has not been confined to home builders. When the site for the great Pan-American University of Miami was considered, Coral Gables was chosen. When the magnificent Miami-Biltmore Hotel was planned, Coral Gables was selected. Miami banks, business houses and social organizations are establishing branches and constructing buildings in Coral Gables. The new Ponce de Leon High School group, drawing pupils from the entire southwest section of Miami, is located in Coral Gables.

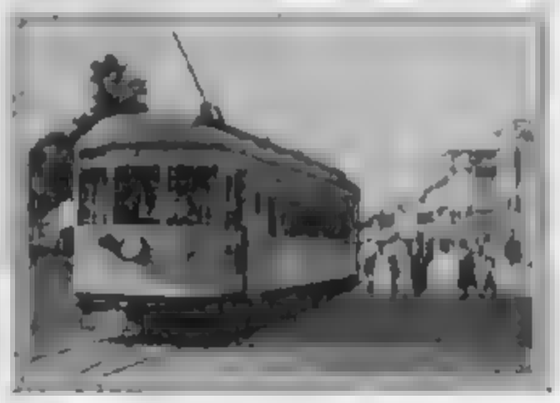
In volume of building construction, Miami was the twelfth city in the United States during the first 6 months of 1926. In the same period, Coral Gables' building volume almost equaled that of Miami. The amazing rise of Miami from a village to a great city in 30 years is one of the most dramatic chapters in business history. As the gateway to Latin-America, as a world port, as the possible metropolis of the South, Miami's future seems as brilliant to the international economist as to the local business man—and where Miami goes, there goes Coral Gables. . . . Will you go with it? Write to Dept. S-5, Chamber of Commerce of the City of Coral Gables, Florida, for facts and full information.



A Unit of Greater Miami, Florida

Did you realize that the city of Miami, itself, bounds Coral Gables on two sides for 13 miles? Along the Atlantic, from Key Biscayne to Ragged Keys, Coral Gables' boundaries extend for 15 miles, and in addition there are about 6 miles of bay frontage, and about 25 miles frontage on canals and lagoons now partly completed. Its area is 16 square miles or about 10,000 acres.

This is the residence in Coral Gables of Clifton D. Benson, senior member of one of Miami's foremost law firms—Benson, McGarry and Sullivan. In the four-month period between May 1st and September 1st of this year, 71 homes in Coral Gables were bought by residents of Miami through a single broker.



The Coral Gables Rapid Transit Corporation gives frequent trolley service over its 17.2 miles of track in Coral Gables and Miami, running directly into downtown Miami over two separate routes, supplemented by bus services covering all residential areas.

(Continued from Page 130)

of contempt he cast upon me. The impression he conveyed was that it was folly to try to enlighten a fool. Ask him a sensible question, don't quote him a phrase from Jewish folklore! Having a finite mind, he was obliged to concede that there must have been a beginning, though if he practiced a little more imagination than any man's rational faculties afford, he might have answered that there could have been no beginning where there was no conceivable ending. But it was not for me to help him out. I just sat down there by the big gate of Genesis in my old Sabbath-school mind and watched him paw infinity. His processes of thought started some millions of eons farther out in time, after the light was divided from the dark and the A B C's of the stars had been written in the heavens. Then he went ahead like a flash, assuming, you may say, an anonymous beginning, and claiming a sort of scientific title for matter.

He was truly a learned man and it was pretty to hear him giving the history of substance; the fable of life starting; deriving and naming all the elements of matter. He was as clever about that as Adam was about naming all the beasts of the fields at one sitting. But when he had spent hours making this second arduous tramp up through the processes of creation, with me listening patiently, I was mean enough to remind him that he had not accounted for that first atom of dust he had rolled so successfully through space, gathering other atoms until it became a sizable planet. I asked him where he got it; who was the author and creator of it?

I was not making fun of him, you understand, any more than he was trifling with me when he asked me what I really meant when I quoted the famous definition of faith from the eleventh chapter of Hebrews: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." But I am merely saying in plain words that if you scratch a scientist who is also a rationalist, you will find a nature faker who lacks the sublime imagination necessary to become a spiritual realist in the name of the Lord.

Ben Ames Williams was right—it is imagination that turns the hinges of doors forever closed to mere mind—though I am not sure Mr. Williams meant his compliment to the swifter uses of the imagination to be used in this connection. It is some kind of wireless faculty in us, not checked by the slower processes of reason, quicker than instinct, keener than any of our senses. This is the reason why I stick to that sublime definition of faith—"the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is so vastly indefinite, and forever relieves our pygmy minds from the necessity of visualizing the very sack coat of immortality.

I have no more idea of what the soul is than of what God is, beyond the fact that I am conscious of both as the "evidence of things not seen."

I used to think with considerable animosity about these rationalists during those first weeks at Santa Barbara when I lay so near in consciousness to just my dust, troubled by the suggestions they have sown in braver minds than my own. What if, after all, my body should not be raised a spiritual body? Not that I ever really hankered after that kind of incandescence; but when your breath gets very short and you have a pain in your breast that makes the sweat pop out on your forehead like death dew, any kind of body seems better than none at all.

Men and women are dying all the time, and sometimes they know it. They are alone in the dark terrors of their flesh, even if others are present. It is singularly mean to deprive them of the only consolation they can have in this emergency simply for the pleasure you may have in skinning the cat on your own wits. There is nothing reprehensible or degrading about believing in God and eternal life. More human history has been elevated by doing so than the rationalists will ever make.

I remember little scenes I used to have with myself, very far off there in the warm California night, when I left the good God to His own affairs, forgave the rationalists, forgot the happy pilgrimage and was near to becoming a poet in my own right, if only I could have hit upon the proper pentameters for scanning the mortal pulse.

Some youngster with a spiritual swagger wrote a Sapphic ode to the archangel Michael, nearly five hundred years ago, which was very creditable to him; though I do not remember that he lived up to that kind of divine afflatus afterward. But no man yet has written so much as an invocation to the human heart, by which I do not mean the romantic figure of speech, "the seat of love and emotion," but I refer to that physical organ which begins to beat before we are born and know the sweet breath of life, and never rests until the last breath is drawn. Why is it no one has ever paid tribute to this poet in the human breast which sets to rhythm all our days and measures every hour without skipping the fraction of a second? I used to keep company with mine all night—as one does with a brave comrade on a long hard march—and then fall into a perfect trance of admiration toward daybreak and sleep off the excitement and terrors of the journey we made together. We are all pilgrims, my dears, so long as this traveler in our breast keeps step, making the grade whether we think we can make it or not, seeing us through, unmindful of our craven fears, the very hero of all flesh. After one of these hard fights I used to think of mine as a sort of Lady Michael heart, not kin to me, but more valorous, derived somehow from the bright rim of great poetry.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mrs. Harris. The next will appear in an early issue.

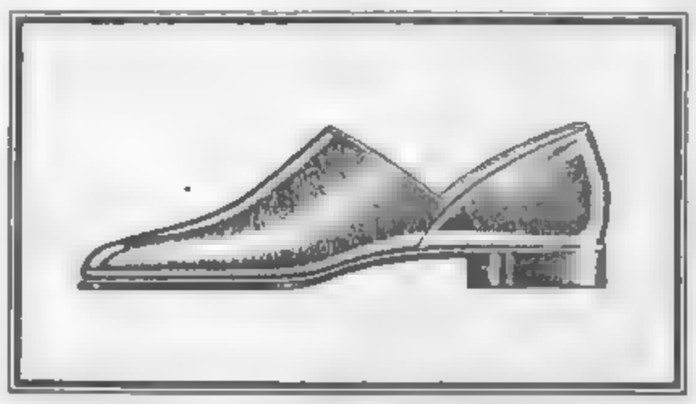
Touchdown—A Correction

MR. WILLIAM DENNISON CLARK, now living in Portland, Oregon, who was referred to in Mr. Stagg's series—Touchdown!—as the man who lost the Michigan-Chicago football game in 1905, writes us that for twenty-one years he has been asked by followers of football: "Oh! Are you the Denny Clark who lost that game to Chicago in 1905?" Mr. Clark says that he has always answered that question in the affirmative and has vouchsafed no explanation.

However, he now objects very forcibly to Mr. Stagg's sentences: "Both he and the university felt it so intensely that Ann Arbor became intolerable to him. He vanished overnight, not to be heard of again for many months. That was all wrong, to be sure." Mr. Clark writes that this statement is not in accordance with the facts, that he did not vanish overnight, but that he returned to his home in Detroit the day after the game and also returned to college immediately after the Thanksgiving holidays, remaining in Ann Arbor as a student until April, 1906, at which time he left to take up special electrical work at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. While Mr. Clark assumes responsibility for the loss of the game, he feels that Mr. Stagg's statement impugns the sportsmanship of his college and of himself, and this he most emphatically resents. We are glad to present here Mr. Clark's statement about this episode in football history.

EASIEPHIT

Smart Leather Slippers for Men



This popular style is made in Black, Tan, Red and Blue kid

What every woman should know—
That Easiephit leather slippers are a necessary part of every man's wardrobe.

What every man should know—
That Easiephit genuine hand turned leather slippers with flexible leather soles give lasting comfort and relief to tired feet.

An Ideal gift for every occasion.

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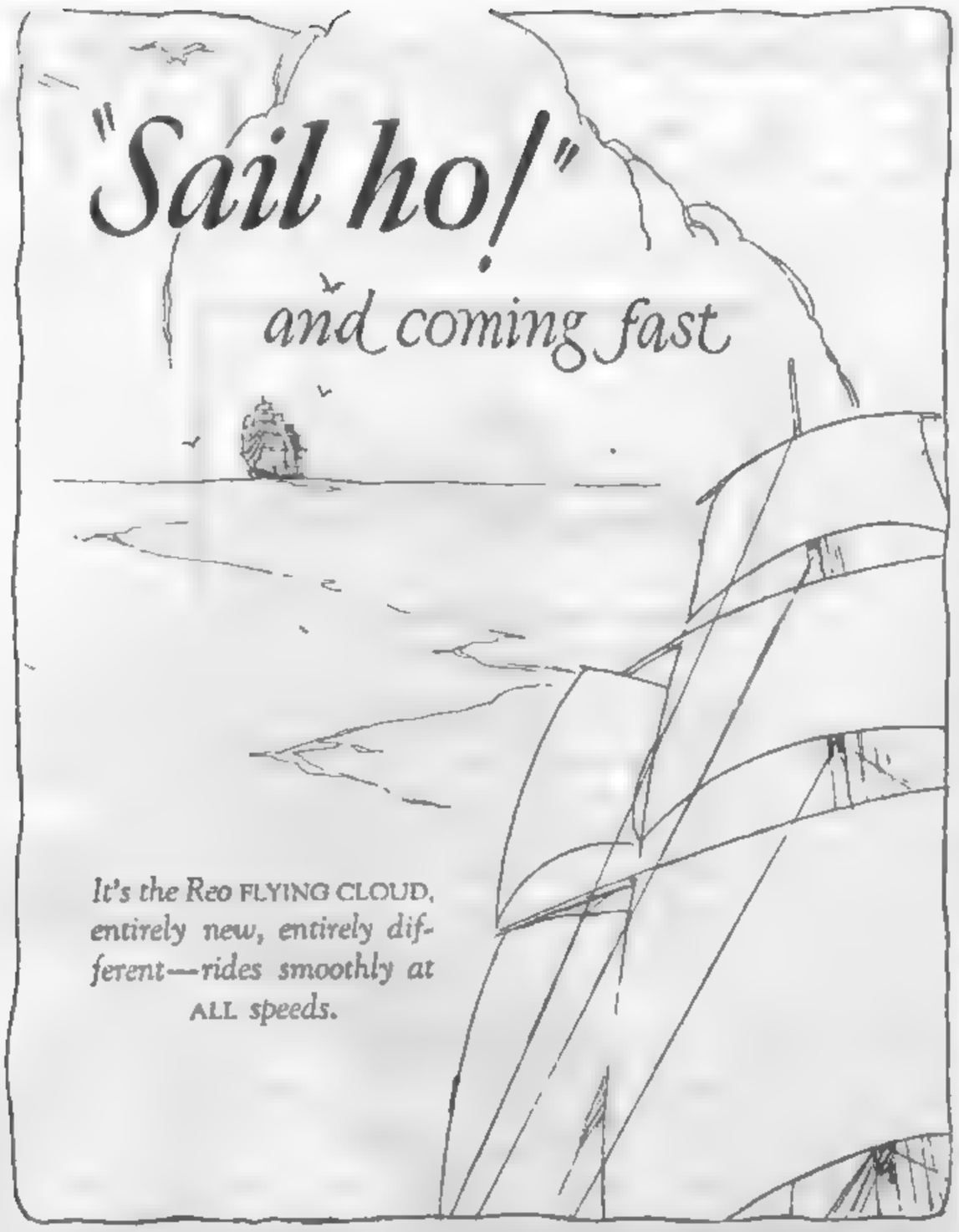

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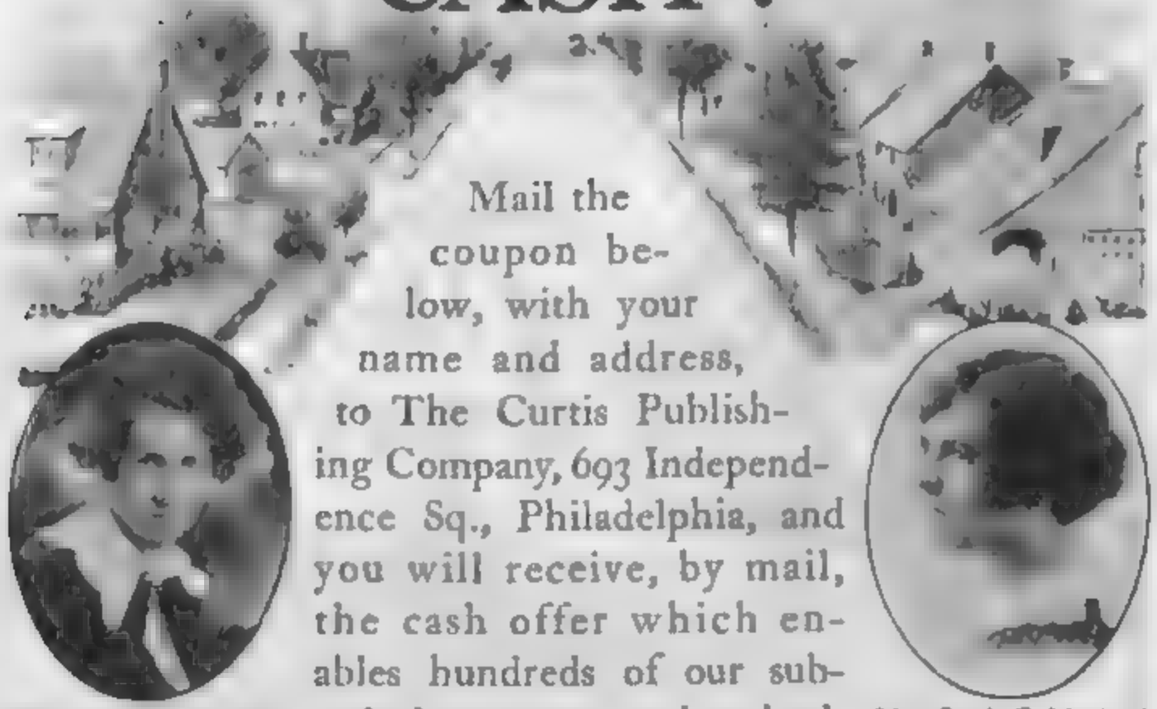

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MOUNTAIN SONGS FROM GLACIER PARK

By Vachel Lindsay

Rising Wolf

RISING Wolf, Rising Wolf, Rising Wolf,
the brave beast,
Looms up past the ranges
And leaps through the roof
Of the star sky at twilight
And puts to the proof
All the ten dogs in my wolf-hunting heart,
Snarling, defying them there all day long,
And giving the cry that the wolves call a song.
And my dogs bark in circles, but keep well aloof
From the proud Rising Wolf, Rising Wolf, Rising Wolf.

Rising Wolf, Rising Wolf, Rising Wolf, the brave beast,
It will take a hundred brave dogs at the least
To hunt down and beat Rising Wolf, the brave beast.

There are ten great dogs in my heart and no more
To hunt and to hound Rising Wolf, the brave beast.
But when shall I have the strength of ten men,
And have one hundred brave dogs at the least?
In my heart are ten hounds
As small as small flowers;
When I turn them loose they are great as the hours.
They fill the valleys, they fill the rivers;
They leap to the stars, they leap to the sun;
And they stand in a circle and bark at the snarling one.
And they think it is strange and very surprising
They cannot conquer the wolf in his rising.
They bark, but their bark is uncertain surmising;
And they beat back and whine, consulting, advising,
Back there on the prairie amazed at his rising,
And wonder what has delayed their great feast
On black Rising Wolf, Rising Wolf, the brave beast.

Where are nine strong men to go with me now
That the hundred strong dogs in our hearts may rush down
From the clouds and the sun and the stars on the crown
Of Red Rising Wolf, Rising Wolf, the brave beast,
And beat the beast down,
Till we chain him, enslave him and make him our own?
This river and snowstorm and stone,
This mountain unconquered whose hair, bone and blood
Are those of the deeps in their primeval flood,
Are those of the winds to the west of the sky.
Are those of the highest Red Warriors on high.

When You and I Were Singers in These Mountains

WHEN you and I were singers, were singers in these mountains,
A million and a million years ago,
We built a nest of silk
From the fireweed of these mountains,
And sang and sang, and saw the summers go.

When you and I were singers, were singers in these mountains
We built our nest in echoing Indian Pass,
But we called it in bird language
The place of echoing grass.
The longest, sweetest echo the world of birds may know,
We heard there, we heard there long ago.
We could sing long sweet sentences
And hear the whole come back,
A whispering of trembling lovers' words,
A whispering of ardent little birds.

When you and I were singers, were singers in these mountains,
We were just such mountain larks as sing at dawn;
Now making great cantatas with a chorus of dim echoes,
Calling sweet lovers to this sacred lawn,
Saying, "Set free your hearts and sing to the dawn!"

The Butterfly Citizens

INDIAN Pass is golden green,
Indian Pass is high;
Over it the glaciers,
Under it scraps of sky.

We climbed over Indian Pass
And thought of Springfield Town,
Far away in Illinois,
While the wind roared down.
Springfield seemed a star afar, a far-off jewel flame,
Our home town a wonder point,
Or merely one more name.
The real town, the one town,
Was the sod beneath our feet,
With city streets complete;
With the Indian paint, the bear grass,
The ferns that toss, the fireweed floss,
The hundred sorts of mountain moss;
And up and down, across, across,
Flew the mountain citizens,
The shining snow-line butterflies,
With peacock-winged eyes.

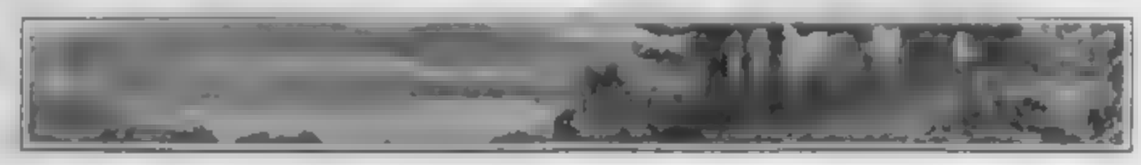
Red Eagle—The Mountain With Wings

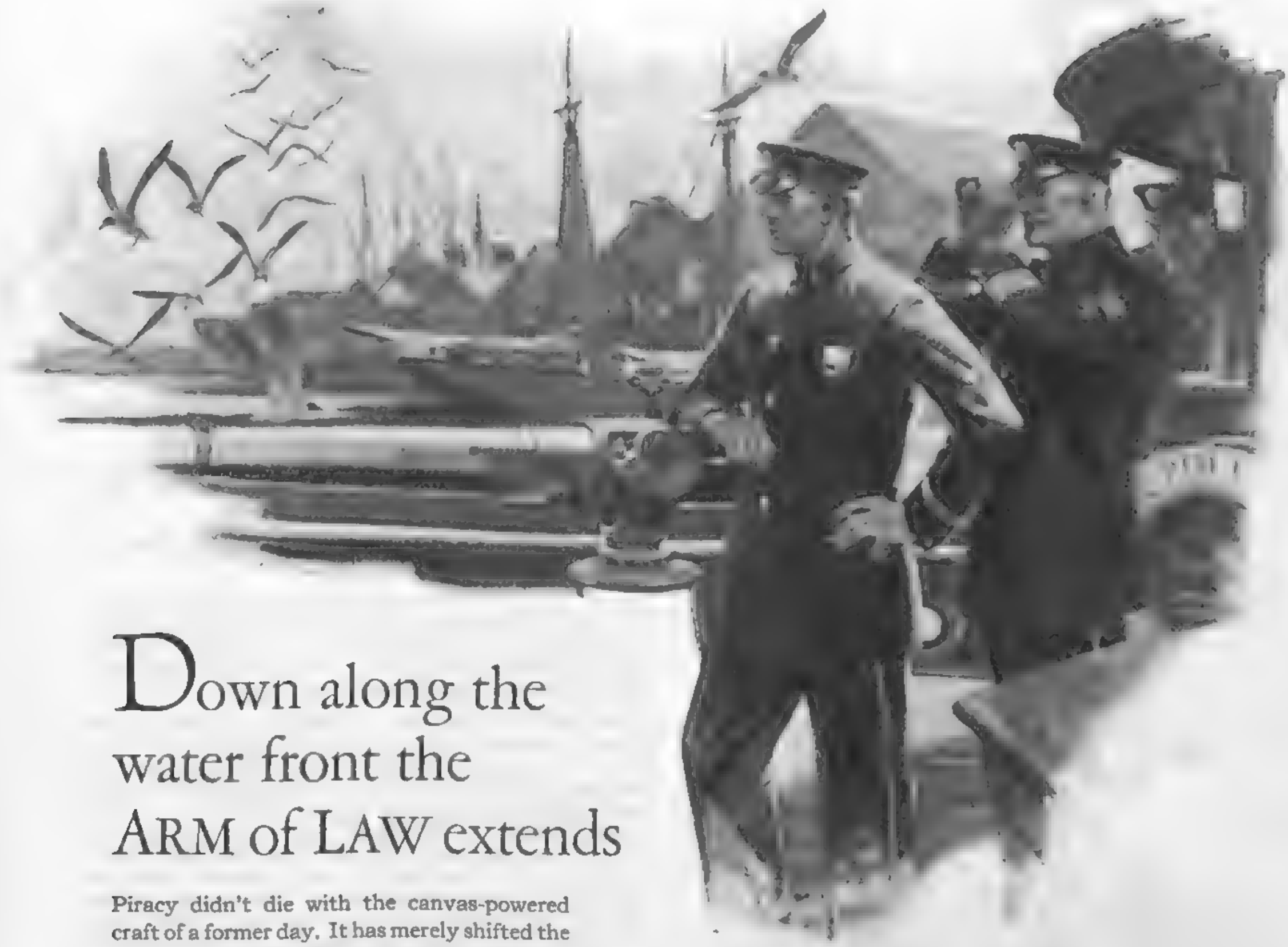
RED EAGLE, Red Eagle,
The red man's own mountain!
Red Eagle, Red Eagle,
The mountain with wings!

Where the butterflies fly in white rings,
Where the chipmunks keep saying, "Good morning! Good day!"
Where the chipmunks keep saying "Hooray! Hooray!"
And seem to be spreading red wings.
Red Eagle, Red Eagle, where sunrise and sunset
Seem be be spreading red wings.
Red Eagle, Red Eagle, where waterfalls shake the walls,
Seem to be splitting the canyons and valleys,
Seem to be spreading red wings.

Red Eagle, where he who sleeps under that wonder, the aspen,
Dreams that its whiteness is wrapped round in fire,
And climbed by a feathered green serpent that stings,
Till it seems to be spreading red wings.

Oh, mountain, endowed with the pride of the bird
That sings not, but rules every songster that sings,
And sets me to singing and lifting my head,
And spreading my sky with red wings, red wings!
Red Eagle, Red Eagle,
The red man's own mountain,
That seems to be spreading red wings!





Down along the water front the ARM of LAW extends

Piracy didn't die with the canvas-powered craft of a former day. It has merely shifted the scene and changed the method of operation.

From the Spanish Main to the city water front. From the glamorous boldness of Morgan or Lafitte to the stealthy slinking of the dock-rat. From the hawk-like swoop on a fleeing galleon to the planned plunder of a water-front warehouse. That is the transition.

But if the black flag of piracy still rides the waves, so too does the fair standard of law and order. The great seaboard cities, ports of entry where proud ships disgorge precious freight from all corners of the world, have their harbor watchmen—marine police—the devil dogs of the army of the law.

Danger is their daily lot. Eternal vigilance is, for them, the price of life. From dark to dawn they patrol the no-man's land of river, harbor and bay, running every risk, facing any fate for the protection of life and treasure. Brothers-in-arms of the land police.

Still, with all the forces that have been created to oppose lawlessness, crime has not been stamped out. If it rears its ugly head, fangs bared, to strike at you, are you safe? If organized protection is not instantly available, can you defend those you love?

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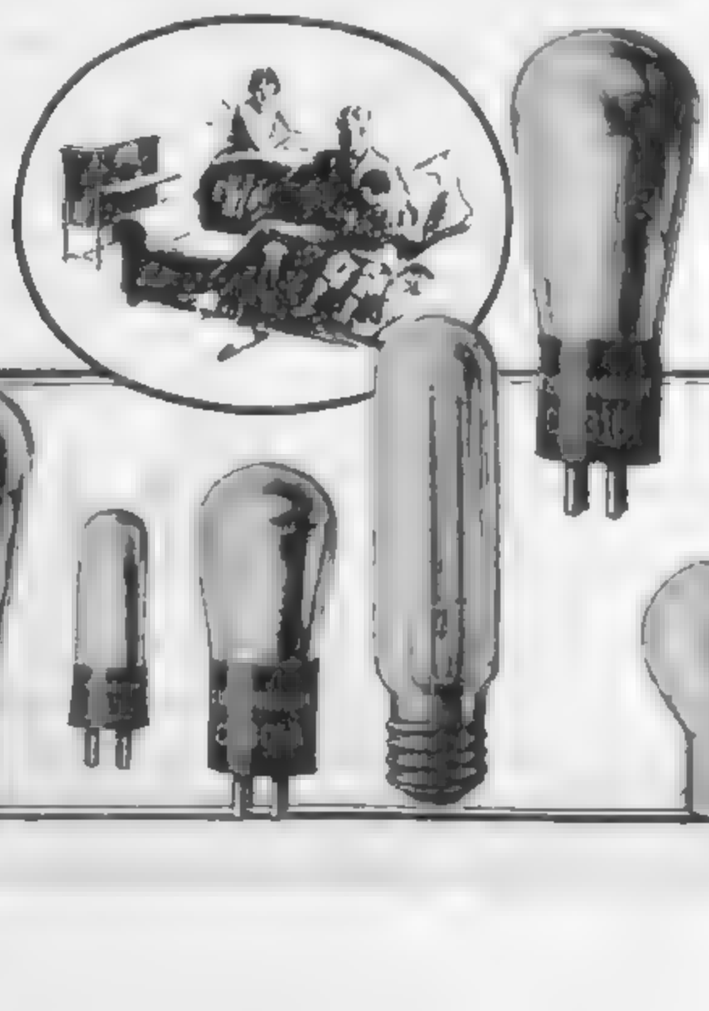

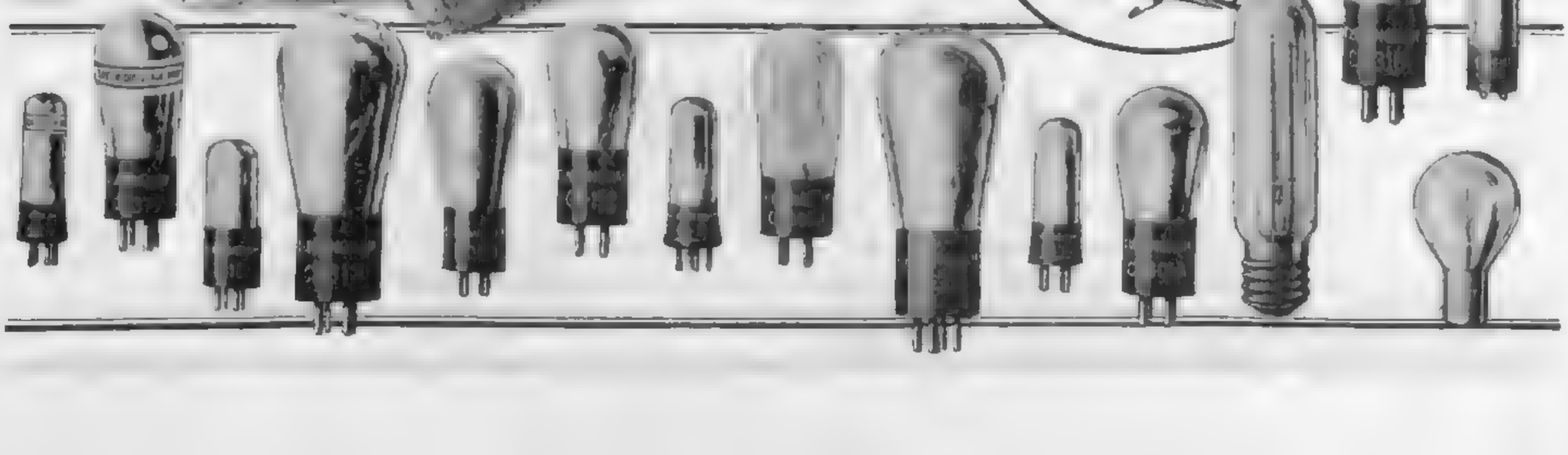

FÊTE-DIEU

(Continued from Page 7)

But, after all, her crime was wasted, for though she waited all day until the gypsies were well on their way to Tarascon, conscience had forced confession at last, and retribution soon overtook the Romany in Esteban's fast automobile, and Emily's pet was reinstated. It was merely a question of time now before the enemies met again on the field of honor, with inevitable consequences; for Bette had to admit to her secret self that the Belgian was, as dogs go, the better animal.

Sitting side by side on the doorstone, Bette and Nagarro discussed the matter gravely; which is to say that Bette discussed and the other agreed—always a satisfactory arrangement. It saw itself that no foreign dog could be permitted to assume such importance in a household without protest. "But if in the course of protest, my friend, you permit yourself to be killed, then where are you?"

Where indeed? repeated the candid, anxious eyes of Nagarro.

It might be best, thought Bette—the idea formulating as she spoke, after the way of ideas—to retire while retiring was possible, to relieve for a while his son Olivier, now with 'Nacio in the far pastures, while the younger and stronger dog took his place *chez famille*.

"And then what a species of battle we shall see!" cried Bette fiercely, her eyes snapping at the picture. Olivier, fresh from the guarding of mules and cattle, from the conquest, doubtless, of wild beasts, turned loose upon this favorite of salons, this languid lounger upon cushions! "Regard him there, where he sits like a Christian making his toilet! *Dieu*, he will need to make his toilet! What do you say, *mon chef*? Will you be content to go back to the herding?"

The old dog's tail beat the flags. What a life it had been, the herding! To sleep out under the stars again, far and free, a young master's body huddling close for warmth; ear alert for rain, for thunder; nose wrinkling to the hint of snow or of peril that prowls by night; making now and again the rounds of the trusting creatures in one's care to reassure oneself—a very different affair from nosing silly hens and hogs out of the highroad, seizing children's skirts to keep them out of the fire, barking at shadows, since there was nothing else to attack! True, one gained with the years a certain stiffness, a certain shortness of the breath; but no matter. There were still the nose and the heart; what need has a dog of more? The nose to smell danger, the heart to dare it. Yes, Nagarro was content to go again to the herding.

"*Allons!*" said Bette.

Old Damasa awoke suddenly, inquired, "*Hein*, what mischief is it you two plot together?" and slept again, after the disconcerting fashion of the aged.

On tiptoe Bette made her preparations: exchanged her sabots for light rope-soled sandals of canvas, selected a *makhila* of her father's—a strong staff with an iron point for climbing and a knife screwed into the handle for defense; put into a little pannier some food for herself and a packet of chocolate for 'Nacio. Last she threw over one shoulder the thick rainproof cape of wool without which no Pyrenean ventures far afield.

The *sieta-anna* did not wake again as child and dog slipped past the open door. Only the cat lifted a languid eyelid and remarked in feline fashion, "So, *mon brave*, you desert your post to seek safety in high places? What wisdom!"

The dog growled some rude answer; they had long been intimate enemies, those two. But the cat's gibe lingered perhaps, for when he reached the farthest gate Nagarro declined to go farther. In vain Bette commanded, cajoled, stamped her foot.

"Do you not see it is for you, stupid? 'Nacio cannot spare us Olivier unless you are there to take his place! Species of a mule, what have you?"

Nagarro hung his head but did not stir. He remembered the helpless old crone nodding over the fire, the yard full of fowls, the pigsty of pigs, the pastures of resting mules and oxen and timid mares, the empty, unlocked house—all, all intrusted to his sole care in the absence of the family. One was not for nothing a dog of the Urruty!

"Then very well," cried Bette, half weeping. "I go alone! And when I shall return, God knows. Perhaps I shall stay forever in the hills and be a herd girl. Perhaps I shall climb on and on and on, until I come to Paris, to the sea, to the Americas—who can say? While you remain, imitation of a sheep that you are, to become annihilated by the imitation of a wolf! But as you will; that is your pleasure—Traitor!"

Nagarro stood a long time gazing after her, thinking of the far pastures and the lusty, lost days of his young doghood. She knew in her heart he was no traitor.

By the time she had reached the house of their neighbor Etcheverray, Bette regretted her rashness. But she was not of the stuff which easily turns back. Besides, she needed the help of 'Nacio to rescue Nagarro from his impending doom. She glanced into the courtyard wistfully. Perhaps Monsieur le Comte would prevent her forcibly from running away, as became a proper neighbor. But monsieur was, as usual, deep in his writing at a table under the shade of a bougainvillea vine where he could watch the mountains. Bette often wondered what he saw in those familiar mountains which others did not see.

Rusted gates of iron lace hung awry at the posts of his courtyard, upon whose tops stood two defaced stone griffins bearing coats of arms. From the courtyard itself great doors, always ajar, led into a *salle des gardes* which had no roof, and from the watchtower—for this was one of the chastels built in other days by the *infanzón*, the lesser nobles, to guard the approach to every important pass—grew a wild rose tree in full bloom. Like their own, the courtyard boasted no heap of manure nor wandering pigs and fowls; it was because Monsieur le Comte did not afford himself such luxuries. Only a tumble-down old vehicle was there—the cabriolet in which madame his mother used to drive weekly to mass behind a pair of elderly mules; and which now, since the mules were dead, served as roosting place for Manuelo's pigeons. Monsieur le Comte lived with his servant Manuelo in the kitchen wing, where his many books were safely roofed by thatch; but he was usually to be found writing or reading out under the bougainvillea vine—a slender, sun-browned, handsome gentleman, still far too young, thought Bette maturely, to be so indifferent to pleasure.

"*Bonjour*, monsieur neighbor," she said. "You do not then celebrate the Fête-Dieu?"

"Only vicariously, *chère mademoiselle* Bette," he replied in his polite, absent way, as if to a grown person who was not really there. "I have sent my servant Manuelo, who will observe far more than I should and describe it far more amusingly. Which saves me trouble."

"And he has left you, I see, only a demi-liter of red wine and a bit of cheese for your dinner!" remarked Bette severely. "You should eat more wholesomely, Monsieur le Comte. It is the talk of the village, your thinness."

"'With little, have we but peace, it is enough,'" he smiled, quoting a saying of the people; rather aptly, for as Bette well knew, while his mother lived, the life of this poor gentleman was far from peaceful. An ambitious, disappointed, quarrelsome old woman, who needed grandchildren.

"I shall ask my grandmother to scold your servant Manuelo, who is too lazy to cook," said Bette, still lingering. "*Au 'soir, m'sieu.*"

"*À bientôt, m'amselle, et bien merci!*" replied the gentleman absently, but a smile

Miami by the Sea

Banish Winter——
Revel in Summertime

Summer is here now—it's here all the time. The [illegible] tourists are already in Miami escaping the discomfort [illegible] more thousands are coming—and still more thousands plan to come—within the next few weeks, this tropical [illegible] restored. Decide now to join them.

Miami is prepared to entertain comfortably more than 100,000 visitors—accommodations never so ample, never so varied as now. There are real entertainments [illegible] to play—to the golfing and tennis—new opportunities for recreation.

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At the [illegible] sports—polo, eleven polo fields, [illegible] golf courses, [illegible] horse racing (45 days, except Sundays, starting January 13th)—in fact, name your sport—it's here.

For the nights—dancing under the palms or in gay casinos, lively cabarets—musicales—theatres and other social or cultural diversions.

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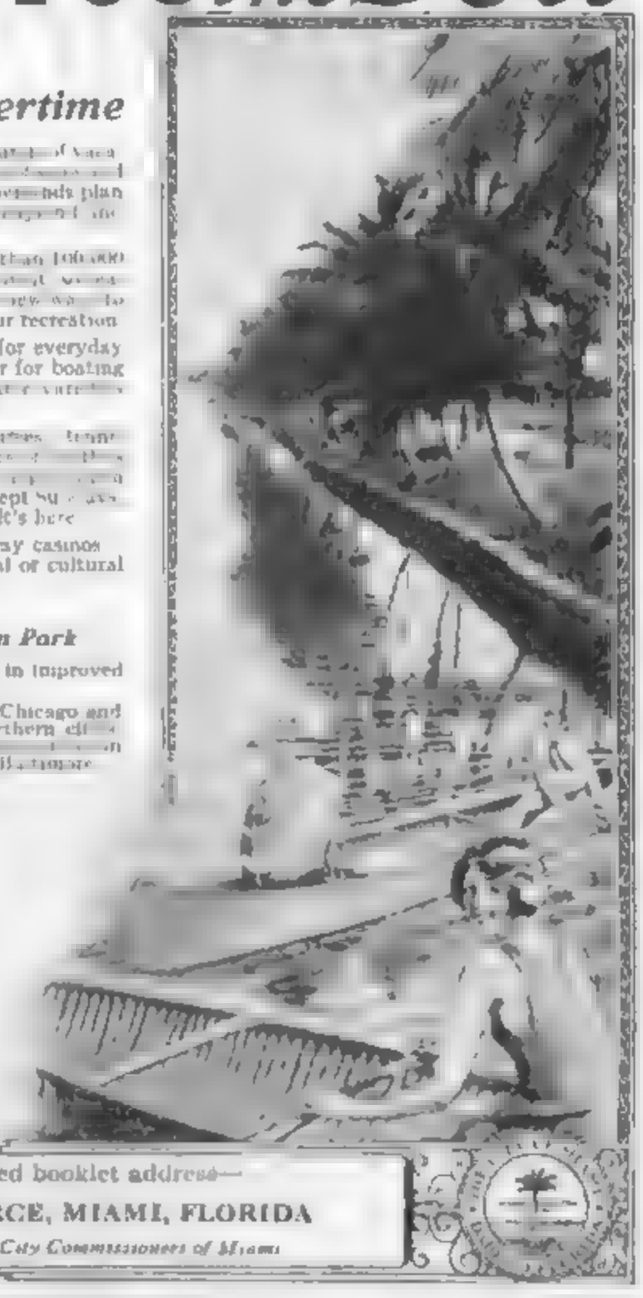

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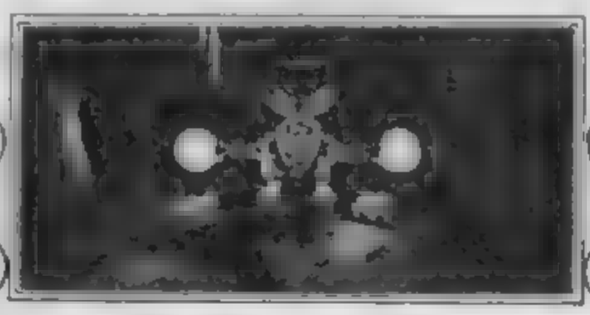

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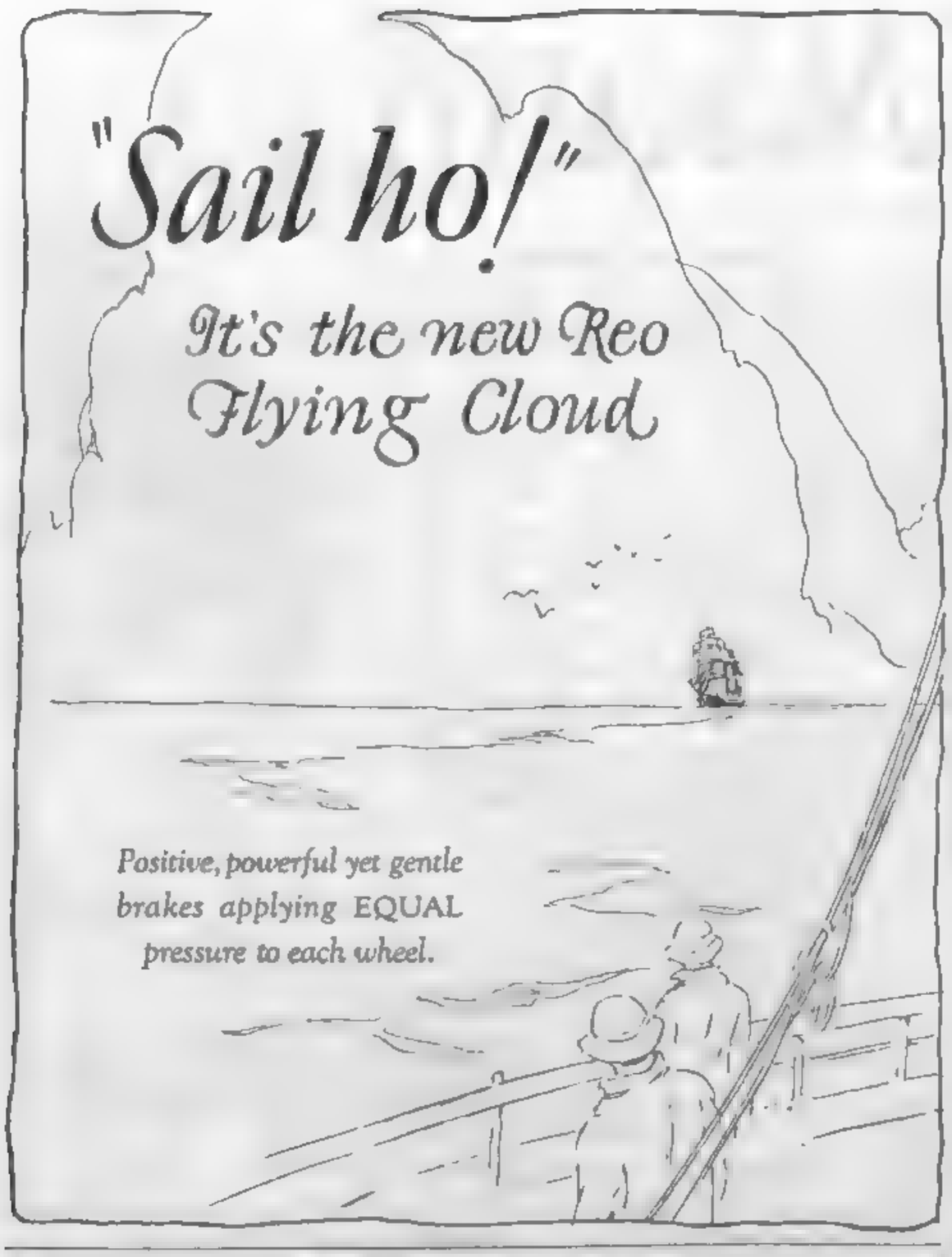

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lingered around his lips as the little girl, committed to her adventure, passed on. It was good to hear about his echoing, empty walls the voice of a child again, of a child woman.

An hour or so later Nagarro, dozing once more at his post, lifted his nose from his paws and sniffed suspiciously. At the same moment old Damasa stirred; she had become with age so like the animals she lived among that she shared their instincts. She hobbled to the door and looked about her. "*Hé, hé*," she chuckled maliciously to herself. "They will play no *pelota* this day!"

The sky was clear, the air hot and still; too still. Magpies made themselves extremely active, but their chatter only accentuated the growing hush.

"Bette! *Ate*, Bette!" quavered the old woman crossly. It was Bette's duty to look after the poultry, not hers, but seeing that the child did not answer, the old creature hobbled out on her two sticks and shut up the fowls herself, as if it were already evening. When she returned, the cat had disappeared; gone doubtless to join her fellow devils on La Rhune, where trouble was brewing.

Nagarro made his rounds importantly, giving certain instructions to Margot, the oldest sow, seeing to it that cattle stood with tails to the west, that the nervous brood mares and their young were all together in the shelter of the ravine. He returned to the door and stood in thought, snuffing. At last he entered the courtyard, where his enemy paced languidly to and fro at the end of a long rope. This is the conversation which Damasa reported as having taken place between them—Damasa who was so old that she understood the talk of animals better than that of Christians; and if she did not speak truth, how then did it happen that the strange dog was found on the doorstone afterward, in Nagarro's place, with his rope chewed in two, although still closely muzzled?

"Monsieur," said Nagarro brusquely, "I regret that necessity compels me to request you, a stranger, to take charge of my household for a while until I return. Duty calls me elsewhere."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to oblige you, my dear fellow," replied the other. "But you can see for yourself how cramped one is by these indignities which have been put upon me. In an emergency I should, I fear, be of little service."

"Humph!" muttered Nagarro. "For the muzzle I can do nothing; but as to this trifle of rope—one moment, if you please."

Some determined nibbling from his sharp strong teeth and the rope parted. The last Damasa saw of Nagarro was his fast-vanishing tail, streaming out behind him like that of a racing horse, as he dashed across the hillside, nose to earth, in the direction of the forest where the cagots lived.

Damasa was right. That Fête-Dieu knew no *pelota*. Even during the masque, there sounded a faint, dull detonation as of distant cannon; and the actors forgot their lines. In the Pyrenees people do not disregard a thunderstorm. Still the sun shone brilliantly in an innocent blue sky. Then the mountain La Rhune began to discharge soft little puffs of cloud, as if it were itself a cannon. Church bells suddenly clanged out. By that time the celebrants of the festival were scattering to their homes in haste.

Even before the first hint of storm, however, Emily had made an odd request of her husband: "Esteban, I am so very tired! Would it be possible for me to go home now?"

He smiled tenderly. It always thrilled him when she spoke of the rough old house of his forefathers as "home." But she would support her fatigue a while longer, surely? The fête was barely begun. She had forgotten perhaps that he was to play in the tournament?

"No, no, of course not. You know how I love to see you play, Esteban! And your father too. I hate to miss that! But I seem to be very nervous today. Let Anatole drive me, will you? And you come afterward with the others."

Esteban frowned. These whims and fancies! Did he do well to humor them always, as his father advised? Fatigue was, after all, no illness; he knew well the rare physical strength, the trained endurance, that underlay her delicate bloom of beauty—this little creature who could dance the night out, go swimming at sunrise, and be ready for a day on the tennis courts. People, his people, must not think he had married a pampered, self-indulged *type Américain!*

"Emily of my heart," he suggested gravely and gently, "with us it is not considered quite *comme il faut* to so exhibit weakness."

It was his first reproof of her, and Emily winced. But at that moment the rain came and settled everything. Soon church bells were sounding a harsh tocsin from every steeple in the ranges; to ward off the thunder devils, old Damasa would have said; to warn the world, certainly, of what proved to be the most disastrous storm in years. It came with a roar.

Past crops laid waste, trees that tottered and fell as one looked, modest *gaves* turned into foaming torrents; past barnyards littered with dead poultry, with bodies of lambs and pigs and even calves, Esteban drove his car at a steady sixty miles an hour, while his grandmother urged him to go faster and his wife sat silent beside him, white and shivering. The great limousine rocked to the impact of the wind, its windows cracked under the pounding hail. Anatole, the chauffeur, being French and emotional, prayed aloud at the sharper curves.

But Madame Urruty, who usually preferred a more leisurely manner of conveyance—why hurry when there is no haste?—appreciated at times the value of modern inventions. She thought of her fat goslings, the new litter of pigs, the weanling calves, above all, the high-strung brood mares—for she was from the Spanish side of the Pays Basque, where horses are taken seriously—left to the mercy of the storm; left to the care of one little girl, and a daft old woman who was no better than nothing at all. She was *bien sérieux*, certainly, the little Bette; far more capable than her own mother or than this charming, useless young bride from America; but one needs a steady head and long experience to cope with the emergency of a storm. And when they arrived, behold, there was no Bette! There was even no Nagarro; only the strange dog in Nagarro's place mounting guard, obliging but indifferent. Where could they be?

Damasa, nodding mysteriously in the direction of the reverberating, flashing hills, murmured, "*En haut.*" No, they had not gone together; the devils had come first for the little Bette. Nagarro, no doubt, was following; dogs are foolish in that way. It was then she repeated the conversation she had overheard between Nagarro and the strange dog. But nobody ever listened long to old Damasa.

Esteban and his grandmother stared at each other. Premature dusk had gathered, rain fell in heavy sheets, harder and harder; hail like great pebbles bounded along the slates of the roof. A child out on the hills in this! For the first time Emily saw the old woman's lips tremble. She beat herself on the breast, muttering under her breath, "*Culpa mea, mea maxima culpa!*"

But she was the first to recover. Another danger had occurred to her. What did Damasa mean by the devils coming for Bette? The old wife's talk was not always foolish.

"Esteban, the gitanos!" she exclaimed suddenly. "You were polite, you were careful not to offend them when you went to recover your dog?"

"I careful? I told them that if their tribe was seen in this valley again my father would have them imprisoned. It is possible that offended them!"

(Continued on Page 141)

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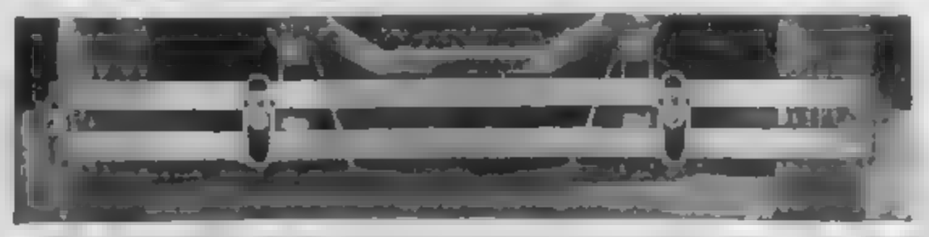

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(Continued from Page 138)

"Quite possible," agreed his grandmother dryly. "And so they have returned to take, in place of the dog, your little sister! Ah, *mon fils, mon fils!* When will you learn to listen to the old? How often have I warned you never to anger a gitano?"

Esteban paled. "But *madre mia*, we cannot be sure ——"

"No! I now go to make sure. I shall take the automobile—quick, your purse and some pistols!—while you arouse the neighborhood, get men out into the hills. If she is not with the gitanos, God help you to find her, and soon!"

Esteban obeyed as a soldier his superior officer. Muffling himself in a shepherd's cape he thrust a flask of brandy into his pocket, seized a *makhila* and a coil of rope, caught up a lantern. Neither Urruty in their emergency thought of Emily—Emily the outsider—who leaned against the wall feeling very queer, wondering if she were again about to disgrace herself by fainting.

"I cannot, I will not!" she muttered to herself; it was not *comme il faut* to exhibit weakness.

The servant Anatole, chauffeur, butler, valet, and on occasion, guardian, called Esteban's attention to her appearance.

"M'sieu thinks it well to leave madame *toute seule* at such a time?" he suggested delicately.

The rest of the household would not return from the fête until very late; storms cannot last forever, and there was sure to be at least the dancing, which no Basque will miss unless he must.

Esteban ran to his wife and put his arms about her. "What is it, my heart? You are not really ill? You are only frightened? A little nervous again?"

"Yes; only a little nervous again," she said steadily, putting him from her. She must not think of herself; she must think only of the lost child—grave, honest, adoring little Bette, her friend. "Go, Esteban, go quickly! Do not trouble about me. I shall not be quite alone; there is the *aieta-anna*. Only find Bette!"

"Assuredly," admonished Madame Urruty sharply from the door, "this is no time for marital solicitude!"

She was gone, back into the storm, and Esteban after her on the run. Emily was alone, with only the company of a crazed old witchwife; alone in a strange and ancient house that creaked and trembled to the repeated buffets of the tempest like a foundering ship—the house that was to be the home of Esteban's children.

At his gate Esteban encountered their neighbor Etcheverray, no longer absent-minded, beating his way down anxiously through the storm to make sure that his little friend had returned in safety. Through him the brother learned that Bette had last been seen going across toward the valley of the cork trees.

"Console yourself, Urruty. Doubtless she has taken shelter there in one of the cagot huts!"

But even as he spoke the men exchanged uneasy glances. Both knew that the cagot huts offered no very safe refuge for a young and unprotected girl.

That, fortunately, was something which had not occurred to Bette herself, some hours earlier, who did not know that there were any places in the world unsafe for well-behaving little girls who had made their first communion. Even the devils and spirits of old Damasa's conjuring left Bette secretly unmoved; after all, one could always disperse them with the sign of the cross! Bette was of a very practical nature.

She had never before been so far from home alone. She and the other children were free of their own mountainside, up and down, but only within sight and hearing of the hacienda.

Excited, but not at all afraid, she hurried through the queer gray bottom land, whose trees, showing dark-red scars where bark had been peeled from them, reached down toward her from their hump shoulders gnarled and twisted arms, as if to catch her as she passed. *Fiûte!* They were in the end only trees, she told herself; not knowing that out of such tortured forests the painter Gustave Doré had made his pictures of the souls in torment for illustration of the Inferno.

The huts she passed here and there in the wood seemed deserted; doubtless even the cagots made festival today. Only at the last and meanest of them a man came to the door and called to her—what was it he said?

"I have nothing for you today. Go in the name of God," she replied politely. It was the customary greeting to cagots.

But the man came toward her, grinning. "You are a very pretty little girl to be alone," he said familiarly, in the vernacular.

Bette's head went up. Democratic by training and by nature, there were moments when the habit of dominance, of command, asserted itself in any Urruty.

"I am not so small as I look, if you please!" she remarked haughtily; and for some odd reason began to run. Why? This was only a man like her father, like Monsieur Etcheverray. What, then, had one to fear?

Glancing over her shoulder she saw that the cagot was running after her, slowly, hideously as one of the cork trees might run if it lifted its clumsy roots for a chase. He was a cripple.

Bette felt sudden pity for him. She remembered her little pannier of food. Cagots were always hungry.

"*Regarde donc!*" she said, and flung it back to him. He sat down at once on the ground and began to eat.

Bette still hurried, however. She wished to put as much distance as possible quickly between herself and the cork forest. It was good to be on climbing ground again, among the trees one knew—silvery beeches, ghostly platanes, dark, hoary oaks like the holy tree itself. Child of the hills, she mounted the steep slopes easily at full speed, light and sure as a little goat, using the *makhila* to jump the many streams and waterfalls which crossed her path. She kept her gaze upward toward the high *col* through which she must pass to reach the far side of the mountain where 'Nacio's herds were grazing that season, together with many of the village cattle. A responsible position for a lad of fourteen, with two grown herdsmen under him. 'Nacio, being so experienced, would easily arrange the affair of old Nagarro.

Soon she was above the timber line, in a region more desolate, where enormous rocks lay scattered as if giants might have fought there some gigantic Battle of the Stones. About her feet were myriads of flowers Bette would have liked to gather for Esteban's bride, who kept the house full of them; not arranged in neat little stiff bouquets, like other people, but thrust, great masses of them, into common copper vessels borrowed from the kitchen! Such a droll Emily. But she dared not linger. It was still a good journey to the far pastures.

Sometimes she was startled by wild creatures. A *bouquetin* bounded out of cover and away before her, his antlers spreading wide as the branches of a small tree; an *izard* poised a moment on a rock and plunged apparently into space—that graceful small chamois of the Pyrenees, so rare now that the noises of the world begin to penetrate his silent fastnesses. Once she surprised a family of young wild pigs suckling their dam, a ferocious gaunt beast with tusks like a boar, who sprang to the defense, eyes reddening.

But Bette was the familiar of pigs. She addressed this model parent courteously, praising her young, flattering her as pigs are flattered in any tongue, with pleasant murmurings of "Soo-y! Soo-y," so that the fierce creature let her pass, doubtless in sheer astonishment.

The air as she climbed grew hotter, despite the near snow fields; strangely quiet, too, as if the day had paused in its affairs, finger on lip, to listen for something. Bette began to listen too. Now and again she glanced anxiously toward La Rhune, where at this season of the year Deburia

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and other spirits of evil frequently amused themselves by brewing disaster for the early harvest. All at once she felt, rather than heard, the first low rumbling of the storm.

She crossed herself and paused, considering a return to the safe shelter of her neighbor's house. But through that cork forest again? She hesitated, and looked back. It was then that she saw the cagot, who had all the time been following her.

He climbed slowly, in his ungainly fashion, with lips open as if to utter the ancient cry of his people: "Unclean, unclean!" There was something in the dogged, eager patience of him that paralyzed the child. For the first time in her sheltered existence she knew fear; even in the depths of latent woman instinct she knew suddenly the reason for fear.

It was a terrible game they played together, there on the high mountainside that sloped sharply to a precipice; the child running, dodging, doubling about among the huddle of rocks like a desperate hare; the man in slow, uncouth, unwearying pursuit. The air darkened; thunder sounded near and nearer; lightning stabbed at them; there came a sharp preliminary spurt of rain; but the cagot seemed unaware of weather, intent only upon his chase.

Bette was too terrified to pray, too terrified even to whimper. She had played all her life this game of hare and hounds with sisters and brothers, and she was very nimble at it, but her heart pounded strangely, specks danced before her eyes. Once she stumbled. The cagot gained on her.

Then she remembered the *makhila* in her hand, the knife blade in its handle. She managed to unscrew it as she ran, but dared not wait until the cripple came closer. She aimed for his leering face and threw the knife. It missed him by an inch.

Into her growing panic came the thought of the girl of Gavarnie who had eluded her pursuers by stepping off a precipice. With each desperate feint she darted nearer to the edge, but her courage always failed, always she doubled back again. Once, summoning breath she could ill spare, the child raised her voice in one long, wordless, frantic wail, lost in the thunder, sounding above the beating of the rain no more than the cry of a sea gull passing over to the Bay of Biscay. And who was there to hear? 'Nacio, with the thickness of a mountain between?

She knew at last that it was no man pursuing her, not even a cagot, but the devil himself—Deburia—come to seize on her soul. There was nothing for it but to run and dodge, double and run and dodge again, slower now, sobbing and gasping, almost done; while the unnatural darkness grew, and hail began to beat at her with vicious whips. Run and dodge, double and dodge and run again. . . .

Fast as Nagarro sped, the storm was faster. It was upon him before he reached the valley of the cork forest, confusing him with its noise and its sudden flashing, deadening the scent with rain. Near a certain hut in the forest he lost the scent entirely, what with the rain and the smell of food recently scattered there. But in his far-off ancestry was a mingling of hunting dog and timber wolf, and Nagarro cast about patiently, eagerly, over and over again, until he found that which he sought; found also another scent, which caused the hackles to rise the length of his back. He followed the two scents, whining.

Halfway up the mountainside he paused and listened; then bounded on with renewed speed. He needed no further guidance; the ear was enough. It had caught above the roar of the storm another sound, for which such ears as his are made.

So it was that Bette, at bay, crouched on the very edge of the precipice, spread hands trying to find hold against the slippery surface of rock behind her, failing gaze fascinated by the hideous gaping face that bent above, close and closer, was vaguely conscious of a great white shape hurtling out of the lower dusk, silent as death. For a moment she saw them outlined against the lightning, man and dog at the grapple; they disappeared. There was one inhuman shriek, long-drawn, descending; the slipping of gravel; the faint thud of stones far, far below—Bette knew no more. She was done.

Some time later the white shape reappeared, struggling up slowly, painfully, over the edge of the precipice, dragging a broken leg. For Nagarro was by no means done. There was still one of his flock to get into shelter.

The dog had his bearings now; he knew this region. Not far away was a shelving rock with a shallow cavern beneath, which had offered refuge more than once to shepherd and dog and flock itself, surprised in the high pastures. The child lay fainting with exhaustion, beaten by the deluge into insensibility. Nagarro clawed at her with rough paws, licked her face with so insistent a tongue that she roused herself sufficiently to push him away. Delighted, he started ahead, looking back, uttering short little woofs of encouragement. Bette understood; she got to her knees and tried to crawl after him, but only for a little way. Strength failed; she fell again. The dog barked aloud, urgently. He seized her skirts and worried them, jerked at them till they gave in his teeth. But she did not rise again.

He cast a wistful look toward the cavern. He himself needed protection from the pounding hail, the terrifying bombardment; would have liked a dark and quiet place to lie and lick away the flaming agony of his leg. But the dead weight of the child was too much for him, he also was near exhaustion; and so in the end he stretched himself upon her at full length, covering as much of her as possible with his shaggy hide as he had sheltered many a lamb in his herding days, taking upon his own old pain-racked body the full brunt and fury of the elements. One was not for nothing a dog of the Urruty.

Long afterward, when the devastating hail had ceased and an innocent hint of sunset lingered about the edges of the twilight, to ears deaf even to the call of duty, senses benumbed with pain and stunned by the reverberating cannonade of thunder among rocks, a sound faintly penetrated: the shout of human voices—that familiar *irrazina*, echoing from hill to hill, which is alike the battle cry and the hunting call of the Pyrenees. Nagarro stirred, remembered. Was an old dog never to have rest? Summoning the last of his strength to the effort, he lifted up a quavering voice and answered, howl for howl.

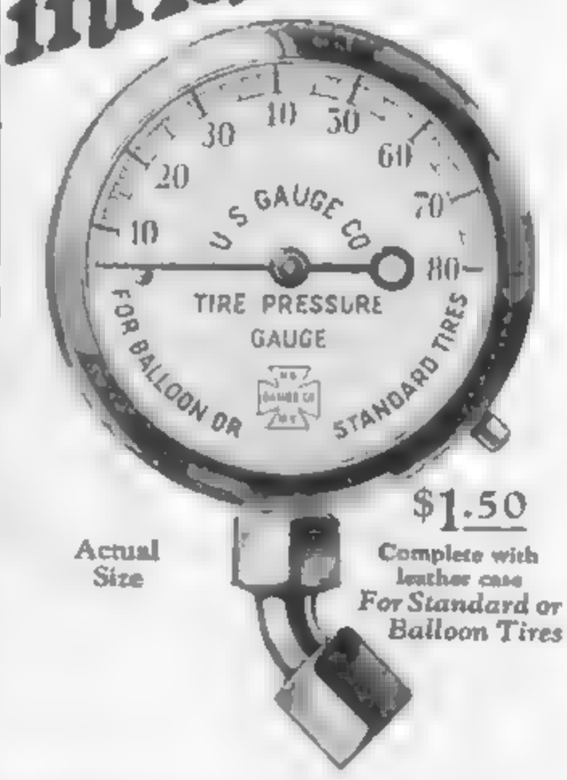
Etcheverray it was who reached them first, knowing his own mountain; followed quickly by Esteban and some of the terrified cagots, eager to show their blamelessness. One of the latter, searching the gorge below for the child, had come upon a limp, mangled body which he recognized, but of which he said nothing; the unfortunate learn to keep their counsel.

Bette by that time was warm and conscious, but so drowsy that she did not care to move; the old dog so stiff and spent that he could not stir even his tail. So their neighbor took the little girl in his arms—strong they were still, she thought, for one who gave them no exercise save with the pen—while Nagarro descended the mountain in state, slung like a sheep across the powerful shoulders of his own beloved shepherd.

And in the road below, miraculously, the matriarch was waiting, having learned from signal fires that the child was found, even as she returned from her fruitless pursuit of the gypsies.

Continued on Page 146)

91% of Tires tested were improperly inflated!



Actual Size

$1.50

Complete with leather case

For Standard or Balloon Tires

ANALYSIS of statistics based on tests of the air pressure in balloon tires on cars selected at random shows that 91 per cent of them were underinflated. This means that more than 9 out of 10 of these car owners were losing thousands of miles of service.

Tires today are better made than ever before, but only correct inflation permits them to give full mileage. By using the U. S. TIRE GAUGE *regularly* you can be sure of proper pressure and maximum mileage.

Get a U. S. TIRE GAUGE *now* and stop guessing! It is guaranteed accurate to the pound, easy to read, handy to use, durable and dependable. It fits all types of wheels and has an unbreakable crystal.

At your dealer's or sent direct.

UNITED STATES GAUGE CO.

44 Beaver St., New York — 308 W. Randolph St., Chicago

Makers of Pressure and Vacuum Gauges

All Sizes and Types for Every Purpose

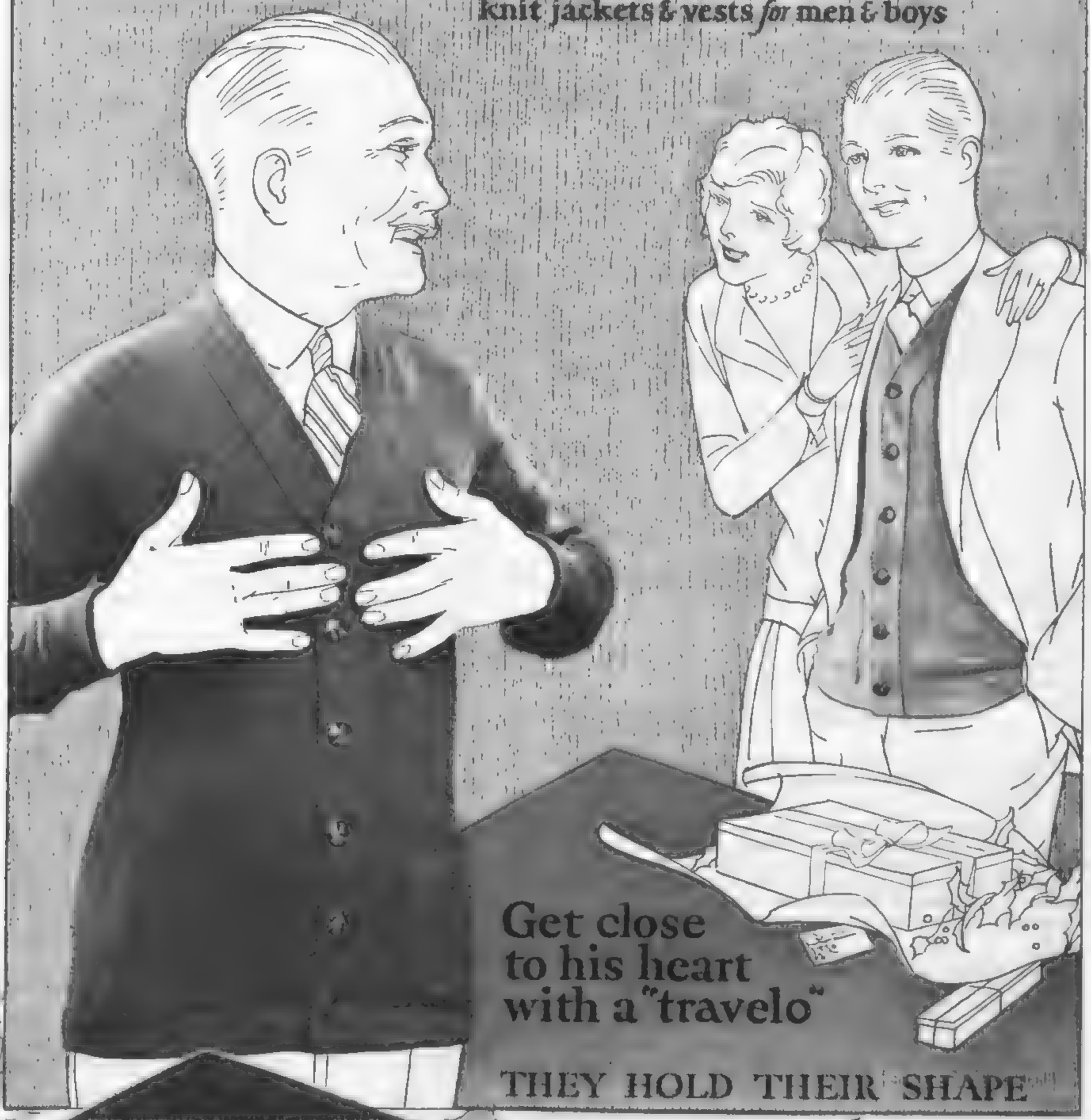
Give him a

U.S. TIRE GAUGE

for Christmas.

"travelo"

knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys



Get close to his heart with a "travelo"

THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE

also **Lido** Knit Jackets

made by PECKHAM-FOREMAN *inc.*
1909-1915 Park Ave., New York, *makers of "travelo" SwimSuits for all the family*

THE BARKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
[INCORPORATED]

MANUFACTURERS OF THE
BARKER WEEDER, MULCHER AND CULTIVATOR

Officers:
J. F. ZEILINGER, Pres & Mgr.
CHAS. STOOPS, Vice Pres.
MAUDE ZEILINGER, Sec'y-Treas.

DAVID CITY, NEBRASKA
October 15th, 1926

The Curtis Publishing Company,
Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:

From our advertising of the BARKER Garden Weeder, Mulcher & Cultivator in The Country Gentleman last spring we received up to September 1, a total of 10,679 inquiries and made 2,702 sales. Our machines sell for from $9.25 to $13.45 each.

During the same period we were still receiving inquiries from previous ads in The Country Gentleman, most of these inquiries coming from ads run in 1925 and 1924. To such inquirers we sold 544 additional machines, making a total of 3,246 sales and 11,008 inquiries—a sales record of 29.49 per cent.

Our 1926 advertising started in the January issue, which was out the last week in December. The following table shows results of the five advertisements used last season, with inquiries and sales from each advertisement shown by months:

Month in which replies were received and sales made	Jan. ad		Feb. ad		Mar. ad		Apr. ad		May ad	
	Inq.	Sales	Inq.	Sales	Inq.	Sales	Inq.	Sales	Inq.	Sales
December, 1925	50									
January, 1926	1711	58	319							
February	258	68	2118	128	263	...	...	...		
March	85	98	304	178	1470	156	650	16		
April	43	80	76	141	184	145	1250	310	119	
May	17	66	37	144	51	120	185	232	959	298
June	8	25	18	34	29	30	66	82	156	147
July	6	11	12	20	9	9	40	33	67	31
August	10	5	9	8	9	3	43	11	48	15
	2188	411	2893	653	2015	463	2234	684	1349	491

To the above should be added 329 inquiries from advertisements run in previous years, and 544 additional sales, making a total of 11,008 inquiries and 3,246 sales.

This record shows the remarkable vitality of advertisements in The Country Gentleman. For instance, in May we sold 298 machines to persons who answered our advertisement in the May issue, and in the same month sold 66 machines from the January ad, 144 machines from the February ad, 120 from the March ad, and 232 from the April ad. Every month's advertisement was still producing inquiries and sales in August.

As a matter of fact, we do not know when a Country Gentleman ad can be regarded as through pulling business. Eighteen different ads that we had discontinued using shared in the 329 additional inquiries and 544 additional sales mentioned above. One of these old ads, which was used in one or more issues each year for nearly a decade previous to last season, brought 83 inquiries and 138 sales, and another, which we used only once, and that in the year 1915, brought 5 inquiries and 6 sales, in 1926. We received this last season orders from ads of every year since 1915.

It is needless to add that we are more than pleased with returns from our advertising in The Country Gentleman.

Sincerely yours,

BARKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

J. F. Zeilinger
President

Index of Advertisers

December 18, 1926

	PAGE
Abbott Shoe Co.	133
American Express Company	53
American Optical Company	89
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	141
American Tobacco Co., The	55
Anheuser-Busch	147
Armstrong Cork Company	110
Bates Mfg. Co., The	93
Benjamin Franklin, The	117
Bird & Son, inc.	100
Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., The	105
Budd Manufacturing Co., Edward G.	50
Buick Motor Company	31
Burgess Battery Company	118
Cadillac Motor Car Co.	103
Campbell Soup Company	27
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	122
Chamber of Commerce, Miami, Florida	137
Chevrolet Motor Company	44
Chicago Flexible Shaft Company	108
Chrysler Sales Corporation	79, 116
City of Coral Gables	132
Coca-Cola Company, The	67
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	39
Conklin Pen Mfg. Co., The	54
Cook Co., The H. C.	142
Cooper Corporation, The	126
Creo-Dipt Company, Inc.	46
Cudahy Packing Co.	IV Cover
Cunard and Anchor Lines	148
Cunningham Inc., E. T.	136
Day Fan Electric Company	131
Decker & Cohn, Alfred	1
Demuth & Co., Wm.	95
Dodge Brothers, Inc	58, 59
Durant Motors, Inc.	119
Eagle Knitting Mills	130
Famous Players-Lasky Corp.	43
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.	90, 91
Fisher Body Corp.	35
Fleischmann Company, The	113
Freed-Eisemann Radio Corporation	70
Frigidaire Corporation	57
General Cigar Co., Inc	97
General Electric	76
General Gas Light Company	82
Goodrich Rubber Co., The B. F	II Cover
Haartz Company, J. C	124
Hammermill Paper Company	74
Harper Brush Works	142
Hayes Hunt Corporation	125
Hoosier Manufacturing Co., The	81
Hoover Company, The	106, 107
Houbigant, Inc.	45
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	29
Hydro-Check Corporation	142
Keith Company, Geo. E.	114
Kingsley-Miller Company, The	137
Kohler Co.	62
Kokomo Electric Company	130
Lambert Pharmacal Co.	98, 99
Laminated Shim Co., Inc.	109
Larus & Brother Company	61
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company	123
Locomobile Company of America, Inc.	128
Marchant Calculating Machine Co.	80
Marmon Motor Car Company	68, 69
Mason Tire & Rubber Co.	127
Mennen Company, The	51
Michelin Tire Co.	129
Miller Rubber Company, The	115
National Blank Book Co.	78
National Jewelers Publicity Ass'n	92
National Kel-Lac Co.	142
Olds Motor Works	37
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company	65
Peckham-Foreman inc.	143
Pepsodent Company, The	87
Perfection Heater & Mfg. Co	139
Postum Cereal Company, Inc.	41
Procter & Gamble Co., The	2
Real Silk Hosiery Mills	52
Reo Motor Car Company	63, 86, 134, 138
Richardson Company, The	94
Schrader's Son, Inc., A.	71
Smith & Wesson	135
Southern Pacific Co.	48
Standard Diary Company, The	102
Swift & Company	33
Tanglefoot Company, The	121
Timken Roller Bearing Co., The	49
Tork Company	142
United States Chain & Forging Co.	140
United States Gauge Co.	142
United States Gypsum Co.	III Cover
United States Rubber Company	60
Universal Pictures	47
U. S. Playing Card Co., The	42
Vacuum Oil Company	74, 75
Victor Talking Machine Company	84, 85
Wander Company, The	64
Warren Company, S. D.	145
Wenatchee District Co-Operative Ass'n	111
Wesley & Co., Edward	142
Weston Electrical Instrument Corp.	120
Williams Co., The J. B.	146
"X" Laboratories	112

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

When the Circus is pitched beside the School

The school shuts down for a day. The circus moves on. The school re-opens. Is your advertising a circus or a school?

WHEN the circus comes to town, the school board declares a holiday. Children, parents, and teachers go to the Big Show.

Next day the circus is gone, but the school remains. The children are back at their studies.

Education is a slower process than sensational amusement. It takes longer to learn than to laugh.

The manufacturer or merchant who is educating a public to know and buy his goods will make a mistake if he patterns his advertising after circus methods or judges his progress by the results of some quick, brief, sensational stunt. Any school teacher can tell him that education is a matter of patience and persistence.

Advertisers, however, neglect to ask questions of school teachers. Many, though, do seek advice from printers; and when they consult good printers, they get not only good printing, but good advice on how to use it.

Take your advertising seriously, and your public will take it seriously. Continue your good printing and continue your good relations with your printer. His business is a very old one. For many years a major function of printing and paper has been to assist commercial development through direct advertising.

Indeed, it is rather hard to name a great industry that sells to the general public and not name a steady, patient, and consistent user of Better Paper and Better Printing. Better Paper and Better Printing can make your booklets, catalogs, and circulars a school at which your customers will learn and remember the things you want them to know.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

For years we have made a special study of the most effective and profitable ways in which to use direct advertising. The results are contained in a series of books published from time to time during 1926. Ask the paper merchant near you who handles Warren's Standard Printing Papers to put you on the mailing list for these books. Or, if you prefer, write to us direct, stating, if possible, the particular problems of direct advertising on which you need help. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

[better paper better printing]

A few drops of Aqua Velva keep the face like velvet all day long.

Why your skin needs *these 5 after-shaving comforts*

"I look forward to that tingling splash of Aqua Velva—it means all day face comfort"

Thousands of shavers will tell you that they don't know how they ever got on without it.

AFTER shaving, the face needs special attention if it is to be kept comfortable all day long.

Perhaps you use powder. We make talc, but we don't recommend it after shaving. We find that powders absorb the natural moisture of the skin. We know that this moisture must be conserved if the face is to be comfortable. Aqua Velva, our new after-shaving preparation, keeps the needed natural moisture in the skin.

Aqua Velva helps your face in these five ways

First: It gives the face an invigorating, lively tingle.

Second: It sterilizes and helps to heal little cuts and scrapes.

Third: It refreshes with a fine, manly fragrance.

Fourth: It protects against wind and cold.

Fifth: It conserves the needed natural moisture of the skin. (Powders absorb this—leave the skin dry.) Aqua Velva conditions your face and keeps it just as comfortable all day long as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

Your dealer will supply you with Aqua Velva. It comes in 5-ounce bottles at 50c (60c in Canada). By mail postpaid on receipt of price, in case your dealer is out of it.

Let us send you a generous trial bottle of Aqua Velva, FREE. Just clip the coupon below—or send your name and address on a postcard.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE
Mail coupon NOW!

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 412B, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

.....

.....

.....

S. E. P. 12-18-26

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM

(Continued from Page 142)

In isolated neighborhoods news travels fast. People on their way back from the fête heard of the child's disappearance, and many had joined in the search; so that it was a procession of rejoicing, quite a little fête in itself, which followed Esteban's automobile toward the house of the Urruty for further celebration.

But they found no welcome at the door; only, as before, the strange dog, who kept vigil.

"*Alors*, my Tubal," said Esteban to his neighbor, "will you accept this fine animal as souvenir of the occasion? He has his points, but one Nagarro is sufficient for our household. . . . Eh, little Bette?"

He was chagrined not to find Emily watching for them, nor even Damasa. Apparently it was of small importance that a child of the house had been saved from death!

As they opened the door, however, surprising sounds came to them from above; singing, a queer, hoarse sort of singing, broken with odd little gasps and cries. One made out the words of the Holy Tree of Liberty:

"*Guernakaco arbola,*
Adoratzen zaitugu,
Arbola santua ——"

Then a sharp cry of pain, and running feet; then once again the singing; this time a different tune, a brave little broken air unknown to that country:

"*I wish I was in Dixie,*
Away, away.
In Dixie land we'll take our stand,
To lib an' die in Dixie ——"

Esteban cried out amazedly, "What is that?" and leaped for the stairs.

But quick as he was, the matriarch was before him, barring the way, her stern old face aglow with sudden pride.

"That, *mon fils*, is the little wife from America, who emulates the example of our Queen Jeanne and gives to the world her son while singing! *Na, na, na,*" she added gently. "Have patience, boy, this is no place for men tonight!"

But for once Esteban paid no heed to his grandmother. He thrust her aside as if he did not see her and sprang up the stairs three at a time, sobbing.

Bette and Nagarro, no longer the center of the stage, sat forgotten in the kitchen chimney and consoled themselves with delicacies of the season. Nagarro, his leg in a neat splint, trifled with a carcass of young hare; Bette reached at will into a large box of orange peel dipped in chocolate. The day was a bad dream that had passed; or perhaps one of old Damasa's stories.

Both were nodding when Esteban appeared to them, holding rather foolishly a roll of blanket, which wriggled and emitted small dismal sounds.

"*Regardez, mes amis,*" he said, in a voice that strove in vain for carelessness, "the doll my Emilie has promised from the fête! It is, she bids me to assure you, a veritable *type bébé*."

At Bette's squeal of ecstasy the old dog made a long neck and sniffed. Then he set himself to a thorough, comprehensive tongue baptism of the new head of this house, the Etcheco Jauna; for there was none to say him nay.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

December 18, 1926

Cover Design by Ellen B. T. Pyle

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

Fête-Dieu—*Eleanor Mercein (Mrs. Kelly)* 5
The Weaker Sex—*Arthur Stringer* 10
The State Kid—*Ben Ames Williams* 12
At 2:42 A.M.—*James Warner Bellah* 16
Ham and Exit—*Octavus Roy Cohen* 18

ARTICLES

Cycles Versus Common Sense—*Elbert H. Gary* 3
The World's Maddest and Merriest Market—*Chester T. Crowell* 8
Of, By and For the People—Yes or No?—*Albert J. Beveridge* 14
Europe's Grouch Against America—*Isaac F. Marcosson* 25
The Harvest of the Years—*Luther Burbank, With Wilbur Hall* 32

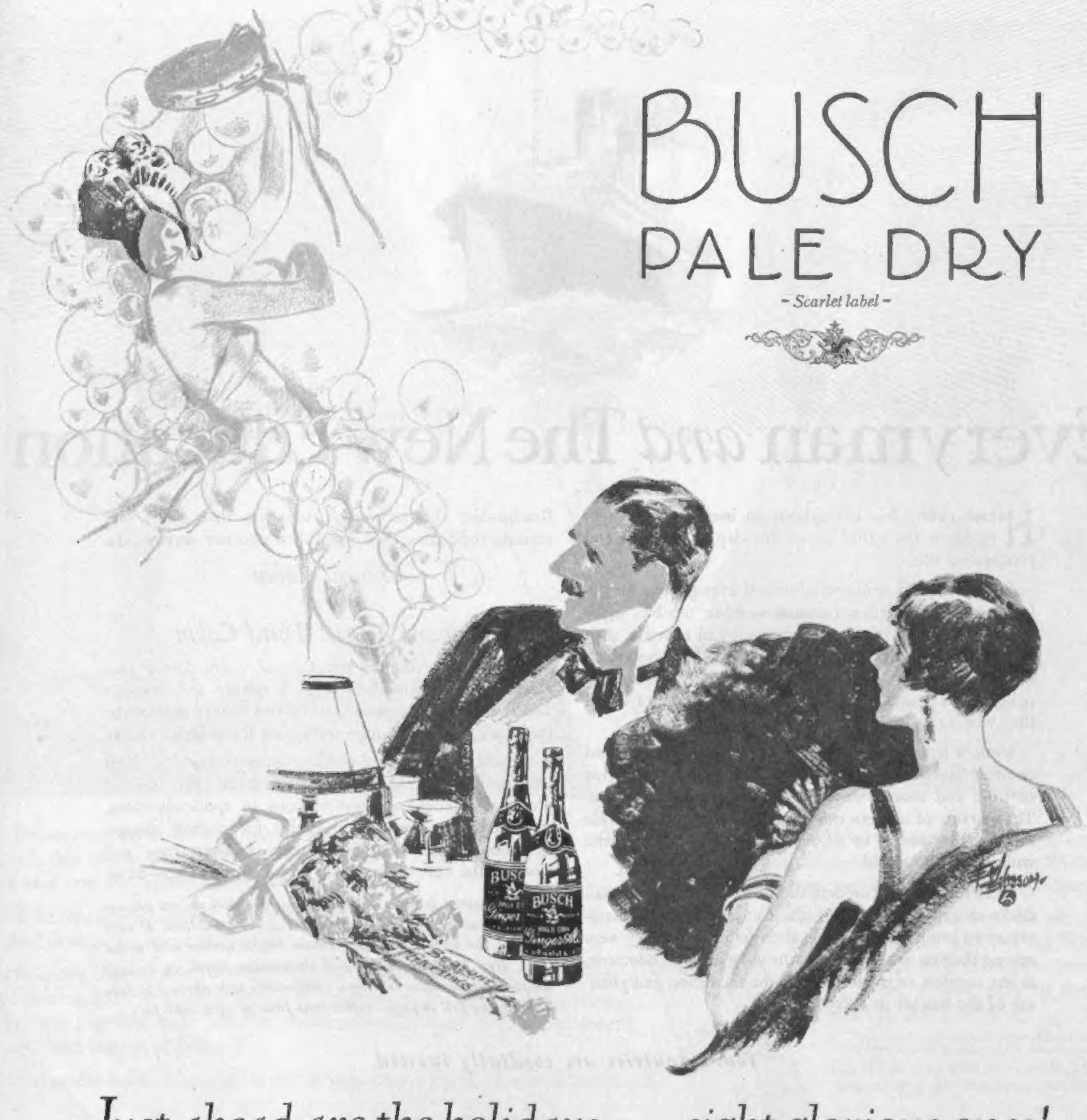
SERIALS

The Happy Pilgrimage (Third part)—*Corra Harris* 20
The Silver Cord (Fourth part)—*George Agnew Chamberlain* 22
The Joy Girl (Conclusion)—*May Edginton* 28

MISCELLANY

Editorials 24
Short Turns and Encores 26
Who's Who—and Why 34
Cartoon and Comedy 36
Getting On in the World 38
Good Hunting Without a Gun—*Raymond S. Spears* 48
Mountain Songs From Glacier Park (Poem)—*Vachel Lindsay* 134

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.



Just ahead are the holidays · · · eight glorious ones!

Christmas eve 'til New Year's night · · · a constant round of parties and pleasure · · · frolic and fun · · · good things to eat and drink.

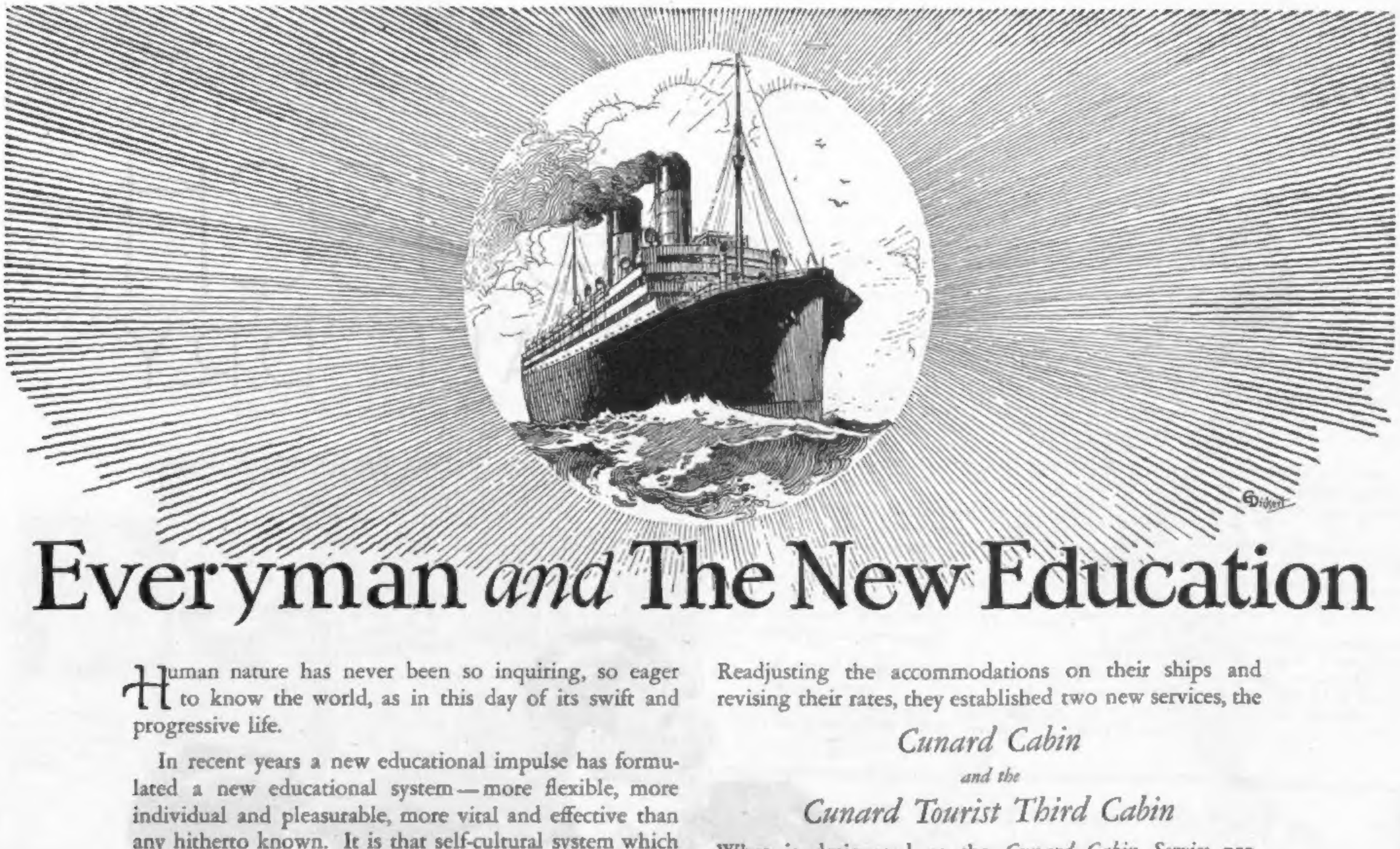
Especially good things to drink. Festive, friendly things like Busch Pale Dry—the friendliest drink that ever bubbled out of a bottle—the drink that's in tune with good taste and good times. The same wonderful ginger ale that Louis pours out of the scarlet-labeled bottle at your favored club with such pomp and ceremony. The pale dry ginger ale that gleams and sparkles like a rare old wine as each dancing drop trickles down the side of a thin glass.

Imported? No. It's better.

By appointment? Yes. To the American palate.

Try it. Then try to be content with any other!

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.



Everyman *and* The New Education

Human nature has never been so inquiring, so eager to know the world, as in this day of its swift and progressive life.

In recent years a new educational impulse has formulated a new educational system—more flexible, more individual and pleasurable, more vital and effective than any hitherto known. It is that self-cultural system which does not stop with books and classrooms, schools and colleges but points to the world as a great book of which they who never stir from home read only a page.

Until a few years ago Travel was geared in cost and comfort largely for the rich in purse and leisure. The cost of time and money were the obstacles of Traveldom. The marvels of modern travel facilities have opened wide the gate that admits us all, rich and not rich alike, to the wonders of the world.

With the advent of modern ships and the manifest human desire to explore the world, the Cunard Company determined to bring Travel within the reach of all. They were among the first to see Travel as the most popular Educator; as the comfort of the lonely and the recreation and pleasure of the worker in every calling.

Readjusting the accommodations on their ships and revising their rates, they established two new services, the

Cunard Cabin

and the

Cunard Tourist Third Cabin

What is designated as the *Cunard Cabin Service* provides ship accommodations of a quality and comfort undreamed of a few years ago. By this refined service the traveller can sail to Europe and return, for as little as $290.

Cunard Tourist Third Cabin—presents nothing short of a modern revolution aboard ships; this service provides excellent accommodations in spotlessly clean, comfortable, well-ventilated cabins for student groups, educators, artists, literary workers, business-men and women; the cost of the round trip is from $170.—$190.

The greatest benefits and pleasures of travel do not always obtain when thousands hurry abroad at the same time. It were better if the European travel season began earlier and ended later. Our long experience and observation impels us to urge the prudent traveller, seeking a comfortable visit abroad, to take a spring, or fall voyage—before mid-June or after mid-July.

Your enquiries are cordially invited

CUNARD

and ANCHOR *Lines*

25 Broadway, New York

ATLANTA BALTIMORE BOSTON CHICAGO CLEVELAND DETROIT MINNEAPOLIS NEW ORLEANS
PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH PORTLAND, ME. ST. LOUIS SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE WASHINGTON

or your local Steamship Agent

Carry your funds in CUNARD TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES — ***the Universal Currency***

...Why most dealers *recommend* Sheetrock

Copyright 1926, United States Gypsum Co.

Almost every good dealer in lumber or building supplies sells Sheetrock. He knows when he sells you this wallboard that he is doing you a good turn and aiding his own business.

He knows the value of all good building materials and he knows you will get full satisfaction out of Sheetrock.

He knows Sheetrock is the original gypsum wallboard. Made by the world's largest producer of gypsum products. Invented and perfected by the manufacturer that first made possible *smooth-surfaced, tight-jointed, permanent* walls and ceilings *at low cost.*

Your dealer knows Sheetrock is not an experiment, but the *fireproof* wallboard *Tested by Time.* Against fire and flood, heat, cold and damp, everyday shock and wear, Sheetrock has proved itself *durable, standard* building material.

When you need wallboard for any purpose, go to your dealer and ask for Sheetrock. Look for the U S G label — branded on every board — made only by the United States Gypsum Company.

Sheetrock is inspected and approved as an effective barrier to fire by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
General Offices: 205 West Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois

SHEETROCK

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

72 designs from National Architectural Prize Contest have been compiled in an attractive book. Send $1.00 and this coupon to Fireproofing Dept. W, U. S. Gypsum Co., 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.

*Name*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

USG PRODUCTS

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
Dept. 30, 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois
Send me free booklet, "Sheetrock Walls."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Old Dutch safeguards the New Year with

Healthful Cleanliness

Healthful Cleanliness through the year
Brings you happiness and good cheer

Year by year millions of housewives use Old Dutch Cleanser to protect the home with *Healthful Cleanliness;* they know there's nothing like it for removing the health-endangering dirt and invisible impurities.

Old Dutch has this further merit: it doesn't scratch. The microscope shows that its particles are flaky and flat shaped, forming a perfect contact with the surface, and, like thousands of tiny erasers, do their cleaning by erasing all uncleanliness without scratching or marring the surface. Old Dutch makes everything *Spick and Span* and leaves surfaces super-clean, wholesome and hygienic.

As Healthful Cleanliness is a safeguard to health, so is Old Dutch your safeguard to *Healthful Cleanliness.*

There's nothing else like it

© 1926 The C. P. Co.